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## SWISS LAKE DWELLINGS.\*

As might be expected, the scientific spirit of the age is zealous in its efforts to track out the beginnings and primordial life of man on the earth. The same enthusiasm of research, which leaves the chemist and metaphysician dissatisfied unless they can reach the bottom of things material and spiritual, takes hold of the student of human nature. Some three or four thousand years back we find ourselves on the dubious frontier of

the oldest secular history. Races, we hardly know what, are coming out of cradles, we hardly know where, and are assuming vague forms of political consistence and activity. A few steps further away in time, and the frontier is completely passed—we are moving among ghosts and shadows. Then the thick night soon follows, and the most vivid dreamer can see nothing but nothing. Indeed, with respect to by far the largest proportion of the peopled area of the globe, a dozen or twenty centuries backward suffice to land us in a prehistoric antiquity, where the best lanterns which ethnology, language, and legend have hitherto been able to furnish, do little more than show how utter is the darkness.

It is neither likely nor desirable that science should sit down contentedly under such a condition of things. If inquiry be legitimate anywhere, or anywhere tend to noble and serviceable issues, that will surely be the case, when the question is one so vast and yet so near to us as man—his birthplace; the home of his youth; his first migrations

\* *The Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and Other Parts of Europe.* By Dr. FERDINAND KELLER, President of the Antiquarian Association of Zurich. Translated and Arranged by JOHN EDWARD LEE, author of "Ica Silarum," etc. London: Longmans, 1866.

*Habitations Lacustres des Temps Anciens et Modernes.* Par FREDERICK TROYON. Lausanne: Georges Bridel. 1860.

*Prehistoric Times, as Illustrated by Ancient Remains and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages.* By JOHN LUBBOCK. London: Williams & Norgate. 1865.

*The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man.* By Sir CHARLES LYELL. London: Murray. 1863.

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and settlements; the multifarious fortunes which befell him before history began; the processes by which he came to be personally and socially what he was as he first appears in Western Asia and Egypt, in Tartary and Scandinavia, in the Americas and in the Islands of the Southern Ocean. And, as matter of fact, for some years past scientific men of both hemispheres have evinced a growing interest in this obscure but most attractive province of antiquarian and philosophical investigation. No doubt the geographical discoveries of the last century did much to call attention to the race distinctions and primeval history of man. The labors of modern missionaries, too, have prodigiously enlarged the sphere of our knowledge on these points, and have stimulated and sustained a spirit of inquiry into the unknown past of human life. The like effect has been produced by the marvellous revelations which Assyria, Babylonia, Mexico, and other countries of the old or new world have recently given us of "kindreds, and nations, and peoples, and tongues," whose life had previously been either a cipher or a name. Moreover, the steady advance and ever strengthening fascination of a strictly inductive geology has at once kindled new lights in the ancestral darkness of man's career on the earth, and has awakened an irrepressible curiosity and purpose in multitudes of minds to acquaint themselves, so far as may be, with the facts which the finger of science thus marks and points to. To crown all, the purely scientific interest in prehistoric man, which causes such as those now named have either created or confirmed, has of late, particularly, been linked with a religious feeling, which has intensified it for good or evil a hundredfold. The cosmogony and chronology of Holy Scripture have been supposed to look unfavorably upon what are affirmed to be the plain straightforward readings of the newly-discovered scientific phenomena; and this circumstance has invested the phenomena themselves with a more than scientific importance, and has added indefinitely to the zest with which the physicists and savans have prosecuted their researches. According to the views which men have taken of the interpretation and authority

of the Bible, they have looked with hope or alarm to the findings of the geologist and antiquary; and a keen-sighted, religious jealousy has stood by while busy hands have explored the mysteries of cairns and cists, of barrows and bone caves, of prehistoric dead men's skulls, and of ancient remains of human industry buried in water or in earth.

If the man of science is disposed to complain of all this, let him remember that the blame lies partly at the door of the rashness and flippancy of some of his own class; that the interests which hang upon the credit of the Sacred Volume are such as may very well excuse even a passionate clinging to what is believed to be its testimony; and that the exactness and caution demanded by religious faith at the hands of science on ground which justly belongs to both, will really promote the interests of science itself, and will help to bring about that final accord between history, nature, and the Scripture revelation, of which all true knowledge is the sure herald and earnest. Whatever the philosophy of the fact may be, it is certain that a keen, widespread, and constantly augmenting interest is gathered in the present day about those many and various monuments of the prehistoric part of man's life on the globe, which modern science is everywhere dragging from their sepulchres, and by means of which it seeks to recompose the forgotten annals of our race.

The focus of the interest in question has undoubtedly been those mysterious flint implements, which the geologists have discovered in so great numbers and in so great a variety of circumstances, in different parts of the world, especially such of these implements as have been found buried in ancient river gravels, and in the stalagmitic floors of osseous caverns of the mountain limestone and other rock formations. Second only, however, to the importance of the chipped and trimmed flints, in the feeling of the scientific world, has been a most unlooked-for series of discoveries made within the last few years, and still making, in Switzerland — discoveries which show that in times antecedent to the known history of that country, the margins of very many of its lakes were tenanted by a people or peoples, who lived not on the shores of

the lakes, but in houses built on piles driven into their water-beds; and whose personal and social habits and condition are, in not a few cases, brought clearly to view by innumerable remains of their dwellings, dress, food, utensils, weapons, etc., which have rewarded the search of a crowd of eager explorers.

The first account of these Swiss lake dwellings, presented to the scientific world with anything like pretension to combined detail and completeness, was that given in M. Troyon's elegant volume, entitled *Habitations Lacustres*, which was written in French, and published at Lausanne in 1860. Prior to this date, however, Dr. Ferdinand Keller, president of the Antiquarian Association of Zurich, and the original discoverer of the lake dwellings, had begun to issue in German, under the auspices of his society, what is now, on the continent at least, a well-known series of reports on these extraordinary antiquities. On this side of the water Dr. Keller's publications were not likely to make their way into the hands of more than a few readers; and what Englishmen knew of his topic, they learned either from M. Troyon's work or from the comparatively brief descriptions of the lake dwellings and their appurtenances furnished by Sir John Lubbock and Sir Charles Lyell.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Lee was led to entertain the idea of translating, rearranging, and putting into a shape fitted for the use of Englishmen, the whole contents of Dr. Keller's reports. He rightly believed that such a work would be acceptable and useful to his countrymen; and in the noble and thoroughly English book, the title of which heads this article, we have the praiseworthy results of his laborious and judicious editing of his originals. In accordance with his plan, Mr. Lee has not simply translated Dr. Keller's reports in the order in which they were given to the public. To use his own words: "The order is entirely different, but the substance remains, though the mode of stating it is altered." In most cases the language and expressions are the same translated into English. Some few things have, under his (Dr. Keller's) direction, been omitted, and several additions have been made

by him. In a few instances I have added notes of my own; my province, however, was not to illustrate but to translate; and as these few notes rest on my own authority alone, they are marked at foot with the letters *Tt*." The value of Mr. Lee's volume is greatly enhanced by nearly a hundred carefully-executed lithographic plates, illustrating the construction of the lake dwellings, and the objects of art found buried in the wreck of them. On this subject the translator writes:

"With respect to the plates, it may be well to mention, that about one half are actual 'transfers' (rearranged in the octavo form) from plates drawn at Zurich, either for the last report or for the previous ones. Another considerable portion consists of copies, either by myself or my friends, from the other plates of the Zurich reports; while a smaller portion, including the sketches of localities, were drawn by myself from nature, or from the objects themselves, during a visit to Switzerland last summer."—*Preface*, p. 6.

Prefixed to the volume as frontispiece, is an "Ideal Restoration of a Lake Dwelling." This is not the often-copied "Restoration" which appeared in Dr. Keller's first report, but a new drawing made at Dr. Keller's suggestion, "in accordance with the latest discoveries," and approved by him before it finally left the hands of the lithographer. If the plate has something of the dimness of dreamland about it, this will be easily excused by those who consider how unscientific it would be to give a sharp-lined reality to things only just emerging from the airy sphere of fancy and mythical song.

The story of the first discovery of the Swiss Lake Dwellings is pretty familiar. "In the winter of the years 1853 and 1854, the extraordinary drouth and long-continued cold occasioned a very unusual phenomenon in the Alpine districts. The rivers shrank to their smallest compass, and the level of the lakes was lower than ever had been known before. On the stone of Stäfa the watermark of 1674 had always been considered the lowest known in history, but in 1853-4 the water was one foot below this mark. This circumstance of the extreme lowness of the water of the lakes led to the adoption of measures, in certain cases, for the recovery of land on their shores; and

while this was being done in the little bay between Ober Meilen and Dollikon, on the east side of the Lake of Zurich, the workmen, to their astonishment, lighted upon the heads of wooden piles, with stags' horns, and sundry implements, all sunk in the bed of the lake, and indicating, to appearance, the former occupation of the spot as the residence of man." This was in January, 1854. The Antiquarian Association at Zurich was immediately informed of what had occurred, and took steps without delay to secure to science the full advantage of the discovery. The proprietors of the land at Ober Meilen were forward to coöperate with the *savans*. As the excavations proceeded, the importance of the discovery became more and more manifest. Plainly human beings of a prehistoric age had lived in houses built on the tops of these piles; for here were the visible, tangible relics of the timbers that had formed or supported their huts, of their hearth-plates, their corn-crushers, their pottery, the creatures they had fed upon, and a multitude of other objects, connected with their personal habits, or social condition and manner of life.

No sooner was public attention drawn to the antiquities thus suddenly brought to light on the Zurich lake, than remains of the same class began to reveal themselves in other parts of Switzerland. Before the close of the year 1854, relics of pile buildings were found in the Lake of Bienne, the Lake of Neuchâtel, the Lake of Geneva, and elsewhere. And between this date and the present time the margins of nearly all the lakes in the northeast, north, and west, of the country, have yielded the like harvest to the labors of antiquarian research. In the extreme northeast, the Überlinger See, and Unter See, the two great forks of the Lake of Constance, are "thickly studded with settlements;" some of them, like those of Nussdorf, Maurach, Unteruhldigen, and Sipplingen, on the former water, remarkable at once for "their extent, and the number of the antiquities found in them." To the south of the Unter See, and lying between it and the Lake of Zurich, the Lakes Nussbaum, Pfäffikon, Greiffensee, and others, have all furnished remains of ancient lake dwellings. Robenhausen, "situated

on the great moor on the southern side of the Lake of Pfäffikon," is one of the most curious and interesting of all the monuments of its order. The Zurich lake has not hitherto added much to its original honors as the father of our knowledge of the Swiss lake dwellings. Some five or six such dwellings have been discovered on the borders of the Lake of Zug, southwest of that of Zurich. Further west, the Lakes of Baldegg and Sempach, both in the Canton of Lucerne, have rewarded the explorations of Colonel Schwab with proof of the former existence of some dozen or more settlements upon their banks or water margins. The little lakes of Mauensee and Wauwyl, near the Sempach lake, have likewise contributed something to the list of the north-central lake dwellings. "The Lake of Moosseedorf, distant about two hours' walk from Bern, belongs, as its name imports, to that numerous class of lakes in Switzerland called *moor lakes*." Here there are remains of a settlement, which a strict application of the stone, bronze, and iron theory of the antiquarians must pronounce to be of very high antiquity. The Lakes of Bienne, Neuchâtel, Morat, and Geneva, on the west and southwest of the country, are rich in their treasures of wreck and ruin. Thanks to Colonel Schwab, more than twenty sites of lake dwellings have been more or less fully explored on the Lake of Bienne. Of these the settlement at Nidau, at the northern extremity of the lake, is remarkable for the wealth of its relics of bronze. As many as fifty settlements have been discovered on the Lake of Neuchâtel, chiefly, as in the case of the Lake of Bienne, on its eastern border. The Lake of Morat has supplied between fifteen and twenty examples of the pile dwellings. These lie both on the eastern and western shores of the lake. Lastly, upwards of twenty spots are known to have been occupied by the mysterious men of the waters on the Lake of Geneva. The settlement at Morges, to the west of Lausanne, on the north shore of the lake, was one of the first to be determined and examined after the original discovery at Meilen early in 1854; and the antiquities which it has yielded have given it a high place among its peers. Altogether, nearly two hun-



dred sites of lake buildings have been ascertained to exist in different parts of Switzerland. Of those which have been discovered in other countries, particularly such as lie about Switzerland, we may have occasion to speak further on in this paper.

The scientific industry, and acute but cautious inductions of the Swiss explorers, enable us to go far in explaining how the builders of the lake dwellings went about the work of establishing their water homes; as also what was the material of which those homes were made, and how the makers of them used it in their architecture. For the most part, the situation chosen by the pile builders for a settlement appears to have been the margin of a lake, where the water was neither very deep nor very shallow, and where the bottom was soft enough to admit of the easy planting of their piles. When such a situation was selected, they proceeded to cover a certain area of the lake, sometimes a very large area, with a forest of piles driven two, three, or more feet into the lake-bed, and having their heads raised a yard or two above water. The first row of piles ran parallel with the shore at some distance from it; thence other rows, standing side by side with this, extended outward towards the deeper waters of the lake. In some cases the piles do not seem to have been fixed in rows; but usually a general parallelism was preserved, the piles being driven in lines forming a right angle, or nearly so, with the shore. The piles were not always planted single. Occasionally they are found in pairs. And while in some instances they are crowded thickly together, in others they are considerably wider apart. At Meilen and elsewhere the average distance between the piles was a foot or a foot and a half; but the intervening spaces were not unfrequently larger, as at Robenhäusen and Nussdorf, where the average would be two or three feet. At Wangen, on the Unter See, M. Löhle states, the "piles were driven in for the most part one or more feet apart, so that in the space of a square rod there are at least twelve, though sometimes seventeen or twenty may be seen." The number of piles in a settlement was of course determined by various conditions of necessity,

convenience, or inclination. At Nussdorf, where the settlement covers about three acres, the piles are reckoned at three thousand. Unteruhldigen is supposed to have had at least ten thousand; Sippligen, extending over twenty-five acres, forty thousand; Wangen, just mentioned, not fewer than fifty or sixty thousand; Robenhäusen, perhaps as many as a hundred thousand. The wood used for the piles was chiefly oak, beech, birch, and fir; but elm, ash, alder, aspen, maple, willow, hazel, and even cherry, it is said, have been found in various localities. Whole stems with their bark on were commonly employed for the piles; but they were often split, so as to furnish timbers of from three to seven or eight inches in diameter. The lower ends of the piles were almost invariably sharpened by fire, and by tooling with the stone hatchet or celt, in order to prepare them for driving. Less frequently they are found to have been wrought with tools of bronze or even of iron. There is reason to believe, that in many cases, as, for instance, at Unteruhldigen and Nidan, horizontal beams were sunk among the vertical piles, or that the piles themselves were fastened together by such beams, with a view to the bracing and strengthening of the substructure. It is not always easy to determine whether the timbers now lying horizontally or obliquely among the rotten pile-heads at the bottoms of the lakes were originally interlocked with the piles by the builders of the lake dwellings, or whether they are portions of the platforms supporting the houses, that have fallen from above, and so are mixed up with what at first sustained them. In some settlements clay seems to have been used to bind the piles and other supports of the houses into a more solid basis; and in other cases large stones have, apparently, been brought in canoes and dropped among the piles for the same purpose. "In fact, one boat or canoe, still loaded with the stones which proved too great a cargo for it, and which consequently sank it to the bottom, is still to be seen at Peter's Island in the Lake of Bièvre." The outermost row of piles "appears to have been covered or closed in by a kind of wattle or hurdle work, made of small twigs or branches, probably to lessen the

splash of the water, or to prevent the piles from being injured by floating wood." Large fragments of this protective matting have been recovered at Robenhäusen and elsewhere.

The piles having been driven so that their heads should all be at the same level, the next business was to cover them with a wooden platform, suitable for the erection of the houses. "To accomplish this," says Dr. Keller, "stems or trunks ten or twelve feet long had holes bored in them at both ends, and they were then fastened with wooden pins to the heads of the upright piles. Trunks of fir wood five or seven feet long were then split into boards about two inches thick and fastened with wooden pegs into the framework" of timber beneath them. Thus a solid and tolerably even foundation was provided for the huts. The existing wrecks of the settlements are in evidence that these wooden platforms were not so closely knit but that hatchets, hammers, and the like might easily slip through between the boards; and it is one of the surest of the deductions which the *savans* have gained from this same source, that at certain intervals open spaces were left in the platforms to serve the purpose of ash holes and rubbish pits. "The quantity of broken celts, broken pottery, and refuse of animal and vegetable food lying together," and that most commonly at regular distances, establishes the truth of their conclusion. In some cases, if not generally, the dwellings do not appear to have been built upon the naked boards of the platform, but upon "a bed of mud, loam, and gravel," laid on the surface of the boarding and "beaten down firmly either by the feet or by the wooden mallets, of which several have been found" in the settlements.

On the subject of the huts of the lake dwellers, our author writes:

"There can be no doubt that small piles or stakes formed the framework of the huts. Some of these have been actually found projecting considerably above the platform. Probably in some cases . . . fresh piles were driven in for this purpose, which did not go quite down to the bottom of the lake. . . . Of course these piles would mark out the extent of the dwellings themselves, and in one or two favorable instances we have thus the ground plan of a settlement; but we

have more than this: the size of the house is further marked out by boards, forced in firmly between the piles, and resting edgewise on the platform, thus forming what at the present day we should call the skirting boards of the huts or rooms. It cannot now be determined whether this was continued higher than a single board, as more than this has not as yet been actually discovered. . . . The walls consisted of upright poles, wattled with rods or twigs, and in order to keep off the wind and the rain this wattle-work was covered both inside and out with a bed of clay from two to three inches thick.\* . . . This is proved by numbers of pieces of clay half burnt or hardened in the fire, with the impressions of the wattle work still remaining. These singularly illustrative specimens are found in nearly every settlement which has been destroyed by fire."—Pp. 7, 8, 296, 297.

The question was early raised, in the course of the Swiss discoveries, whether the form of the huts was rectangular or round. M. Troyon's restoration, in the first of his plates, exhibits them as circular, though he allows and argues that possibly the square form may have been in use likewise. He says:

"La forme circulaire des cabanes, générale dans l'ancienne Europe, est confirmée par les débris de revêtement en argile retrouvés sur quelques emplacements de la Suisse. Des huttes de forme carrée ont cependant existé, dès le premier âge en Irlande, en Suède et ailleurs, aussi doit on reconnaître que les constructions ont pu présenter des variétés à la même époque, dans le même pays, et sur le même lac. Quoi qu'il en soit, ce dessin . . . représente le genre prédominant des constructions lacustres de la Suisse, si l'on admet que la plupart des cabanes étaient circulaires?"—P. 456.

Dr. Keller expresses himself positively that the houses were generally squared and not round, though he thinks it not impossible that the round form may have been sometimes adopted. He says:

"All the evidence which has yet come before us proves that the huts were rectangular; but some of them may possibly have

\* Speaking of a settlement at Anvernier, on the Lake of Neuchâtel, Professor Desor says: "The wattle-work which formed the covering or walls of the huts is lying on the bottom, and consists of poles from two to two and a half inches thick, at a distance of two feet apart. Rods one and one and a half inch thick are closely interwoven crosswise with these poles. Unfortunately this wattle-work is too rotten to be taken up from the bottom."—*Lake Dwellings*, pp. 163, 164.

been round, as, from ancient authors, it is very evident that the huts of many nations on terra firma were round in form."—P. 8.

In another place he writes:

"There can be no doubt that the huts of several kindred races on the mainland were in many cases circular (Strabo, iv., 4: 'The Belgian Gauls made their huts spacious, out of boards and willow hurdle work, dome-shaped with a high roof'); but all the evidence we possess as yet respecting the huts of the lake dwellings in Switzerland tends to show that they were rectangular. The curve of the small pieces of clay covering of the wattle-work found at the bottom of the water cannot be brought forward to prove that the huts were circular, still less to show their diameter; these pieces are generally not more than one foot wide, and have evidently been exposed to great heat before they fell into the water, besides which, slabs with very different curves, and some even perfectly flat, were found promiscuously on the same spot."—Pp. 296, 297.

As to the appointments and fittings of the pile houses little can be affirmed with confidence. "It is not known whether the huts were divided into several rooms or not. . . . From the remains of straw and reeds found in every lake dwelling it seems almost certain that the huts were thatched with these materials, and highly probable that the dormitories were strewn with the softer kinds of straw or hay." The huts seem to have been floored with clay or with a mixture of clay and gravel. In the middle of the floor was a hearth, consisting of three or four large slabs of rough sandstone; and it is probable, from the almost universal prevalence of clay weights for weaving, that most, if not all, of them were furnished with a loom. Among the buried ruins of the dwellings "portions of young trees, with their branches partially lopped off," are not unfrequently met with, and it has been suggested that these were probably fastened to the roof or walls for the purpose of hanging up mats, nets, pots, tools, etc., some of which seem to have had rope handles attached to them. "It is impossible to ascertain whether the platform was covered densely or sparingly with huts, though we know that in one case, at Niederwyl, they stood very close together."

One very interesting fact must not be

lost sight of in describing these lake settlements. Herodotus, in the often quoted passage respecting the pile-builders of Lake Prasias, near the mouth of the Strymon, states that their "platforms stand in the middle of the lake," and "are approached from the land by a single narrow bridge." There is every reason to believe that the Swiss lake-dwellers followed the same practice. Describing the relics found at Moosseedorf, Dr. Keller says: "Cross-branches laid on the bottom, in the manner of a fagot bank, or fagot road, appear like the remains of a bridge or stage connecting the settlement with the shore." Again, the settlement at Robenhause is described as having been connected with the shore "by means of a bridge or stage, of which the piles are still visible." So of the settlement at Allensbach, on the Unter See, it is said: "In one place the rows of piles take the direction of the mainland in such a manner that they may, with tolerable certainty, be considered as the remains of the ancient stage or bridge." In all probability the bridge was part of the perfection of a lake settlement, but there seem to have been cases in which it was dispensed with.

The plan and style of the lake buildings, wherever found, are all but identical. One type of variation, however, claims to be noticed. In some of the settlements, as, for example, Niederwyl and Wauwyl, instead of piles being driven into the bottoms of the lakes as supports for the hut platforms, the substructure was built up of "a mass of fascines or fagots laid parallel and crosswise one upon another." The lowest bed of fascines rested immediately upon the lake-bed. Then came a layer of brushwood, or of clay and gravel. Then another layer of fascines was thrown down, and so on, till the required elevation was attained. In order to give coherence and stability to the fagot-work, vertical wooden piles were driven into it here and there, and these appear to have served, in some cases, as poles for the house-walls. How such architecture as this could have been successfully performed under water, is a question more natural to ask than easy to reply to. Dr. Keller says rather strongly:

"The only conceivable mode of explaining it seems to be this: at the commencement of the work several piles were driven into the mud from a raft, from twelve to twenty feet apart, and then fagot sticks were piled up between them horizontally, one upon another, just as we find them arranged in the excavation; when loaded with a sufficient quantity of gravel, the whole mass of fascines must necessarily have sunk down to the bottom between the upright piles which served as piles or stays. In this manner a number of masses of wood were laid in the water one after another till the substructure had attained the desired height. Naturally the part above the water was more carefully executed. The upper beds of fascines in fact lock into one another at the ends, and form one continuous mass; and no large vertical gaps or chinks filled with clay, gravel, branches, or brush-wood are to be found here, like those which are very common when the lower part is exposed. This fact seems to confirm the above idea of the mode of construction."—P. 70.

In several parts of Dr. Keller's volume the reader will find detailed descriptions of the fascine lake dwellings. Our limits forbid our following him further. As may be supposed, the dwellings of this class are only found in small and shallow lakes, and the antiquities which they have yielded seem to point to a lower civilization than that which the pile settlements in general may be believed to represent.

In connection with the relics of the pile settlements, hitherto described, are found, sometimes sunk in the lake-beds, oftener buried in mud or peat at various heights above them, innumerable objects in stone, bone, horn, clay, wood, bronze, iron, flax, etc., with several kinds of grain and fruits, evidently used by the occupants as articles of food, dress, household economy, or the like.

Mention has already been made of the hearthstones of the huts. These have been dug up at Meilen, Wangen, and elsewhere, not unfrequently reddened, and in some cases partially covered with soot, the result of the action of the fire which once burnt upon them. Many slabs, either of sandstone or of granite, have also been found with lines or furrows, caused by the grinding and sharpening of the stone hatchets shortly to be spoken of. It would seem, too, that some such slabs, whether of the one rock or the other, were commonly used in the

crushing and mealings of grain. Occasionally a cavity was formed in the slab to assist the process. The grain was bruised by means of so-called "corn-crushers" and "mealings-stones." These are "roundish stones, the size of a man's fist, made out of very hard rolled sandstone, and with certain hollows and flattened surfaces. They vary in form; some are like an orange; others like a ball, with depressions on the four opposite sides." Corn-crushers and mealings-stones have been met with in all the lake dwellings. Colonel Schwab obtained several granite slabs, with cup-like hollows scooped in them, from the Lake of Bienné. A similar slab, found at Anvernier, had a hollow in it  $13\frac{1}{2}$  inches long,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch deep, and weighed 88 lbs. Slabs of this description would be employed either as mills or mortars.

By far the most abundant of the stone implements found in the Swiss lake dwellings are the celts or hatchets, with their companion tools the chisels of various type. The celts are wedge-shaped. They were all made with a sharp cutting edge; indeed, some of the specimens in the Swiss museums "might readily be used for cutting lead pencils." When the cutting edge spreads out beyond the general width of the tool "they resemble hatchets; but if they are of uniform breadth, or bulge in the middle, not an uncommon case, then they take the form of chisels. The section of many specimens about the middle is square with sharp corners; others are roundish or oval in section, and consequently approach the form of a cylinder." The size and weight of the celts are very unequal. Some are eight inches long: one found at Meilen was only an inch and a half in length. Some weigh a pound or more; others weigh only half or even a quarter of an ounce. All were originally hafted. On this subject Dr. Keller writes, with reference to Meilen, what will equally hold of the other settlements:

"All the celts and chisels found at Meilen were originally hafted in pieces of stag's horn, and a considerable number were found still in their handles. To make this hafting, a piece of the requisite length and thickness was cut out of the main stocks of the stag's horn, clearly



with no other instrument than a stone celt. A hole was then worked out at one end wide and deep enough to receive the lower [or blunt] part of the celt. The other end [namely, of the piece of horn] was cut into a four-sided tenon or plug, evidently intended to be set in a shaft, a stick, or a club. Of this third limb of the implement not a single perfect specimen was found here. . . . The perfect implement with all its three parts has been found at Robenhausen."—P. 19.

There can be little doubt as to the manner in which the celts were ordinarily manufactured. They tell their own tale. First some hard and rough specimen was selected from among "the rolled or rubble stones abounding in the Swiss valleys." This having been "partially sawn through on opposite sides by means of flint saws, used with water and quartzose sand, was then broken in two by a blow." Afterwards the tool was finished by the toilsome process of beating with stone hammers and of grinding on slabs of sandstone.

With respect to the material out of which the celts, etc., were made, Dr. Keller states that the stones used for the purpose are so numerous and diverse, that even advanced geologists are often puzzled to determine their true nature and the localities from which they came. "The celts found at the Lake of Bienne, at Bern, at Zurich, and at the Lake of Constance, form quite as good a collection of specimens of the rocks of the high Alps, from which the different valleys descend, as the erratic blocks used for building the castle towers and the city walls." Of a thousand stone implements, celts, chisels, axes, hammers, etc., found at Nussdorf, Dr. Lachmann says, that while nearly fifty celts were made of nephrite—of which more hereafter—he found among them examples of "serpentine, diorite, epidote, decomposed green schist, basalt, porphyry, gneiss, and other alpine rocks." At the pile settlement of St. Andreas, near Cham, on the Lake of Zug, celts were met with consisting of "very coarse gneiss, containing a quantity of epidote." Others were "of a kind of serpentine which does not occur in erratic blocks in the canton of Zug." One single specimen seemed to be Julier granite from the pass of the same name or from the Grisons. Another specimen was a "talco-quartz-

ite, of which numerous blocks are to be found in the eastern part of the canton, being, in fact, erratics from the canton of Glarus." So, speaking of the stone implements generally, Dr. Keller finds among the materials from which they are found, "red flint probably from Bavaria or the Voralberg, micaceous schist from Davos, Scaletta, and Fluela in the Grisons, red sandstone, now used for whetstones, from Rheinfelden (Aargau), crystals from the high Alps, asphalt from the Val Travers (Neuchâtel), white marble from the Splügen," etc.

An exceeding interest attaches to one kind of stone, of which the celts are often found to consist—the transparent jade or nephrite just alluded to. Nephrite celts occur "in all the older settlements," particularly at Meilen; and yet, so far as is known, there is no nephrite to be found either in Switzerland or in any other part of Europe, the mineral being only obtained from Egypt, China, and a few other extra-European countries. So far as existing evidence enables us to judge, nephrite came ready wrought from the East into the hands of the pile dwellers. "No Swiss geologist has found it either *in situ* or in the shape of gravel; and no unworked pieces, nor any waste or chippings from it, have yet been found in the lake dwellings." On this point Dr. Keller quotes from a paper published at Bern in 1865, by Professor Von Fellenberg, affirming the stone celts from Meilen and Concise, which he (Professor Fellenberg) had carefully examined and analyzed, to be "genuine nephrite," and indorsing the general belief that the Swiss lake people must have obtained it in the way of barter from Africa, Asia, or some other part of the world beyond the confines of Europe.

It is a remarkable fact that as yet not a solitary example of a flint celt has been discovered in any one of the pile settlements of Switzerland. And what is also worthy of remark, though stone hammer-heads of serpentine and of a rock allied to serpentine have been found at Meilen and elsewhere, bored for a handle, this kind of tool, and indeed bored stone tools of every kind, are among the rarities of the relic beds.

As flint celts are altogether wanting, so there is no great abundance of flint

implements of other descriptions in the lake dwellings. "The reason of this is, that the raw material or the nodular flint found in the beds of the chalk is not met with in Switzerland." France and Germany appear to have supplied the greater portion of the flint used by the pile builders; perhaps some of it came from the Jura. The tools manufactured from it were generally of small size, such as knives, scrapers, arrow-heads, lance-points, with other kinds of instruments for cutting and piercing. At Moosseedorf, what might be called a saw-knife was dug up, fastened with asphalt or mineral pitch into a fir-wood handle. A rude tooth-brush with a jagged flint blade instead of the bristles would give a fair idea of this instrument. At Meilen a somewhat similar saw was found, the blade of which was fixed by means of asphalt into a piece of yew wood of the form of a weaver's shuttle, the obvious design being to enable the workman to use the tool with greater ease and safety. Wrought flint flakes of a blunted rectangular form, varying in length from an inch to six or eight inches, are among the most common implements of this class yielded by the wrecks of the lake dwellings. Some of these are probably knives without their setting; others, perhaps, were used as scrapers for scaling fish or for some kindred purpose. Meilen is the settlement which has proved richest in its store of flint implements, but they have been obtained in larger or smaller numbers from the other stations. Moosseedorf and Wauwyl would seem to have been the seats of very considerable flint-implement manufactories. Speaking of the former of these lake dwellings, in terms of the report of M. Jahn and Dr. Uhlmann, Dr. Keller says:

"Every little hillock in the surrounding marsh land, still partially covered with peat, and hardly rising above its level, appears to have been a place where flint was worked into implements, for nothing else but flint is found in any of them except some broken white pebble stones and traces of charcoal; more than a thousand pieces of flint in flakes, cores, or implements intended for some special purpose, cracked off in all sorts of ways, and afterwards hammered to the required shape, were found in these localities. The flakes are found of various sizes, from that of fish scales up to two inches in length. . . . The major-

ity consisted of what may be called plates, rather long and with a sharp cutting edge, which by further manipulation could be made into little knives, scrapers, saws, and piercers, as well as into the heads of arrows. . . . The color of these flints is as varied as their form; they are found white, brown, black, red, and bluish, of all shades; also, translucent, like agate and chalcedony. The greater part appear to have come from the Swiss Jura (chalk), some few from the Alps. Those of a better kind of stone are, doubtless, of foreign origin. The tools used for making these flint implements do not seem to have been of the same material, but of gabbro, a bluish-green and very hard and tough kind of stone. Several of these implements have been met with; their form is very simple and varies between a cube and an oval. The oval specimens were ground down in one or two places, and the most pointed part was used for hammering."—P. 36.

Appearances resembling those of Wauwyl and Moosseedorf have been remarked in other localities, and it is probable that future explorations will increase their number.

Thousands of implements of bone have been gathered from the lake dwellings. Stags, roes, boars, and other animals, in some cases birds also, have furnished the material for implements of this kind. The bones of small animals and birds were used for tools of lesser magnitude: "The larger instruments were made out of the ribs and leg bones of the roe and stag, and the ulnæ of various ruminants. The hollow bones of these animals were cut into two parts, lengthways, by means of flint saws, generally along the arterial hollow; and thus, when the fracture was fortunate, each piece had an articulating end for a natural handle. The tool was then finished by means of the grinding-slab of stone." Dr. Lachmann describes the bone implements from Nussdorf as made, some "out of the whole bones of small animals, others out of splinters of those belonging to larger beasts. The bones of the extremities were chiefly used for this purpose, such as the radius, femur, tibia, and fibula; some were ground all over, and some only at one end." Among the tools and instruments of bone have been found netting-needles of boar's tusk; pins of the same material for fastening the hair or clothes; sundry kinds of awls and piercers, some with a head or handle of asphalt; knives of

boar's tusk and bears' teeth; pincer-like instruments; chisels of stag-bone, used apparently in the shaping and ornamentation of earthenware; fish-hooks, sometimes barbed, with other implements of the fishermen; arrow-heads, in several instances, as at Wangen, with the asphalt which fastened them to the shaft still adhering to them; besides daggers, lance-points, and a number of objects not easily brought under any category of modern European civilization. Boars' teeth, either whole or split in two, and ground sharp, seem to have been frequently used as knives for cutting skin and leather. The large teeth or tusks of bears, "brought to a point at the fang, and perforated near the end," may have been used for making fishing nets. This cannot have been the use of the wolf's grinders, pierced at the fang, found in the Maurach and Wangen settlements. Some have thought that these perforated teeth were worn as charms or amulets. A bone saw from Wauwyl, figured by Dr. Keller, if it is not unique, has but few companions of its own substance among the relics. At Marin, Colonel Schwab has recently found a bronze needle in a case made of the bone of a stork.

"Next to bone, horns, especially those of the stag and the roe, offered suitable material for making the larger pointed tools, daggers, etc." Portions were cut from the main branch of the horn, and then were ground, sharpened, or pierced, according to the use for which they were designed. The method of hafting the stone celts by means of pieces of stags' horn has already been described. Awls, chisel-handles, hammers, mallets, harpoons—some of them double-barbed—combs, goblets, and other vessels and tools, were manufactured out of stags' and roes' horns. Indeed, the horns of these animals seem to have met the demand both of the most vulgar necessities of the lake dwellers and of their most refined and delicate tastes. On the one hand, they appear to have employed them, pretty much in a state of nature, as ploughs and harrows, in an agriculture which even an Egyptian or Syrian might have smiled at. On the other, they made beads from them such as might very well fit into the necklaces seen at the present day among the girls of Elephantine and

Philæ on the Nile. It is one of the paradoxes of the pile settlements that hitherto, as Dr. Keller informs us, "no implements have been observed made out of the horns of the ox, the goat, or the ram; and yet their bones are found in the dwellings. The tusks of the wild boar seem to have been especially chosen for cutting tools; those of bears or wolves for amulets." The corner teeth of pigs and dogs likewise were used in the manufacture of implements, as at the settlement at Maurach.

The perishable nature of wood will have caused innumerable objects of this material, once buried in the lake dwellings, to disappear for ever. Thanks, however, to the conservative, or only slowly-destructive, qualities of certain elements into contact with which many wooden relics of the settlements chanced to come—the fire which destroyed the bulk of the settlements being not the least, of these—such relics, carbonized, or half-carbonized, whole or fragmentary, sound or partially decayed, have been found in considerable numbers, and add another interesting chapter to the history of their long-forgotten owners. The charred boards, hacked by stone celts, which have been discovered at Meilen and elsewhere, belonged, in all probability, either to the hut-platforms, or to the huts themselves; but the refuse of the hearths also seems to have been preserved in some instances in the form of charcoal and of half-burnt pieces of oak, beech, fir, and other timber. What appeared to have been a bench, worn smooth by sitting on, was discovered at Wangen, a short while since, by M. Löhle. It was of oak, some seven or eight feet long, by a foot and a half wide. At Robenhausen, hooks of fir or pine, for hanging things up in the huts—some of them nearly a foot and a half long—were drawn in great numbers out of the relic-beds. Clubs and mallets of oak, ash, yew, and hazel, have been found in the settlements. The wooden handles of the celts and saws have been already referred to. They are made of fir, ash, maple, and other woods. Yew or maple knives and chisels have been lighted on in several places. Ladles of maple-wood, like those still in use in the Swiss milk-chalets, with plates and dishes

of the same material, occur at Robenhausen. Here, too, or elsewhere, various fishing gear, a maple-wood tub, a yoke of hazel rod, bows of yew, oak spearshafts, a threshing-flail, a shoemaker's last, and yew-wood combs, have been raised from the lake bottom. One of the combs found at Moosseedorf is two inches and a half broad, and nearly five inches long, and it is decorated with a pair of "buttons or projections" on one of its sides.

Without enumerating other objects in wood scattered among the ruins of the lake dwellings, it will suffice to crown the foregoing list by mentioning the fact, that in several instances boats or canoes, like the modern Swiss *einbäume*, have been discovered, or even raised out of their sepulchres of peat or mud. At Robenhausen, M. Messikomer disinterred "a remarkable canoe made out of a single trunk (*einbaum*), such as may now be seen in the lakes of Zug and Lucerne, twelve feet long, one and a half feet broad, but only five inches in depth." Dr. Keller figures this object in one of his plates. Again, at Nidau, it is stated, "a boat lies imbedded in the mud . . . made of one thick long trunk of an oak, merely hollowed out either by fire or by hatchets the whole length of the whole." So a canoe, we are told, may be seen at Morges, half buried in the mud, of which M. Forel writes, that "it is sharpened to a point in front, and apparently is formed of a single piece of wood hollowed out like the *piroques* of savages; it is hardly more than two feet wide." It may be added, that fir net-floats and other implements made of the bark of trees have been met with in different localities.

Clay, under various conditions, plays an important part among the recovered monuments of the lake settlements. At Wangen, "perforated balls of clay, mixed with charcoal," have been collected by dozens. Robenhausen has furnished a multitude of similar bodies, black, conical, and perforated. In many other settlements coarse clay balls, sub-globular, or conical, have been discovered, most of them pierced, so as to admit of being suspended by a cord. The greater number of these objects seem to have been loom-weights. Some of them, perhaps, served as sinking-stones for fishing-nets,

or simply as weights useful for many purposes either in the indoor or outdoor life of the people. Almost all the stations have yielded clay spindle-whorls, like those found in ancient graves. At Meilen, Wangen, Nussdorf, Unteruhldingen, everywhere, the spindle-whorls present themselves, sometimes "plenty as blackberries." It is characteristic of the western lakes—those of Bienne, Neuchâtel, Geneva, etc.—that the settlements upon them agree to preserve a number of clay-rings, sometimes of large dimensions, the use of which appears to have been to support pipkins on the fire, and in general, to serve as legs to various domestic and other vessels, which had not the faculty of standing alone. Little stones and pieces of charcoal are commonly mixed with the clay of which they are formed; and they are often imperfectly burnt, and otherwise bear marks of rude and careless manufacture. "They vary in external diameter from three and a half to nine and a half inches; the hole in the middle is from seven lines to two and a half inches wide; and the thickness of the ring itself varies from one inch to upwards of two inches."

Many of these rings appear to have become friable from the action of violent heat; but it is not always certain whether this happened on the hearth, or when the settlement was burnt down."

Remains of pottery are a universal feature of the lake relic-beds, though, unfortunately, the vessels are rarely found entire. The manufacture is of two kinds—one rude and clumsy, the other wrought with more nicety and care. The clay used for the former was commonly mixed with coarsely powdered granite, quartz, or gravel of some kind. Grains of such broken stone have been met with in the vessels as large as a bean. Washed loam, mixed in some cases with a little powdered charcoal, was the material of the finer sort. M. Rochat speaks of vessels found at Concise in the neighborhood of Yverdon as having been made by the potter's wheel. In the vast majority of cases, it is certain that the wheel was not used. What Dr. Keller says of the earthenware from Meilen will hold with little qualification of the bulk of the settlements. "The potter's wheel was not used in any case, but all



the vessels were made by the hand alone, aided by moulding and scraping tools, and for this reason they exhibit a good many bulges and lumps, and the sides are of unequal thickness; they have also been ill burnt, and in an open fire, so that the mass did not harden properly, and does not ring when struck." The vessels seem to have been shaped in the huts or on the hut platforms, and then to have been burnt on shore. As to their form—at least in the settlements which seem to be of older date—it may be said, in general, that they are, for the most part, cup-shaped, with a strong affection for a cylindrical contour; that very few flat vessels appear to have been manufactured; and that urn-like forms, "with large bulge and thin sides," though sometimes met with, are not an ordinary type of lake-dwelling pottery. It is difficult to find terms to designate all the kinds of clay vessel which the settlements have furnished. Spoons, ladles, platters, cups, pots, jars, basins, bowls, covers, urns, and a number of others not so easily described—among them some with holes in their sides or bottoms, which look as if they were intended for cheese-strainers—have been found less or more equally distributed throughout the lake area. The size of some of the larger vessels is often very considerable. At Meilen fragments of wide-mouthed jars were dug up, the diameter of which in the bulge ran from seven to thirteen inches, with a capacity of from two to seven quarts. So at Nidau vessels were found "of extraordinary size, the mouth being three feet across." Such vessels were probably used for storing corn and other articles of food. Many of the earthenware vessels obtained from the settlements had evidently been used as pipkins over the fire, for in numerous instances "the lower part of the outside is blackened with soot and injured by the heat, just like the pipkins used in our modern hearths. In several cases," as at Meilen and elsewhere, "the inside was covered over with thick firm soot;" this soot being pretty plainly the charred remains of food of some kind, probably porridge, "which was actually in those vessels when the settlement was burnt." Describing vessels of this sort from Al-

lensbach on the Unter See, M. Dehoff reports:

"One of these vessels, which had a thick coating of soot in the inside, was filled with a gray mass like ashes mixed with pieces of charcoal, in which there was a very friable great bone of one of the extremities of an animal. A second vessel, also coated inside with soot, contains a brownish mass of earth, the nature of which is now under consideration by M. Leiner, of Constance."—P. 94.

And Dr. Keller, referring to examples of this class collectively, says: "The thick crust on the inside of these vessels was caused, as I am perfectly convinced, generally by the burnt remains of a mass of corn-pottage, which adhered to the sides of the vessel when the settlement was destroyed by fire." As though it was not enough for the nineteenth Christian century to handle the saucepans of the prehistoric lake dwellers, but it must needs peer inside them, and see the boiled bison and dumplings, which the poor souls were cooking for dinner that day when the ruin came!

Most of the pottery taken from the settlements makes some pretence to ornamentation. Often it consists of nothing more than "bosses or impressions made with 'the finger or a little stick.'" In other cases groups or rows of dots, straight lines running horizontally, vertically, or obliquely, zigzag lines, scallop-work, spirals, etc., either alone or in combination, redeem the vessels from absolute plainness. Instances of anything like elaborate design occur but rarely. A half-moon-like arrangement of the dots is a favorite device. Styles and chisels of bone appear to have been used for ornamenting the pottery, where bronze was not in use. The black or red color which marks the majority of the vessels is often due either to the clay of which they were formed, or to the action of fire, or to both of these causes together. Black lead or graphite, and ruddle or red chalk, however, were also employed to paint the pottery; and lumps of these substances have been picked out of the debris of the settlements. If not in the earlier period of the settlements, yet later, it was the common practice of the lake dwellers to beautify the covers of their vessels, or even the vessels them-

selves, by pressing upon them strips of tin, disposed in an ornamental manner. Cortailod, Estavayer, La Crasaz near Estavayer, Montellier, and other stations, have produced examples of this species of decoration. An earthenware dish, about sixteen inches in diameter, found at Cortailod, and figured by Dr. Keller, is a perfect mosaic of tin-foil ornamentation. Dr. Keller's description of it is worth transcribing:

"Perhaps no example of this peculiar and remarkable manufacture has occurred in such beautiful and perfect condition as the specimen under consideration. The ornamentation consists of plates of tin as thin as paper, which form a striking contrast with the black ground of the vessel. These thin plates are also ornamented with impressed lines, which, after the plates were fixed, were engraved or indented with a blunt style. By means of this additional work, the tin, which apparently was simply pressed into the earthenware while yet soft, was made to adhere more closely to the clay. The ornamentation consists of a rosette in the middle, formed of quadrangles, which is surrounded by a band of a pattern similar to that called the meander, so commonly found in the earthenware vessels of the bronze period from the Lakes of Neuchâtel and Bienne, and also from Ebersberg. A pattern somewhat similar is also found on one vessel from Wangen, on the Lake of Constance. This dish was made by the hand alone; the material is a dark gray clay, blackened by graphite."—P. 149.

Professor de Fellenberg analyzed the tin-foil employed in ornamenting a very graceful dish-cover (if dish-cover it be), found at Estavayer. It proved to be pure tin without any mixture of lead. At this same station a small bar of tin was excavated, wrought "into a prismatic form by the hammer. It is seven and a third inches long; its greatest thickness is one fifth of an inch, and it weighs half an ounce. The color of the metal and its ductility show that it consists of pure tin, thus confirming the assay made by M. de Fellenberg, who did not find in it a trace either of lead, zinc, copper, or iron."

The only instance in which the earthenware of the lake dwellings makes any attempt to represent animal life is the case of a rude image of a lizard found at Nidau. But for the four stunted projections which indicate its legs, the creature might as well be a young goose or a

duck. For correctness of imitation it is a cousin-german of the animals painted over the doorways of the *hadjis'* houses in Cairo and other parts of Egypt.

A curious and interesting discovery has been recently made among the earthenware relics of the lake dwellings. Certain spoon-like objects, formerly supposed to be water-ladles, have turned out, on closer inspection, to be crucibles for melting copper. Nearly all the specimens have handles, and "all have at the edge a kind of drossy coating, colored like a deposit of copper, and in some cases like the variegated copper ore. In three cases there were lumps of melted bronze, and in one instance a lump of pure unmelted copper. . . . The material of the crucibles is clay mixed with horse dung, a combination which is now used for moulds in which brass is cast."

The objects in pottery which have most attracted the attention and tasked the speculative ingenuity of the Swiss antiquaries are the so-called moon images. These are forms resembling the crescent moon with uplifted horns, usually flattened on the sides, and of no great thickness towards the upper part, but furnished with a broad circular or oval base to stand on. Hitherto they have not occurred in what are thought to be the oldest settlements; but a considerable number of them has been found in various places, chiefly on the Lake of Bienne. "About two dozen, made of clay with quartz grains, were discovered by Colonel Schwab at Nidau. . . . They do not differ much in size, the space between the points of the horns measuring from eight to ten inches, and from the base to the point about six or eight inches." Usually they are ornamented either with rows of dots, or with diagonal, zigzag, or serpentine lines, after the general style of the lake-dwellings' pottery. One found at Cortailod is decorated with a mat pattern. Not unfrequently, the images are perforated near the tips of the horns, the horns themselves being sometimes pointed, sometimes blunt or cut off sharply so as to end in a level surface. In some examples the moon figures are made of red sandstone, not of earthenware; and bronzes have been met with which suggest the horned moon as the object they meant

to figure. If the thinness of these moon images at top did not create a doubt, we should be disposed to forsake Dr. Keller and his brethren altogether, and to explain them as head-rests or pillows, similar to those which many Polynesian tribes—the Fijians, for example—are accustomed to use in our day. If they were sacred symbols, as the dominant opinion of the antiquaries makes them, the fact is one of great interest for its bearing upon the character and origin of the people who employed them, as well as for the general religious history of mankind.

If it be not too abrupt a descent from the moon to cup-mending, let us add that asphalt and ashes were employed by the pile builders for repairing their broken pottery. "Two fragments of a broken vessel," found at Moosseedorf, Dr. Keller states, "were joined together by means of asphalt and ashes run through holes drilled on each side of the fracture." The use of asphalt for cementing "stone celts and flint arrow-heads into their handles and shafts, and also for the actual handles of pointed tools," has been already named. Small vessels, likewise, were sometimes formed of asphalt. A drinking-cup made of this material was met with at Robenhausen. Lumps of asphalt have been discovered here and there among the lake dwellings.

Very numerous objects in bronze have been found in the settlements; but they are not universal like the pottery; or implements of stone; and where they do occur, they are often quite a minority as compared with objects of the kind just mentioned. At St. Aubin, for instance, on the Lake of Geneva, while implements of stone, bone, and horn, and fragments of earthenware vessels are abundant, not a vestige of bronze has yet been discovered. Meilen, hitherto, has only yielded a plain thin armilla and a solitary celt of bronze. So far as we know, not an article of bronze has ever been dug out of the ruins of Moosseedorf, of Robenhausen, with its three relic-beds, one over the other, of Wangen, of Niederwyl and Wauwyl, of Nussdorf, or of Zug, though, at the same time, there is evidence that the lake dwellers were early acquainted with both copper and bronze, for "traces of the working of these materials have

been met with in the lower beds of the stone-age settlements, before the appearance of nephrite." Yet in very many of the settlements bronze takes its place on a level with the materials of a simpler and more primitive civilization; while again, such a case as that of Morges, on the Lake of Geneva, is almost unique, where bronze is lord paramount, and "stone and bone implements are just as rare as bronze objects are in many of the dwellings of North and East Switzerland."\* Settlements in which bronze is plentiful lie usually in deeper water, and further from shore, than those in which it is seldom or never met with. The lakes of Geneva and Neuchâtel, in particular, supply examples of this distinction.

The bronzes from the lake dwellings, as to their character, form, and decoration, resemble those commonly found in ancient graves and barrows. Objects of personal use and adornment; tools of various descriptions; household vessels; fishing and farming implements; and weapons of war—all have their representatives; and on all, as Dr. Keller states, "the ornamentation called Celtic was lavishly applied." When we have enumerated pins, needles, buttons, bosses, clasps, buckles, ear rings, bracelets, armlets, celts, hammers, chisels, awls, knives, screws, basins, fish-hooks, sickles, daggers, swords, arrow-heads, spear-points—to say nothing of dubious surgical instruments, snaffle-bits, drills, and moon-figures—we are by no means at the end of the list of bronze objects described or drawn on the pages of M. Troyon and Dr. Keller. The taste displayed by the lake-dwelling ladies in their hair-pins is only equalled by the skill of the gentlemen who executed them. Some of the pins might in modern England be considered a trifle too large. One nearly nine inches long, and with a hollow, globular head, about an inch and a quarter in diameter, has been found at Estavayer. It weighs two and a half ounces troy, the head alone weighing two ounces. It is handsome, notwithstanding. Indeed, the pins and needles generally commend themselves by the grace, if not by the delicacy, of their shape and ornamentation. The heads of the pins are sometimes hollow, sometimes solid. A modern coat might have supplied the

thin-disk button, with its well-soldered shank, dug up at Concise. Besides the ear-rings named above, a great variety of other rings—some solid, some hollow; some made out of thick wire, some formed by casting—have been discovered. The external decorations of some of the armlets are very rich. The fish-hooks found at Nidau are "of various forms and sizes; some with and some without barbs, and with the shanks either bent round or notched. The section of the wire is, in most cases, quadrangular; not a single one has it perfectly round and uniform. These hooks are exactly like those found in the Celtic settlements of Hallstadt, in Upper Austria." The settlement of Estavayer is remarkable for the number and beauty of its knives. "They indicate, in fact," says Dr. Keller, "such an amount of luxury in this class of implements as can be found nowhere else in Switzerland; thus almost certainly showing that they were industrial products which belonged rather to the end than to the beginning of the bronze age; for knives with a longitudinal cutting edge, like those of which we are speaking, appear only gradually to have replaced the hatchet-knives or celts, with a transverse edge, which were, in fact, simply the reproduction in bronze of the instruments so commonly in use in the stone age." It is worthy of notice that many of these Estavayer knives bear indubitable marks of having been long and earnestly used. Among the arrow-heads, one found at Estavayer has challenged discussion. There is what appears like a crack or flaw in the side of it; and, as this is "in the shape of a pretty regular crescent, many persons have thought that, instead of a flaw, it was an intentional groove or gash for the insertion of poison." One of the most remarkable bronze objects met with in the lake dwellings is a wheel from Cortaillod. Dr. Keller describes this object at length, and figures it in his plates. "It probably belonged to a war-chariot (essedum); and, as far as mechanical skill is concerned, is a specimen of very excellent hollow casting. . . . The whole wheel had been cast in one piece; but, unfortunately, when the settlement was burned it was partially melted by the heat." Comparing this bronze with "the numerous

works of Etruscan art found in Switzerland—for example, the vase of Grischwyl, the *speculum* of Avenches, the numerous bronze statuettes," etc.—Dr. Keller inclines to regard this wheel "as the product of an Etruscan workshop." Switzerland, however, was not dependent upon foreign countries during the lake-dwellings' era for its bronze founding. At Concise, for instance, "the skulls or refuse of bronze casting and the scoria of copper" have been met with. Fragments of moulds for casting small brass rings have been found at Montellier. Describing an object from Nidau, Dr. Keller says it "was at first considered as a kind of hammer; but it is now thought probable that it may be one of the anvils on which the swords, sickles, and knives were sharpened by beating. It has six sides and a cavity in the centre." The most interesting object connected with the bronze casting of prehistoric Switzerland belongs to the settlement of Morges. It is a mould for bronze celts, the material of which is also bronze. It weighs four pounds, and is seven and a half inches long. M. Forel writes of this mould: "I found the first half on February 25th, 1855, and I despaired of finding the remainder, till, after an interval of four years, my son was fortunate enough to dredge it up, October 18th, 1859. The two halves agree, and fit exactly to one another." Dr. Keller gives M. Forel's detailed description of the mould, together with his valuable observations on its archaeological characters and relations. A note of Dr. Keller's, referring to this same subject, is worthy of attention:

"In the year 1822 the owner of the manufactory at Wülflingen, near Winterthur, when digging deep in the ground to make a reservoir, found a space inclosed with sandstone filled with remains of fuel, and which proved to have been a bronze foundry. The walls had been burnt as in a furnace. Within it and near to it was found a quantity of bronze, by one account ten to twelve, and by another thirty cwt. in weight, partly in lumps and partly made into slabs, hatchets, swords, daggers, and pins."—P. 307.

All these facts go to show that prehistoric Switzerland was able to cast, and, in many cases, did cast, its own implements and vessels of bronze.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Chambers's Journal.

## THE LAST RECORDS OF CHARLES LAMB.

FEW men are fortunate in their biographers. A biography, which would seem an easy matter, is really among the most difficult feats of authorship, for it demands all the usual requirements of a writer, and, in addition, judgment of a very high order. It is necessary, if the work is to be what it should be—the true life-history of a man—that he who takes it in hand should have been an intimate friend of the Departed, and should have loved him, and been loved in return. How hard, then, to write without bias, without partisanship (if the subject of the memoir has been attacked in his lifetime), without extenuation of his shortcomings, and without putting down aught in malice against his opponents! When a man is dead, even if he be our enemy, we are slow to speak of his faults; how much more difficult is the task when he has been near and dear to us! Yet, if we leave out his faults, we do not paint the man, but a monster, in whom, very naturally, the world refuses to believe. I suppose one of the best biographies we possess, not written by a personal friend of the man described, is Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*; but even in that how we miss the one thing needful which no intelligence can supply. How much better is Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, though written by a far less able man; because he knew the man he writes of—not as the historian knows the character of Julius Cæsar or William I., but as Jones knows Smith. True, Jones in this case was Smith's toady, but the excellence of his description is only the more remarkable on that account. How faultless would the work have been had he been capable of being his friend. The same objection, although certainly in a far less degree, lies against Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. We have not only the biographer, but the Worshipper and the Partisan.

With such examples before our eyes, we may well say that few men are fortunate in their literary legatees, even when they are of their own choice and appointment. How far fewer, then, when their lives have been written by persons to whom no such task has been delegated,

but who have undertaken it of their own will, often for pecuniary profit, or for the sake of a little reflected fame. Some men of eminence, shrinking from this "new terror added to death"—a bad biographer—write their own story beforehand up to the very last, just as others compose their epitaph, and leave nothing but the date of their demise to be added thereto; and they show their wisdom in so doing.

Unusual, however, as it is for a dead man to have a good biographer, there is one Departed Great One who has been so exceedingly fortunate as to have had *two*. Charles Lamb was introduced to us by Talfourd in such a manner that we all seem to know him through that common friend; and now, behold! here is Barry Cornwall leading his sacred shade by the hand once more, and performing a similar ceremony with the utmost success. The two presentments are, of course, the same, but the second one is by no means superfluous; it is the corroboration, but also the complement of the other. The reason of this satisfactory result lies not in the fact that both biographers are men of genius and sensibility, but in the character of the subject of their memoirs. While Lamb's virtues were great and undeniable, his failings were not only of that sort which it is not painful to have to confess to, but which absolutely endear to us their possessor. He had a pity for the scoundrels of the earth far beyond charity; and, indeed, he rather sympathized with them. He liked his glass, "and even glasses." He was a thorough and irredeemable Cockney, and was always uncomfortable when out of town. Exquisitely alive to the description of country life in poetry—Keats' *Ode to the Nightingale* was one of his chief favorites—he did not at all care for the beauties of nature. But then, with what humorous frankness he acknowledges this! He goes to see Coleridge at the Lakes, and although at first sight the mountains impress him—"Glorious creatures, Skiddaw, etc. I shall never forget how ye lay about that night like an entrenchment gone to bed for the night"—he resented the feeling, transitory as it was, as one would resent an imposition. He thought of the Ham and Beef shop in St. Martin's lane, in

order to bring his mind to due propriety. Mountains were very well "to look at," but "the houses in streets were the places to live in." He loved "the sweet security of the streets," he says, "and would set up his tabernacle there." Lamb's tastes were much restricted, too, even in literature. He liked old books because they were old; and on that account sometimes eulogized works that are very stupid. He liked coteries and cliques (not political ones, however), and now and then set up an idol (but never a golden calf) scarcely worthy of worship. Who of us, when we are dead, shall leave so little to be said to our discredit as this man, the first, or among the first of English humorists, and exposed to all the temptations of popularity? The category of his shortcomings ends here. Stay, we forget; he lacked something yet. "It is reported of some person," writes his present biographer, "that he had not merit enough to create a foe. In Lamb's case, I suppose, he did not possess that peculiar merit, for he lived and died without an enemy."

The history of Charles Lamb is a wholly uneventful one, with one terrible exception—the death of his mother by the hand of his beloved sister, Mary, during a paroxysm of madness. From that awful moment, the innocent murderer, suffering unimaginable pangs of remorse in her intervals of sanity, became his constant care. To this tender purpose he directed his whole life. "We read of men giving up all their days to a single object—to religion, to vengeance, to some overpowering selfish wish; of daring acts done to avert death or disgrace, or some oppressing misfortune. We read mythical tales of friendship; but we do not recollect any instance in which a great object has been so unremittingly carried out throughout a whole life, in defiance of a thousand difficulties, and of numberless temptations, straining the good resolution to its utmost, except in the case of our poor clerk of the India House." There was an hereditary taint of madness in Lamb's family, and he himself was in confinement for a few weeks. The danger in his own case never occurred; but again, and again, and again it was necessary to place his sister under restraint. Whenever the

approach of one of her fits of insanity was announced, by some irritability or change of manner, he would take her under his arm to Hoxton Asylum. "It was very afflicting to encounter the young brother and sister walking together (weeping together) on this painful errand; Mary herself, although sad, very conscious of the necessity for temporary separation from her only friend. They used to carry a strait-jacket between them." The other side of this melancholy picture was Charles Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," as Wordsworth calls him, the bright jester, the humorist who has touched us all with tears of laughter. Surely we may say of this man:

His worst [i. e., his saddest] he kept, his best  
[i. e., his brightest] he gave.

Lamb's love for literature was of very early growth, and was greatly fostered by association with Coleridge, his fellow-student at Christ's Hospital. But at first his studies were almost entirely confined to serious subjects. Even poetry had less attractions than religious themes—the history of Quakers; the biography of Wesley, and the controversial works of Priestley. His first writings were religious verse, or secular criticism; or grave dramas, the offspring of his passion for the ancient dramatists. His peculiar humor caught its color from the scenes among which his lot was cast. "Born in the Temple, educated in Christ's Hospital, and passed onwards to the South Sea House, his first visions were necessarily of antiquity. The grave old buildings, tenanted by lawyers and their clerks, were replaced by 'the old and awful cloisters' of the school of Edward; and these, in turn, gave way to the palace of the famous Bubble, now desolate, with its unpeopled Committee-rooms, its pictures of governors of Queen Anne's time, 'its dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams, and soundings of the Bay of Panama.'" Thus, it is easy to believe what Barry Cornwall tells of Lamb's jests, that they were not—as in the case of other humorists—the outflowing of animal spirits (for he was seldom *in* high spirits), but rather "exercises of the mind." He brought the wisdom of old times and old writers to bear upon the taste and intellect of his day. But he

would not stand being bored, or seeing others bored, by dry and lengthy talk; and when folks grew too foggy and metaphysical, he broke in with some light jest, "not quite irrelevant" to the matter in hand, and rescued the company. Long talkers, he says, "hated him," which is surely very much to his credit.

Above all, he never fell into the error, so common with men of genius of all times, of seeking, or allowing himself to be dragged into, what is called (by a curious misnomer) "good society." He did not love a lord. Probably he never spoke with a person of title throughout his life, or wished to speak with such. The companionship of tried friends satisfied him. Intelligence and wit, and (above all) kindness of heart, were the properties he required in his intimates; he did not sit at rich men's tables, or desire their dainties. He liked tripe and good-fellowship. The opinion of the world was nothing to him; and when it attacked his friends, he stuck to them closer than a brother. William Hazlitt—to whose great talents proper justice is for the first time paid in this honest volume—was in his day the best-abused man in Great Britain; it was dangerous to be his companion, so many stones were always flying about his ears. But when Hazlitt was reviled by Southey (also a friend of his own), Lamb came out of his corner, and did battle, in print, for the calumniated man, in noble words. "So far from being ashamed of the intimacy," he says, "it is my boast that I was able, for so many years, to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion." And yet, Lamb had many friends; a glorious company of wits and genial men of letters met around his frugal board. He did not give dinner-parties. But every Wednesday evening there was open-house and supper, nor without the blessed plant tobacco, under whose influence Conversation most doth flourish.

In those two far from luxurious parlors—very literally, talking-rooms—of his, only decorated by half-a-dozen engravings in blank frames—four of them from his favorite Hogarth—and where neither flower nor image nor musical instrument were ever seen, but in their

place a fine litter of ancient books, met once a week a considerable number of persons, "not of fashion, nor of any political importance," but every one of whom was noteworthy. Their opinions were often very opposite, but their common relation to Lamb kept them all together, and forbade them under that charitable roof to indulge in any acrimonious controversies. There was a whist-table, at which Lamb himself was generally to be found, but it was not "silent whist" by any means. Some of his most pungent observations [notably: "If dirt was trumps, Martin, what a hand you would hold!"] were delivered over that board, sacred to the memory of Sarah Battle. Around it assembled, more or less often, Coleridge, Manning, Hazlitt, Haydon, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Sheridan Knowles, Talfourd, Godwin, Payne Collier, and Mr. Procter himself, better known as Barry Cornwall. Could any drawing-room or dining-room in Mayfair show half so eminent a company as this, which ate their cold meat and drank their porter over that brasier's shop in Russell-street, Bow-street! Lamb himself was in evening attire, as far as black clothes was concerned, but those he always wore, making the raven's apology (in the fable) for that circumstance—namely, that "he had no other;" but it is probable that for the rest of the company, "the restriction, with respect to evening costume," was (as the sensible opera managers now begin to express it) "altogether suspended." There was no "Mayfair clothes-horse" there. No one out-topped the others. No one—not even Coleridge—was permitted to out-talk the rest. "I never," says our author, "in all my life heard so much unpretending good-sense as at these social parties. Often a piece of sparkling humor was shot out that illuminated the whole evening. Sometimes there was a flight of high and earnest talk, that took one half-way towards the stars."

Not only was Lamb entirely exempt from "snobbism," but he had no admiration for mere cleverness, which is a weakness now almost as common. To be able to say a "savage thing" was quite the reverse of a passport to his society.

"His wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
Ne'er carried a heart's-stain away on its  
blade."

So genial was his disposition, that it almost disqualified him for that lower office of the critic, fault-finding, although for the higher, that of discovering beauties, few men could touch him. His charity extended to all things. He was never heard to utter a spiteful word. He was ready to defend man or beast when unjustly attacked. "I remember," says Mr. Procter, "at one of the monthly (London) Magazine dinners, when John Wilkes was too roughly handled, Lamb told the story (not generally known) of his replying, when the black-birds were reported to have stolen all his cherries: 'Poor birds, they are welcome.' He could not endure backbiters and cynics. It was not so necessary to win his friendship to be clever as to be kind. Good-heartedness once proven, a man might hold any opinions he pleased, and express them, without costing him Lamb's friendship. Every one valued *that* who came near him; and indeed his personal influence seems to have fallen little short of that of Coleridge. Mr. Procter seems to doubt whether it fell short at all, and, indeed, exhibits some jealousy at the superior reputation which the author of the *Ancient Mariner* enjoys when compared to *Elia*. Not so Lamb himself. He always considered Coleridge to be the greatest man he knew, as well as his nearest friend. He never recovered from the shock of his death, and was heard unconsciously repeating to himself months after its occurrence: "Coleridge is dead, Coleridge is dead!" One of the most marvellous evidences of Coleridge's powers on record is that they evoked a joke from Wordsworth. The latter was stating that he had suffered his philosophic friend to expatiate to the full extent of his lungs at breakfast upon a certain morning.

"How could you permit him to weary himself thus?" said Rogers. "Why, we were to meet him at dinner this evening."

"Yes, yes," chuckled the bard of Rydal, "I knew that very well; but I like to take the *sting* out of him beforehand."

Lamb revered all things really de-

serving of veneration; but his worship of antiquity was almost idolatrous. After reading something out of Chapman or Sir Philip Sidney, the *Holy Dying* or the *Urn Burial*, he would, in his unaffected gratitude and devotion, absolutely kiss the volume; and in return, ancient books no doubt imparted a fine flavor to his mind. "He has, indeed," as Mr. Procter graphically says, "extracted the beauty and innermost value of antiquity whenever he has pressed it into his service." Our author also well defines the characters (and the differences of character) of that triumvirate of friends, Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt—of the two last of whom the world at large knows far too little.

"Only one of them (Hunt) cared much for praise. Hazlitt's sole ambition was to sell his essays, which he rated scarcely beyond their marketable value; and Lamb saw enough of the manner in which praise and censure were at that time distributed, to place any high value on immediate success. Of posterity, neither of them thought. Leigh Hunt, from temperament, was more alive to pleasant influences (sunshine, freedom for work, rural walks, complimentary words) than the others.

"Hunt was somewhat indifferent to persons as well as to things, except in the cases of Shelley and Keats, and his own family; yet he liked poetry and poetical subjects. Hazlitt (who was ordinarily very shy) was the best talker of the three. Lamb said the most pithy and brilliant things. Hunt displayed the most ingenuity. All three sympathized often with the same persons or the same books; and this, no doubt, cemented the intimacy that existed between them for so many years. Moreover, each of them understood the others, and placed just value on their objections, when any difference of opinion (not unfrequent) arose between them. Without being debaters, they were accomplished talkers. They did not argue for the sake of conquest, but to strip off the mists and perplexities which sometimes obscure truth. These men—who lived long ago—had a great share of my regard. They were all slandered chiefly by men who knew little of them, and nothing of their good qualities, or by men who saw them only



through the mist of political or religious animosity. Perhaps it was partly for this reason that they came nearer to my heart."

Neither Hunt nor Hazlitt, although both good talkers, were sayers of "good things." In this department of conversation, Lamb was preëminent among his friends, and perhaps never had a superior except in Douglas Jerrold or Sydney Smith, who, besides, were wits of a different class.

Not being a family man, he did not pretend to take that interest in infants which so many think it necessary to affect.

Mrs. K —, after expressing her love for very young children, added tenderly: "And how do you like babies, Mr. Lamb?"

His stuttering but precipitate answer was: "Boi-boi-boiled, ma'am."

Hood tempting Lamb to dine with him, said: "We have a hare."

"And many fuf-fuf-friends?" inquired Lamb.

"Mr. R. C. Robinson, just called to the bar, tells him, exultingly, that he is retained in a cause in the King's Bench. "Ah," said Lamb, "the great First Cause least understood."

This very interesting volume, however, does not profess to chronicle Lamb's witticisms, far less to speak of his writings, with which all educated persons are sufficiently familiar. It merely describes his characteristics and social life from early manhood to the sad end, when he writes: "My bed-fellows are cough and cramp. We sleep three in a bed." Never was a more touching record of an honest life. In addition to its merits of execution, it has the great interest belonging to it of having been written by the last living contemporary and friend of the great man it describes.

Cornhill Magazine.

#### CANNING AND THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

It is difficult to account for the neglect into which the wit and wisdom of the *Anti-Jacobin* have fallen, unless by the reluctance with which men accord the palm of superiority in varied pursuits to one and the same competitor. In Can-

ning's lifetime his reputation as a writer of political *jeux-d'esprit* long stood in the way of his claim to be recognized as a parliamentary orator of the first rank. His after-career as a statesman seems in its turn to have obscured his literary fame. To show how his reputation as a wit was thrown in his teeth, it may be sufficient to quote the character given him by a contemporary political satirist — Sydney Smith. Having compared him to the blue-bottle fly, "the bluest, grandest, merriest, most important animal in existence," he thus sums up his character:

"I have listened to him long and often, with the greatest attention; I have used every exertion in my power to take a fair measure of him, and it appears to me impossible to hear him upon any arduous topic without perceiving that he is eminently deficient in those solid and serious qualities upon which, and upon which alone, the confidence of a great country can properly repose. He sweats, and labors, and works for sense, and Mr. Ellis always seems to think it is coming, but it does not come: the machine can't draw up what is not to be found in the spring. Providence has made him a light-jesting, paragraph-writing man, and that he will remain to his dying day.

"When he is jocular, he is strong; when he is serious, he is like Samson in a wig; any ordinary person is a match for him. A song, an ironical letter, a burlesque ode, an attack in the newspaper upon Nicholl's eyes, a smart speech of twenty minutes, full of gross misrepresentations and clever turns, excellent language, a spirited manner, lucky quotation, success in provoking dull men, some half-information picked up in Pall Mall in the morning—these are your friend's natural weapons; all these things he can do; here I allow him to be truly great. Nay, I will be just, and go still farther—if he would confine himself to these things, and consider the facile and playful to be the basis of his character, he would, for that species of man, be universally allowed to be a person of a very good understanding: call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems to me as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey. That

he is an extraordinary writer of small poetry, and a diner-out of the highest order, I do most readily admit. After George Selwyn, and perhaps Tickell, there has been no such man for this half-century."

It is difficult to know whether more to admire the cleverness of a passage such as this, or to feel vexed at its injustice. Sydney Smith, himself the prince of diners-out, was not the man to discharge this shaft against a wit and man of genius.

Passing by, however, what can be said of Canning as a politician, let us consider him solely as a man of letters. In his younger days graceful and accurate scholarship constituted in itself a social and literary distinction of high value. The two leaders of our two great political parties of the present day still keep up the memory of this former time; but notwithstanding the brilliant examples of the Earl of Derby and Mr. Gladstone, it is to be feared that the circle within which such pursuits are understood and appreciated is daily becoming narrower. When Canning had scarcely emerged from boyhood we find that he was one of the principal contributors to the *Microcosm*, or, to quote its full title, *The Microcosm: a Periodical Work, by Gregory Griffin, of the College of Eton. Inscribed to the Rev. Dr. Davies*. It consisted of papers by various youthful authors, written in imitation of the *Spectator*, and published every Monday from November 6th, 1786, to July 30th, 1787. From one of the papers written by Canning in imitation of Addison's commentary on the ballad of *Chevy Chase* we extract the following passage, commended to the attention of some learned but withal rather heavy commentators:

"The Queen of Hearts,  
She made some tarts  
All on a summer's day."

On this last line we have the following comment: "'All on a summer's day.'—I cannot leave this line without remarking that one of the Scribleri, a descendant of the famous Martinus, has expressed his suspicions of the text being corrupted here, and proposes, instead of 'All on,' reading 'Alone,' alleging, in

favor of this alteration, the effect of solitude in raising the passions. But Hiccius Doctius, a High Dutch commentator—one, nevertheless, well versed in British literature—in a note of his usual length and learning, has confuted the arguments of Scriblerus. In support of the present reading, he quotes a passage from a poem, written about the same period with our author's, by the celebrated Johannes Pastor (most commonly known as Jack Sheppard), entitled *An Elegiac Epistle to the Turnkey of Newgate*, wherein the gentleman declares that—rather indeed in compliance with an old custom than to gratify any particular wish of his own—he is going

'All hanged for to be,  
Upon that fatal Tyburn tree.'

Now, as nothing throws greater light on an author than the concurrence of a contemporary writer, I am inclined to be of Hiccius's opinion, and to consider the 'All' as an elegant expletive, or, as he more aptly phrases it, '*elegans expletivum*.'"

The publication, however, with which the name of Canning is most generally associated is the celebrated *Anti-Jacobin*, the object of which was to ridicule and refute the theories of religion, government, and social economy propounded by the revolutionary leaders in France, and their friends and admirers in England. Its first appearance was on November 7th, 1797, its last on July 9th, 1798. In 1799 the poetical portion of it was reprinted in one volume, and in 1854 it was again issued, under the editorship of Mr. Charles Edmonds, who fulfilled his task with industry and discrimination. He was at great pains to ascertain the authorship of the various contributions, but not in every case, apparently, with success. He appears to have relied on four principal authorities, namely, Canning's own copy of the poetry;\* the copy belonging to the Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord Burghersh, the publisher's copy, and information derived

\* A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (July, 1858), speaking of this copy, says: "After the fullest inquiries amongst his surviving relatives and friends (with the exception of the Governor-General of India), we cannot discover a trace of its existence at any period."

from W. Upcott, the authors' amanuensis. Appended to the table of contents is a curious account, derived, the editor tells us, from "the researches of E. Hawkins, Esq., of the British Museum:"

"Wright, the publisher of the *Anti-Jacobin*, lived at 169 Piccadilly, and his shop was the general morning resort of the friends of the Ministry, as Debrett's was of the Oppositionists. About the time when the *Anti-Jacobin* was contemplated, Owen, who had been the publisher of Burke's pamphlets, failed. The editors of the *Anti-Jacobin* took his house, paying the rent, taxes, etc., and gave it up to Wright, reserving to themselves the first floor, to which a communication was opened through Wright's house. Being thus enabled to pass to their own rooms through Wright's shop, where their frequent visits did not excite any remarks, they contrived to escape particular observation. Their meetings were most regular on Sundays, but they not unfrequently met on other days of the week, and in their rooms were chiefly written the poetical portions of the work. What was written was generally left open upon the table, and as others of the party dropped in, hints or suggestions were made; sometimes whole passages were contributed by some of the parties present, and afterwards altered by others, so that it is almost impossible to ascertain the names of the authors. Gifford was the working editor, and wrote most of the refutations and corrections of the 'Lies,' 'Mistakes,' and 'Misrepresentation.' The papers on finance were chiefly by Pitt; the first column was frequently

reserved for what he might send; but his contributions were uncertain, and generally very late, so that the space set apart for him was sometimes filled up by other matter. He only once met the editors at Wright's. Upcott, who was at the time assistant in Wright's shop, was employed as amanuensis, to copy out for the printer the various contributions, that the authors' handwriting might not be detected."

The account here given of the authorship of these pieces seems to be very improbable. Good writing is seldom wrought out in the hap-hazard manner here described. The more highly polished any composition is, the greater the ease with which it flows, in such proportion does it tell of quiet thought and patient elaboration.

Among Canning's contributions, the best known are the "Inscription for the Door of the Cell in Newgate where Mrs. Brownrigg the Prenticide was Confined, previous to her Execution," and the "Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder."

In the year 1796, Mr. Payne Knight published *The Progress of Civil Society*, a didactic poem in six books. This production, which evinced a decided preference for man in a savage state, when uncorrupted by the unnatural customs of civilization, offered a fair mark for the ridicule of Canning. In the *Progress of Man*, a parody of Mr. Knight's poem, his description of love-passions as "warming the whale on Zembla's frozen shore" is well satirized, though with but little exaggeration, in the following lines:

"How Lybian tigers' chawdrons love assails,  
And warms, midst seas of ice, the melting whales;  
Cools the crimped cod, fierce pangas to perch imparts,  
Shrinks shrivelled shrimps, but opens oysters' hearts;  
Then say, how all these things together tend  
To one great truth, prime object, and good end?"

In the second part we are told how man in his downward progress to civilization became a flesh-eater. Having seen a tiger devour a leveret or a pig, he

becomes desirous of doing the same. Taught by some instinct to make a bow and arrow,

"Then forth he fares. Around in careless play  
Kids, pigs, and lambskins unsuspecting stray;  
With grim delight he views the sportive band,  
Intent on blood, and lifts his murderous hand;  
Twangs the bent bow, resounds the fateful dart,  
Swift-wing'd, and trembles in a porker's heart."

In the concluding part, marriage is treated of. Taking up Mr. Knight's rather free notions on the subject, Canning opens this part with an invocation

to the South Sea Islands, tells us of the happy absence of form and ceremony which there characterize all nuptial rites, and thus proceeds:

"Learn hence, each nymph, whose free aspiring mind  
Europe's cold laws and colder customs bind,  
Oh! learn what Nature's genial laws decree,  
What Otaheite is, let Britain be!

Of whist or cribbage mark th' amusing game,  
The partners changing, but the sport the same;  
Else would the gamester's anxious ardor cool,  
Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool.  
Yet must one man, with one unceasing wife,  
Play the long rubber of connubial life."

The *Loves of the Triangles* is another piece in which we can discern the airy grace of Canning's genius. The first part of this poem was written by J. H. Frere; but as Addison borrowed and improved upon Steele's *Sir Roger de Coverley*, so did Canning with the original conception of Frere. This poem Jeffrey pronounced to be the perfection of parody. It far excels, however, the production it aims at ridiculing, namely: Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*, and it may be questioned whether at times it does not awaken more elevated associations than could possibly have been suggested by the original. The contest between Parabola, Hyperbola, and Ellipsis for the love of "the Phœnician cone" is exceed-

ingly humorous. Respecting this object of the affections of the mathematical Goddesses, the following information is given us in a note: "It was under this shape that Venus was worshipped in Phœnicia. Mr. Higgins thinks it was the Venus Urania, or Celestial Venus; in allusion to which the Phœnician grocers first introduced the practice of preserving sugar-loaves in blue or sky-colored paper; he also believes that the conical form of the original grenadier's cap was typical of the loves of Mars and Venus." Two lines of this poem are well known, through the application made of them by the late Daniel O'Connell to the present Earl of Derby—

"So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides  
The Derby dilly, carrying *Three Insides*;"

or, as the great Irish agitator read it, to give point to his joke—"six insides."

In the last number of the *Anti-Jacobin* appeared what is generally considered its masterpiece, namely: "New Moral-

ity." From this we extract the lines on Candor—lines sometimes quoted, at least in part, by many who are ignorant of the source whence they are derived:

" 'Much may be said on both sides,' hark, I hear  
A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear—  
The voice of Candor. Hail! most solemn sage,  
Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age,  
Candor—which softens party's headlong rage;  
Candor—which spares its foes; nor e'er descends  
With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.  
Candor—which loves in see-saw strain to tell  
Of acting foolishly, but meaning well;  
Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,  
Convinced that all men's motives are the same;  
And finds, with keen discriminating sight,  
Black's not so black, nor white so very white.  
'Fox, to be sure, was vehement and wrong;  
But then Pitt's word's, you'll own, were rather strong.  
Both must be blamed, both pardon'd; 'twas just so  
With Fox and Pitt full forty years ago!



So Walpole, Pulteney;—factions in all times  
Have had their follies, ministers their crimes.  
Give me the avow'd, th' erect, the manly foe.  
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;  
But of all plagues, good Heav'n, thy wrath can send,  
Save, save, oh! save me from the Candid Friend!"

It is unnecessary to observe, however, that the lesson inculcated by these brilliant lines must be taken *cum grano*. There is such a thing as genuine, unsophisticated candor, which is deserving of all respect; though every effort should be made to put down the canting candor adopted by men who either have no opin-

ions of their own to express, or who are too timid and servile to give them utterance.

The following lines on the British Oak are generally attributed to Pitt. Both for their innate beauty, and for the political lesson they teach, they are worthy of attention:

"So thine own Oak, by some fair streamlet's side,  
Waves its broad arms and spreads its leafy pride;  
Towers from the earth, and rearing to the skies  
Its conscious strength, the tempest's wrath defies:  
Its ample branches shield the fowls of air;  
To its cool shade the panting herds repair.  
The treacherous current works its noiseless way,  
The fibres loosen, and the roots decay;  
Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies, and all  
That shared its shelter perish in its fall."

To Pitt is also attributed the concluding stanza of Rogero's song in "The Rovers; or, Double Arrangement." This was a parody upon the German drama, which was at that time only known to English-

men through the medium of a few very bad translations of some of the least meritorious of the works of Goethe, Schiller, and Kotzebue. This song, though often quoted, will bear quotation once more:

## I.

"Whene'er with haggard eyes I view  
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,  
I think of those companions true  
Who studied with me at the U—  
—niversity of Gottingen—  
—niversity of Gottingen."

## II.

"Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,  
Which once my love sat knotting in!  
Alas! Matilda *then* was true!  
At least I thought so at the U—  
—niversity of Gottingen—  
—niversity of Gottingen."

## III.

"Barbs! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew  
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!  
Ye bore Matilda from my view.  
Forlorn I languished at the U—  
—niversity of Gottingen—  
—niversity of Gottingen."

## IV.

"This faded form! this pallid hue!  
This blood my veins is clotting in:  
My years are many—they were few  
When first I entered at the U—  
—niversity of Gottingen—  
—niversity of Gottingen."

## V.

"There first for thee my passion grew,  
Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!  
Thou wast the daughter of my tu—  
—tor, law professor at the U—  
—niversity of Gottingen—  
—niversity of Gottingen.

## VI.

"Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,  
That kings and priests are plotting in:  
Here doomed to starve on water gru—  
—el, never shall I see the U—  
—niversity of Gottingen—  
—niversity of Gottingen."

For his share in this drama of "The Rovers" the vials of Niebuhr's wrath were emptied upon poor Canning's head. It is amusing to see the great German historian, the reconstructor of Roman history, exhibiting so curious a misapprehension of contemporary English history, and of the characters of contemporary English statesmen, as the following passage evinces:

"Canning was at that time (1807) at the head of foreign affairs in England. History will not form the same judgment of him as that formed by his contemporaries. He had great talents, but was not a great statesman; he was one of those persons who distinguish themselves as the squires of political heroes. He was highly accomplished in the two classical languages, but without being a learned scholar. He was especially conversant with the Greek writers; he had likewise poetical talent, but only for satire. At first he had joined the leaders of opposition against Pitt's ministry; Lord Grey, who perceived his ambition, advised him, half in joke, to join the Ministers, as he would make his fortune. He did so, and was employed to write articles for the newspapers and satirical verses, which were often directed against his former benefactors.

"Through the influence of the Ministers he came into Parliament. So long as the great eloquence of former times lasted, and the great men were alive, his talent was admired; but younger persons had no great pleasure in his petulant epigrammatic eloquence and his jokes, which were often in bad taste. He joined the Society of the Anti-Jacobins, which defended everything connected with existing institutions. This

society published a journal, in which the most honored names of foreign countries were attacked in the most scandalous manner. German literature was at that time little known in England, and it was associated there with the ideas of Jacobinism and revolution. Canning then published in the *Anti-Jacobin* the most shameful pasquinade which was ever written against Germany, under the title of 'Matilda Pottingen.' Gottingen is described in it as the sink of all infamy; professors and students as a gang of miscreants; licentiousness, incest, and atheism as the character of the German people. Such was Canning's beginning. He was at all events useful—a sort of political Cossack." — (*Geschichte des Zeitalters der Revolution*, vol. ii., p. 242.)

There is one of the prose contributions to the *Anti-Jacobin* which bears the impress of Canning's peculiar humor, and which contains specimens of oratory so well suited to some of the leading speakers of the Reform League that we must not pass it by. It is entitled the "Report of the Meeting of the Friends of Freedom at the Crown and Anchor Tavern." The writer puts into the mouth of Erskine a speech of which the following extract contains the peroration:

"Mr. Erskine concluded by recapitulating, in a strain of agonizing and impressive eloquence, the several more prominent heads of his speech. He had been a soldier and a sailor, and had a son at Winchester School; he had been called by special retainers, during the summer, into many different and distant parts of the country, travelling chiefly in post-chaises. He felt himself called upon to declare that his poor fac-

ulties were at the service of his country—of the free and enlightened part of it, at least. He stood here as a man; he stood in the eye—indeed, in the hand—of God, to whom (in the presence of the company and waiters) he solemnly appealed. He was of noble, perhaps royal, blood; he had a house at Hampstead; was convinced of the necessity of a thorough and radical reform; his pamphlet had gone through thirty editions, skipping alternately the odd and even numbers; he loved the constitution, to which he would cling and grapple; and he was clothed with the infirmities of man's nature. He would apply to the present French rulers (particularly Barras and Reubel) the words of the poet:

'Be to their faults a little blind;  
Be to their virtues very kind;  
Let all their ways be unconfined,  
And clap the padlock on their mind!'

And for these reasons, thanking the gentlemen who had done him the honor to drink his health, he should propose, '*Merlin, the late Minister of Justice, and Trial by Jury.*'

A lengthy speech is delivered by the great Macfungus—by whom is intended the late Sir James Mackintosh. From the ruins of all ancient governments and constitutions he proposes to raise a magnificent Temple of Freedom, where—

"Our infants shall be taught to lisp, in tender accents, the Revolutionary Hymn—where with wreaths of myrtle, and oak, and poplar, and vine, and olive, and cypress, and ivy, with violets, and roses, and daffodils, and dandelions in our hands, we will swear respect to childhood, and manhood, and old age, and virginity, and womanhood, and widowhood; but, above all, to the Supreme Being.

"These prospects, fellow-citizens, may possibly be deferred. The Machiavelism of governments may for the time

prevail, and this unnatural and execrable contest may yet be prolonged; but the hour is not far distant; persecution will only serve to accelerate it, and the blood of patriotism streaming from the severing axe will call down vengeance on our oppressor in a voice of thunder. I expect the contest, and I am prepared for it. I hope I shall never shrink, nor swerve, nor start aside, wherever duty and inclination may place me. My services, my life itself, are at your disposal—whether to act or to suffer, I am yours—with Hampden in the field, or with Sidney on the scaffold. My example may be more useful to you than my talents; and this head may, perhaps, serve your cause more effectually, if placed on a pole upon Temple Bar, than if it was occupied in organizing your committees, in preparing your revolutionary explosions, and conducting your correspondence."

When Canning was attacked in Parliament for his share in the *Anti-Jacobin*, he declared that he felt no shame for its character or principles, nor any other sorrow for the share that he had had in it than that which the imperfection of his pieces was calculated to inspire. Pitt, however, seems to have thought it better to bring the publication to a close, and it accordingly terminated with the number which contained "New Morality." A monthly review was, indeed, afterwards started under the same name, but with this Canning seems to have had nothing to do.

During the Addington administration Canning's muse was very prolific, and many of his effusions against that Minister appeared in the columns of a newspaper of that day called *The Oracle*. Many of them were reprinted in the *Spirit of the Public Journals* for 1803 and 1804. The following character of Addington is taken from the conclusion of *Good Intentions*:

"'Twere best, no doubt, the truth to tell,  
But still, good soul, he means so well!  
Others, with necromantic skill,  
May bend men's passions to their will,  
Raise with dark spells the tardy loan,  
To shake the vaunting Consul's throne;  
In thee no magic arts surprise,  
No tricks to cheat our wondering eyes;  
On thee shall no suspicion fall

Of sleight of hand, or cup and ball ;  
 E'en foes must own thy spotless fame,  
 Unbranded with a conjuror's name !  
 Ne'er shall thy virtuous thoughts conspire  
 To wrap majestic Thames in fire !  
 And if that black and nitrous grain  
 Which strews the fields with thousands slain,  
 Slept undiscovered yet in earth,  
 Thou ne'er hadst caused the monstrous birth,  
 Nor aided (such thy pure intention)  
 That diabolical invention !  
 Hall, then, on whom our state is leaning !  
 O minister of mildest meaning !  
 Blest with such virtues to talk big on,  
 With such a head (to hang a wig on).  
 Head of wisdom—soul of candor,  
 Happy Britain's guardian gander,  
 To rescue from th' invading Gaul  
 Her 'commerce, credit, capital !'  
 While Rome's great goose could save alone  
 One Capitol—of senseless stone."

"Ridicule," says Lord Chesterfield, "though not founded upon truth, will stick for some time, and, if thrown by a skilful hand, perhaps for ever." Of the truth of these words Addington was an instance—he was literally laughed out of power and place. If, indeed, his administration had been composed of

stronger elements, he might have weathered the storm of ridicule, as did Pitt, against whom the wits of the *Rolliad* directed their fire in vain. Addington was known by the sobriquet of the "Doctor," and Canning made good use of it in the following parody of *Douglas*:

"My name's the Doctor: on the Berkshire hills  
 My father purged his patients—a wise man:  
 Whose constant care was to increase his store,  
 And keep his eldest son, myself, at home.  
 But I had heard of politics, and long'd  
 To sit within the Commons House, and get  
 A place: and luck gave what my sire denied."

In 1804, Pitt made up his mind to resume the Premiership. He offered Canning his choice of two posts, the Treasuryship of the Navy, or the Secretaryship of War. Having chosen the former, Canning took a prominent part in the defence

of Lord Melville. Whitbread, the famous brewer, in moving the impeachment, made use of language which struck Canning in so comical a light that he composed the following rhyming report of the speech:

"I'm like Archimedes for science and skill ;  
 I'm like a young prince going straight up a hill ;  
 I'm like (with respect to the fair be it said)—  
 I'm like a young lady just bringing to bed.  
 If you ask why the first of July I remember  
 More than April, or May, or June, or November,  
 'Twas on that day, my lords, with truth I assure ye,  
 My sainted progenitor set up his brewery.  
 On that day, in the morn, he began brewing beer ;  
 On that day, too, commenced his connubial career ;  
 On that day he renewed and he issued his bills ;  
 On that day he cleared out all the cash from his tills.  
 On that day, too, he died, having finished his summing,  
 And the angels all cried, 'Here's old Whitbread a-coming.'  
 So that day still I hail with a smile and a sigh  
 For his beer with an e, and his bier with an i.  
 And still on that day in the hottest of weather,



The whole Whitbread family dine all together.  
 So long as the beams of this house shall support  
 The roof which o'er shades this respectable court—  
 As long as the light shall pour into these windows,  
 Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the Hindoos,  
 My name shall shine bright, as my ancestor's shines,  
 Mine recorded in journals, his blazon'd on signs."

One of the last of Canning's political squibs was the following, written in the year 1824:

"Letter from a Cambridge Tutor to his former Pupil, become a Member of Par-

liament; written in the year (1824) in which the Right Honorable Frederick Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, repealed half the duty on sea-borne coals imported into the port of London:

' Yes! fallen on times of wickedness and woe,  
 We have a Popish ministry, you know!  
 Prepared to light, I humbly do conceive,  
 New fires in Smithfield, with Dick Martin's leave.  
 Canning for this with Robinson conspires—  
 The victim this provides—and that, the fires.  
 Already they, with purpose ill-concealed,  
 The tax on coals have partially repealed;  
 While Huskisson, with computation keen,  
 Can tell how many pecks will burn a dean.  
 Yes! deans shall burn! and at the funeral pyre,  
 With eyes averted from the unhallowed fire—  
 Irreverent posture!—Harrowby shall stand,  
 And hold his coat flaps up with either hand.' "

To him, also, is generally assigned the following parody of Moore's Melody, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms:"

" Believe me, if all those ridiculous airs,  
 Which you practice so pretty to-day,  
 Should vanish by age, and your well-twisted hairs,  
 Like my own, be both scanty and gray:  
 Thou would'st still be a goose, as a goose thou hast been,  
 Tho' a fop and a fribble no more,  
 And the world that has laughed at the fool of eighteen,  
 Would laugh at the fool of three-score.  
 'Tis not whilst you wear that short coat of light brown,  
 Tight breeches, and neck-cloth so full,  
 That the absolute void of a mind can be shown,  
 Which time will but render more dull.  
 Oh, the fool that is truly so, never forgets,  
 But as truly fools on to the close,  
 As P—— leaves the debate, when he sits,  
 Just as dark as it was when he rose."

That Canning's muse could also strike a deeper and more solemn note must be admitted by all who read the epitaph upon his only son, who died in 1820:

" Though short thy span, God's unimpeached decrees,  
 Which made that shortened span one long disease,  
 Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope  
 For mild, redeeming virtues, faith and hope,  
 Meek resignation, pious charity:  
 And since this world was not the world for thee,  
 Far from thy path removed, with partial care,  
 Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare,  
 Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,  
 And fixed on heaven thine unreverted eye!

" Oh! mark'd from birth, and nurtured for the skies!  
 In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise;

As sainted martyrs, patient to endure;  
 Simple as unwean'd infancy, and pure:  
 Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,  
 Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away),  
 By mortal sufferings now no more oppressed,  
 Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest!  
 While I, reversed our nature's kindlier doom,  
 Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb."

With these verses we conclude this brief notice of George Canning, than whom a more brilliant star has scarcely ever shone in the parliamentary heavens. He was one of those instances which

show how well the pursuits of literature become a statesman, and how a reputation acquired in such a field may well be looked upon as the Corinthian capital to the column of a statesman's fame.

#### FLAVIA.\*

BY GEORGE SAND.

FLAVIA TO ROBERTINE.

MAY 15th.

Mr dear child, it was decreed that I should make you laugh, and that I should twice make a simpleton of myself. This morning, hearing my little dog cry, I supposed that he was shut up in the library; and there I found M. Emilius, armed with a great magnifying-glass, which was pointed at Jimmy's eyes. The poor creature was crying with weariness and fright. I thought, of course, that this devil of a man was abusing him.

"Dissect dead animals," said I, taking up my dog, at the risk of a new encounter with this savage; "leave living ones in peace."

He protested that he should be very sorry to do the least harm to my "little friend;" and the next moment asked me to do him a favor which would make him the happiest of men.

Guess what was this distinguished favor which he begged, much to my terror. I feared a repetition of the former ridiculous scene, but I was much mistaken. He only wanted leave to examine my eyes with his glass in the broad sunlight.

How delightful! I consented to it for a moment; I was curious to see what this original would do.

"Ah!" he exclaimed in transport, as he made his examination, "How near-sighted you are! And what a beautiful eye! How limpid! A diamond of the purest water! Why are you not a poor

beggar! I would keep you there an hour"—

"Until I was perfectly blinded by your sun and your glass?"

"Bah! Victims of science! There must be some, but you do not wish to be one of them? I understand that. Thank you! Your eye is one of the most instructive."

On my pressing him with questions which he kept evading, he told me at last that the phenomena of vision was the object of his particular study. It seems that this, simple as it is, has never been explained, and perhaps never will be. However, he is trying for it; and has already made some wonderful discovery, I do not know what, which the greatest oculists have never dreamed of.

He talked to me about crystalline, angles of incidence, mirrors, double luminous refraction.

Very likely I am making the greatest blunders in the world, in repeating things which he did not say at all, and which I am arranging in my own way like an omelet of my own invention. Very likely, too, he expressed himself as clearly as usual, but I did not attend to him. I was disposed to pity the lot of a man who needs my pity so little, and who sees in me but the single thing that I am near-sighted and have a transparent pupil.

MALCOLM TO HIS MOTHER.

MAY 15th.

Mr dear, good, best friend, I am coming back at once. Why should we let this poor Ann go away? Who knows? I am determined to marry, and since you

\* Concluded from page 364.

have planned this match, why should we give it up?

I have had a fit of folly, which you have taken too seriously, but since—thank Heaven!—Mademoiselle de K— does not suspect it, do let me get over it and forget it.

You have written me three letters, in which you say, first, that I ought not to have much hope in regard to her; then, that you have but *little* hope; and last, that we must almost give up all hope.

My best mother, I understand very well now that I should never have had any. Understand, on your part, that I have not much regret—scarcely any at all.

This charming girl has forgotten me as she has so many others, who are consoled at loving her. What pleased me most in her at Rome was, that I imagined her character and tastes to be like your own. Active, courageous, gay, fond of travel and society, brilliant in simplicity; everything, even to the very imprudences of her conduct, seemed an additional charm, and the evidence of a pure and generous nature.

But how mistaken I was, and how different she seemed, as soon as we began to see her nearer and more intimately. All that you do naturally and from pure necessity or love of the thing, she does from affectation, and only that people may know that she does it. You like spirited horses and danger; she is afraid of danger and of all kinds of horses; much more than the poor Marchioness G—, whom she ridiculed, and who, in fact, affected bravery only for the sake of dazzling her fool of a husband. Mademoiselle de K— is a coward, and affects daring only for the sake of dazzling everybody.

And so it is in everything, for she loves nothing but herself. She affects contempt for simple music, and yet has no comprehension of grand. She criticises everything at random, so as to appear as if she knew everything—and what does she know? Nothing! I prefer the honest and avowed ignorance of my little cousins.

At other times, to be sure, she affects even childish ignorance, and this in regard to matters of which she knows perhaps a little too much.

To sum up all, what shall I say? In Rome I admired everything about her; in Florence I dislike everything. This is probably because she has kept the Marquis in her train, when she ought to have kept him away. I believed in Rome that she did not care for him, and that she honestly encouraged him to marry the Signora Betta.

Why was it, that as soon as they were married this princess permitted him at *her court*, and kept him by a thousand evil enticements, knowing perfectly well that his wife was suffering from it? I am not a rigorist, as I have proved by being fascinated by one thus *surrounded*; but I cannot pardon malice in a woman, and I think I have seen it in her. If I am mistaken, so much the better for her; if by chance I am right, so much the better for myself for having found it out in time.

Then, when even you did not wish me to go, I would have left her after that excursion to the convent, where for the first time I heard her talk for myself alone. She uttered then, in a quarter of an hour, as many affected paradoxes and as much disgusting nonsense as the minutes could hold. It was more than my love could endure.

Be comforted then, dear, good mother. I return *licto et lepido*. I hasten, because I wish to find my friend Emilius there, whom I will introduce to you, whether he wishes it or not, and who by saying that Flavia is a "*nice person*" gives me the impression that he does not much approve of a marriage between us. But where could Mademoiselle de K— have heard that? I did not suppose that I had given her any right to fasten me to her button-hole between the ribbons of the marquis and the abbé.

Tell the girls that I shall bring them some pressed flowers picked on the highest rocks of the Apennines. You say that they are catching all the butterflies in the garden for me. Well, if by chance they find one with four wings it will be a good thing.

Your devoted son,

MALCOLM.

FLAVIA TO ROBERTINE.

May 22d.

My dear, behold Lady Rosamond has departed all of a sudden, with her son

and nieces. There is something a little unpleasant between us, as might have been expected.

In short, the mother has been to blame, and my father too, in making overtures without considering whether they were to succeed or not.

My father, to be sure, is aching to have me married; I understand that. But Lady Rosamond ought not to have been so urgent to have me marry her son, and especially to talk to me about him. The young man suspected it, and since then has been as exacting as a husband; then he took offence, and has come back with his head erect, toes turned out, stately as a dancing master, imagining that he is making fun of me.

In revenge I have amused myself by wishing him to marry his cousin; he told me that he did not need my help in that line; upon which I treated him like a baby. All this in the most exquisite terms, and with the most caressing smiles; but that was under it all, as was evident to everybody; so much so that Lady Rosamond *opportunistically* received a letter which took her to Venice with her whole covey.

As usual, my father has seen the flash without hearing the thunder; this unexpected departure of our neighbors has fallen upon him like a chimney on a roof, and in his trouble he has committed the enormity of putting the label *sylvia subalpina* upon the sharp point of the sweet calamus. Emilius looks upon it as disease—my father's distraction I mean, not our domestic drama.

So, then, we are reduced to the society of the *savant*; I do not consider outside people as society. I have regarded Lady Rosamond as one of our family. Must I then replace her loss by this excellent man who is now our guest?

Why not? There is a seriousness about him which savors of the staid and paternal. It may be this peculiar temperament, this being always on the stretch and wrapped in his problems, that makes the thought of love as foreign to him at thirty-five as if he were a hundred. There is that advantage in the situation, that I cannot care for his indifference, since no woman in the world could disturb his august serenity. He is to stay here three days longer; then he goes to

Milan; but I hope we can make him give it up. My father likes him, and he relieves the tedium of the place for me.

We are good friends, and, as he is as destitute of will in his actions as he is full of it in his ideas, I presume that he will let me change his plans.

We have had to-day a kind of explanation in regard to Malcolm. It seems that, without knowing it, the good man has played his little part in the great matter. He has, as I believe, let the *bel Ecossais* know that I was informed of his pretensions. It seems, too, that I myself told this to the good man. I don't remember it. I have scolded him for remembering and repeating it.

Do you want to know how he excused himself?

"My dear," said he ingenuously, "you are vexed with the good Malcolm, and you do not know which way to turn. You are wrong in supposing that all the men are more in love with you than they really are. You have a very high idea of yourself. You are not wrong in that, certainly; you are *well enough*—young, rich, lovely. But, to cut the matter short, men who have begun to read more or less in the grand and sublime manuscript of nature, compare the things of your world to leaves so badly printed that God's signature can hardly be perceived upon them. Do you think it is such a great matter to be a pretty girl? The smallest flower of the field holds itself as erect and proud before its brook as you before your mirror. What is it to the birds of the forest that you have a good dowry? They are no richer or poorer for it. The grain does not grow any the quicker for it, or the flies move any the slower. Do you suppose that, when you tread on the herbs of the field, the crickets and grasshoppers care anything about your little feet and your silk stockings? They are as well shod as you are, and their legs are as well made!"

You see that I could not afford to lose such an original, who says such funny things to me!

May 25th.

He has gone and is not coming back. Ah, well, we will go and find him, for I need not conceal it any longer—I love him!



MILAN, June, 5th, 185—

WHAT a fool you must think me! And I am one, or perhaps just the opposite. Perhaps I am just coming to my senses, which have been wandering all this time. I did not see things as they were; now it seems to me I have found the absolute truth. Perhaps I have been seeking what cannot be found in the world.

What matters it? I have thought enough of realities during my life; I have calculated enough about the chances of my happiness, my liberty, my pleasure, my vanity, and my ambition! All that has passed away like a dream. I am absorbed by a fixed idea. My thoughts are no longer centred in myself, but in the one being who holds my life, my peace, and my pride under his feet.

What a strange thing! Who would have believed that I should have loved like this and without being loved? For he does not love me—he has told me so; and instead of making me hate him, I love him all the more for his frankness and gentleness.

How good he is—an angel of goodness! No reproaches, no unkindness. He does not love me—that is all.

And I feel that he is right. If he had yielded to a passion which he can only regard as a caprice, I should admire him less, should have less esteem and enthusiasm for his character.

We came here, my father without knowing why, as you can easily believe. We found Villemer preparing to go to Germany, to make some kind of researches; I don't know what. There is a great charm to me in not knowing a word about these abstract things which are his master and his passion.

The learned men who come here to see my father, and whom I listen to now, since they always happen to talk about him, are not agreed as to the importance and value of his discoveries. Some of them say that he is a genius, transforming all methods; others that he is an enthusiast, seeking the philosopher's stone.

So, then, he is a great man or a fool. It is all the same to me. Every one loves, admires, or blames him. As for myself, I do not ridicule his pursuits, I am afraid of them! It seems like loving a man who has devoted himself to magic, and

who will end with seeing angels or demons. Perhaps that is one of the most irritating causes of my love. I like to dispute it with the unknown, with an occult power, which, whether truth or fiction, is a rival which I can neither despise nor hate.

What disgusts you with a man, if you are proud, is to see him prefer a fright or a simpleton to yourself.

Perhaps I should have married the marquis if I had not seen him hesitate between me and a blockhead. I should not have dismissed Malcolm so soon, if I had not seen the butterfly of his dreams. I might have imagined it to be the fabulous phoenix, the golden scarabæus, or the horse of the Apocalypse. Emilius came near to falling very low in my opinion, when he talked about retinas and corneas, but he mixed with them some kind of cabalistic words, as they seemed to me. There were suns, spectras, diamonds, rays, in his words, and I expected to see him engaged with the legions of luminous spirits lodged in the fugitive vapors of the rainbow.

No, I should not want to know about the objects of his pursuits, the charm would be broken! I should never wish them translated into common terms.

When we arrived here we could not find him. I tormented my father, who tried to find him every where, in vain.

At last I had an inspiration. Oh, in love too there is magic! I said to my father: "Let us go and see Lake Maggiore!"

We came to the border of this beautiful lake, and the first person we met was he! We followed him in his walk. He bade us adieu, as he goes to-morrow. I managed to be alone with him. I said to him:

"Do not go yet. You are alone and poor. The most sublime things cannot be accomplished in this world without the help of material means, which you do not possess. You will spend your life in solving the problem of misery and loneliness, and you will not attain it. If you discover your secret, you will die without revealing it. You cannot be certain that it is not an illusion, for I have wished to know and I do know that money is needed for experimenting. Therefore you need an income of a hun-

dred thousand pounds, and a family who will give you a position in the world. Return to Milan, stay there for eight days, and you will be in a position to realize the dream I have proposed."

He was mute, absolutely mute, lost in his thoughts. He had understood me.

This prolonged silence was very cruel. Every thing swam before me. I was ready to faint with shame, fright, and anger.

He took my hand and kissed it, saying:

"Will you give me an hour to think about this? It is very unexpected!"

I left him alone, and went back to my father. I don't know what he said to me. I did not hear. I saw nothing; I was out of my wits. I could not keep my eyes off my watch. That one hour was longer than all the rest of my life.

At last it came to an end. I dropped my father's arm, begging him to wait for me. I began to run, as I never ran before. I reached the place where I had left Emilius, without knowing where I was going, or in what way I got there. I found him standing and smiling; then he slowly came towards me.

"Listen to me, my dear child," he said. "Sit down on the grass; you are all out of breath. I prefer to stand. I am going to talk to you. Any one but myself, in such circumstances, would be perfectly certain that you were making fun of him, and that this was all a charming mystery."

And, as he saw me burst into tears, he added:

"But why do you weep, since I believe you are true and faithful? You plainly see that I esteem you. During all the hour that I was thinking, the thought never entered my mind that you could be amusing yourself at my expense."

"Well, here is my answer. Dry your lovely eyes and look at the sun. Can you give it to me? No! Then there is nothing you can do for me! However, that is not the whole question. It is very easy to understand that your income of a hundred thousand pounds will bring me much more quickly and successfully to my end, which is very brilliant or else worth nothing at all. I understand, too, that you have a generous heart, and that a

noble deed is a temptation to you; that is a true woman's nature. The very thought that you had made me happy would make you so. And it is probable that your kindness would make me, too, very happy; for gratitude is a sweet and pleasant feeling to all who do not find themselves unworthy the kindness shown to them. But to all that there is an insurmountable obstacle. That is, that I am a man of honor, and that a man of honor considers selfishness a very low thing. This happiness which I spoke to you about, and which was a great temptation to me, I have calculated mathematically how long it could last, and the result is, that in raising the maximum as high as possible, you would have three months of inward glory at your self-sacrifice; three more months of generosity, patience, and resignation; three more, perhaps, of indignation, fear, uneasiness, and uncertainty; and all the rest of your life revulsion, revenge, or despair. Don't contradict me; I know what I am saying; I have already loved! I was not able to forget Science, and I know that a man should give to the woman that loves him (it is her right) a greater part of his life than I can give. It is very possible that I might come to sacrifice everything for you—my work or my dream. I am very weak, and I can not bear to see suffering. But on my side, I should be unhappy all the rest of my life, and he who is not happy can not make others so. Don't let us talk any more about it. Forget it; as for me, I will only remember it to love you as my daughter, for I am old enough to be your father. I am older than you think for!"

I don't know what he said to me after this. I was frightfully dizzy, and lost my consciousness.

When I came to myself, I saw my father at my side. Emilius had disappeared.

But he has not gone yet. We found him again, an hour later, at the inn, and we are just returning to Milan, where he has promised to come and bid us good-bye this evening.

I write while I am expecting him, dear! I still have hope! What do I say? I believe, I am sure, that he will stay.

When he was helping me into the car-

riage on the border of the lake, I saw a tear in his eyes, a single one; but a tear from that man! . . . I am of age, you know, and my father will not even have a thought of legal opposition. He will be surprised, but in his heart he will approve of me, and after having made all the observations he thinks it necessary to make to me . . .

Midnight.

He is gone! I did not see him! I shall never see him again. I have a fever, and have just been bled. Farewell, Robertine; think of me—of this coquette, this worldly, crazy girl, who perhaps had a heart, after all.

FLAVIA TO ROBERTINE.

NANTES, Dec. 27th, 1850.

My Robertine, I am going to be married to-morrow, without flourish of trumpets or salvos of artillery, to an excellent young man, whom I love dearly. I did not want to tell you before everything was positively settled.

Emile—not Emilius, it is another Emile—Emile de VAREPPE, with whom you are slightly acquainted, who is twenty-eight years old, has a high post as magistrate, a thoughtful mind, a charming character, little money, and a great deal of heart.

It is better than I deserved, isn't it?—frivolous, thoughtless creature that I have been! Well, I agree with you up to a certain point; my past life is good for nothing; but for the last six months I have thought a great deal, and I can assure you that my future life will be worth more.

No, I am another being. I did not think it worth while to tell you, day by day, the change which was taking place in me. You would not have believed me, and would only have discouraged me. You are given to ridicule, and as I am, too, this poor little I would not have been taken as seriously as it should have been. Now the spell is broken; my imagination is calm, my castle in the air, that unfortunate and beautiful dream which had engrossed me, has slowly vanished away.

You have learned from my father, who

has written to you several times, that I was sick for a few days, but that it was several weeks before I was quite well again.

I was threatened with brain fever, but it was checked. Two months of languor and physical prostration have completely changed my habits, and I can say that nature has greatly helped me in becoming more calm, more settled; consequently I am more studious and rational.

And now, closing irretrievably one portion of my life, I can truly say that my conversion is due in great measure, if not entirely, to this infatuation, this fancy, this passion, if you will. It would be very unjust if I should willingly forget how much good the conduct and conversation of this strange man have done me. I shall always honor him, and I believe I can truly say that it is to him that my husband will owe his safety and repose.

You see I had lived too factitiously, too artificially, in the ways of the world, with a skeptical mind and an empty heart. I was tired of it; I began to be ashamed of myself, and there must needs be an explosion—some great piece of folly, some fancied self-sacrifice, to put an end to it all!

Well, this folly had for its object—thanks to my good star, I acknowledge—an excellent, magnanimous man, as wise as Nestor, in spite of his fantastic brain; a good and noble soul, and he has been the physician of my disordered mind. If he had ridiculed me; if he had said to me all that a man with more experience and more knowledge of my character could and ought to have said, I should have been ruined. I most certainly should have given myself up to dreaming and romances. It must have been so, because I have had such a contempt for the ideal and sentimental. But his trust and his naïveté saved me. He neither acted the astonished, or the modest, or the skeptical. He did not perceive that I had made a fool of myself.

In his society I began to grow more serious. I do not know that I loved; but I thought that I loved; I suffered, I trembled, I wept.

All this did me good. I learned, be-

sides, in listening to him, that a man's merits do not consist in his clothes, or his horses, his manner of entering a room, or in any of those nothings which dazzled me, although I did not confess it.

I am no longer a fool when I converse with a man of sense. I have discovered a new *variety* in the *genus* of marriageable men. A serious man is no longer, to my mind, an awkward pedagogue and a caricature, but a more gifted and more honorable being than a spruce and frivolous dandy.

So I have ceased making theories of marriage in a worldly point of view.

I have given up playing the woman of the world.

I meditate seriously upon household affairs, and I think that I shall be easily and pleasantly initiated into them by my husband's family. He has a charming sister, who is very good without being prudish; an excellent, well-educated father; a religious but tolerant mother. As to himself, he is in the highest degree calculated to make me happy. I have a sincere affection for him, and the greatest confidence in him.

We are going to spend the winter in Paris, and I will introduce him to you.

If you wish to hear about my old friends, I will tell you that Malcolm is in England, about marrying *tomtit* number one; that Lady Rosamond has most kindly and frankly written me a charming congratulatory letter. Little Ann added to it a few simple, affectionate words. I hear that she worships me still.

I have entirely lost sight of the beaux and belles of Rome and Florence, the marquises, the abbès, and *tutti quanti*.

As to him of whom I have written so much and so often, I have not the least idea where he is.

My father told me that he had started for Berlin; but he has not given the least sign of life, and I don't believe he ever will.

I would not have it otherwise. I would rather have him remain in his cloud, like a mysterious spirit, whom I never wish to see again, but whose remembrance is sweet, and whose blessing will make me happy.

London Society.

## SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH BENCH AND BAR.

### II.

LORD WESTBURY AND THE LATE LORD JUSTICE KNIGHT BRUCE.

LORD WESTBURY's portrait illustrates at once the truth and the fallacy of physiognomy. His countenance indicates his real, original nature, and so, in a certain sense, his character, but does not give you an idea of his habitual nature and his acquired character. Probably there has never been known a man of greater eminence and more enemies. You would not think so, looking at his portrait, or gazing on his countenance; it all seems so placid, so benignant, and so benevolent, you would be willing to believe him when he assured you—as he is fond of saying—with his peculiar, calm, soft, lisping utterance, that “benevolence is the distinguishing feature of his character.”

You might, perhaps, associate with that calm countenance the idea of conscious intellect and superior power; you might imagine it united with a bland, half-compassionate bearing towards others; but you would not suppose that it covered, but scarce concealed, the most supercilious contempt of all, however elevated, except himself. You might fancy that those lips spoke calmly, perhaps softly, but you could not suppose that they lisped forth in such soft voice accents of almost genuine sweetness; and least of all would you realize that the words they lisped were almost always words of the most contemptuous or compassionate scorn.

Yet the features do not speak falsely, and the countenance, after all, does not falsify physiognomy. They portray the man's original nature, the rest is his acquired character. The key to the puzzle is that Sir R. Bethell affected a character very different from his real nature. He has always assumed a far greater degree of scorn than he felt, though that was great enough, no doubt. He assumed an air of calm disdain, and it became habitual to him; he affected a calm, scornful utterance and manner, and it



has become a second nature. And thus he acquired by degrees a sort of second character which is not natural, except so far as it no doubt is the growth of the pride of his nature. A single anecdote of him reveals this. There was an old chancery barrister, with whom he used to contend, and of whom he used to speak with thrilling contempt. "That fellow," he lisped out, "lost me a thousand a year with his infernal prolixity and incurable dulness." Yet no sooner was he Chancellor than he presented the son of his old professional rival with a good place. Now there is the man in his double nature, his acquired habits of affected contempt springing from his intellectual pride, and his acts of real goodness springing from his natural kindness. And he is a man to stand by his friends—a fine feature in a man's character. Beyond all doubt, Lord Westbury has that to be said in his favor, that he is a staunch friend, and never shrank from doing his best for any one who had served him. In this, perhaps, he is better than better men. But it illustrates his mixed character. There probably never was a man in whose character were mixed up such diverse elements, natural and acquired. Hence the result—there never was a man more disliked or more beloved. And, paradoxical as it may appear, there really is some truth in his own idea of himself—the ex-Chancellor is not a bad fellow. He will do kind things, but he never could resist the temptation of saying unkind things. His second nature is scorn of other men, and his luxury is sarcasm. The secret of the dislike entertained for him is what, perhaps, an acute physiognomist might detect even in those bland, calm features—an overweening, egotistical confidence in his own superior intellect, and a profound scorn and contempt for other men. Coupled with the feeling arising from it is a great talent for sarcasm and an immense alacrity in its exercise, which, of course, is only another word for making enemies. Taking these elements of character into consideration, and looking again carefully at that fine countenance, possibly our readers may imagine him, as Lord Derby graphically described him, as "standing up, and for upwards of an hour pouring upon the head of a political

opponent a continuous stream of vitriolic acid." Nothing less forcible than that remarkable expression could describe the biting, scorching sarcasm of the ex-Chancellor. So he was when Sir Richard Bethell; and it is believed that there never was a man in the profession of whom so many pungent, sarcastic witticisms were reported. It is difficult to convey an idea of their effect as they were uttered in that calm, sweet, lisping voice, with such slowness of utterance and such blandness of countenance, with such an amusing contrast between the honeyed accents and the biting words. When the late Lord Chancellor (Lord Cranworth) was Vice-Chancellor, Sir Richard spoke of him as "that respectable old woman;" and once, when the Vice-Chancellor said he would "turn the matter over in his mind," Sir Richard turned round to his junior, and with his usual bland, calm utterance, said, "Take a note of that: his Honor says he will turn it over in what he is *pleased to call his mind*." So when some one said of an attorney-general for whom he had a contempt, that it was a shame to put any one over his head, Sir Richard said, in the same calm, lisping accents, "*Head*, did you say? Has he a head?" The exquisite effect of these sarcasms was so much the result of utterance that they could only be fully appreciated by those who heard them; but by attentively studying the features of the portrait, and imagining a peculiarly soft, sweet, calm voice, uttering those stinging sayings, some idea may be formed of their effect on the delighted hearers. Being asked how he was getting on in an appeal before an archbishop and his assessor, a learned doctor, he said, "Getting on, did you say? How is it possible to get on before *two silly old men* who understand nothing whatever of the matter?" Arguing a case in error before the judges, one of them, for whom he had a dislike, asked him a question which somewhat pinched him, upon which he blandly replied, in his sweetest, softest accents: "Before I answer the question, may I venture to entreat your lordship to reconsider it, for I am sure upon consideration you will perceive that it involves a *self-evident absurdity*." It may seem scarcely credible that such things have

been said; but such was the sweetness, calmness, and softness of the tone in which they were said, that, somehow, they passed by before those to whom they were addressed had received the shock of surprise, especially as the sting was always at the end, and Sir Richard went on with his argument as calm and unruffled as if he had just paid a happy compliment. It was the sublime of insolence: it was insolence sublimated almost to grandeur.

For his professional opponents and rivals he had an unbounded contempt; for all but one—that was, Mr. Rolt—who, indeed, was the only one who was a match for him. Yet even to him he would assume his habitual air of calm superiority. “So much,” he said once when replying to him—“so much for my learned friend’s first argument! But, my lords, as the paths of error are numerous and devious, my learned friend has another argument to which I will now advert.” Imagine this spoken slowly, loftily, sweetly, lispingly! It was impossible to help smiling; and even Mr. Rolt, who is good-humored and sensible, enjoyed it, and the judges laughed. But Sir Richard went on, loftily and lispingly, with that unapproachable air of superiority, in which no man at the bar or on the bench, in living memory, ever resembled him. It was a peculiar feature of Sir Richard Bethell’s character that his scorn was too lofty to have anything in it of a cunning or spite. It was lofty and overbearing, but there was nothing in it either of littleness or bitterness. Sir Richard’s sarcasms were rather scornful than spiteful, and had often more of wit than bitterness. You saw that his object was rather to display his air of superiority and gratify his pride, than to give pain or wreak revenge. He was too proud for small resentments, and had too constant a sense of his own superiority to condescend to wrangle or to quarrel. He could not, for the world, have so compromised his dignity; and this dignity of tone and manner he never lost even while at the Bar.

This happy gift of dignity, with its alloy of sarcasm and scorn, he carried with him to the Woolsack and the House of Lords; and he quickly made every lord there of any mark or eminence his

foe—at least among the law lords, with whom he came, of course, more constantly in contest. His animosity to Lord Chelmsford—his contempt for Lord Cranworth—his scorn for Lord Wensleydale—all were unbounded, and could only be conveyed by his wonderful power of sarcasm. And, above all, he loved to show his contempt for the Common Law Judges, upon appeals. Reading a sentence from one of their judgments, he said to counsel, who attended to support it: “Pray, Mr. So-and-So, upon which of these propositions do you intend to rely? for you must perceive that they are utterly inconsistent.” His power of exciting enmity was unrivalled, and he revelled in it. He could throw into a few bland words, spoken in the calmest tone, a bitterness of sarcasm which would make a man his enemy for life. He was an embodiment of intellectual pride. He had the most unbounded confidence in his superiority to other men, even the very highest in his own profession, and loved to show his sense of it by the most intense and impassioned scorn for them. Perhaps you might not have found it out from his features, but, being aware of it, possibly—turning to his portrait—you may fancy that you can read it there. At all events, if you ever saw and heard him—only for a moment—there could be no mistake about it. The first words he uttered would suffice to give the impression, at once, of superior intellect and of unmeasurable pride. The spirit of scorn and sarcasm seems native to his breast, and to breathe in every tone of his voice, which even affects more scorn than he feels. How unlike Sir Alexander Cockburn—easy, natural, and genial: whose voice rings out in bright and lively tones of good-heartedness.

There could not be a greater contrast than the portraits and the characters of these two eminent men present; yet they were for many years associated together. They were law officers of the Crown at the same time; they were Benchers of the same Inn; and Sir Alexander will tell a good story, how Sir Richard once said to him, in a tone of indescribable compassion, “My dear fellow, equity will swallow up your common law.” “I don’t know about that,” said Sir Alexander, “but you’ll find it rather hard of di-

gestion!" The remark and the repartee very well convey the characteristics of the two men—the one all supercilious pride and scorn, the other of a quick, lively, generous spirit.

With Lord Westbury may very fitly be associated the late Lord Justice Knight Bruce. Alas! we have lost him!

Lord Justice Knight Bruce had been nearly twenty years on the Bench; and as he left the Bar before Sir R. Bethell became great there, they did not have any rivalry as advocates. But they came fearfully into collision when Sir Richard had become great, and came before the Lord Justice as an advocate. The Lord Justice, as a veteran and venerable lawyer, deeply versed in the principles of equity, could not brook the overbearing tone of Sir Richard, and the profound scorn with which he always spoke of views opposed to his own. And as they almost equally excelled in the fatal gift of sarcasm, it may be imagined what scenes ensued.

The Lord Justice was a man of greater depth than Sir Richard, though not of such brilliant ability; and you could see, from his features, that he was a man of deep thought and reflective mood. You would not guess, however, that he had a vein of dry, grave humor, which he delighted in displaying; and this was one of the traits which excited Sir Richard's scorn. It marked the distinction between the two men that though the Lord Justice was often sarcastic, Sir Richard was never humorous. And though the wit of the Lord Justice perhaps was sarcastic, it was rarely ever so severe, so scorching as Sir Richard's. There was always a touch of humor about it, and a tone of good humor, quite distinguishing it from the great advocate's. The Lord Justice had a grave, solid, old-fashioned, emphatic way of speaking, which very much enhanced the effect of his wit, or humor; and the difference was, that he delighted in displaying his wit, while Sir Richard delighted in uttering sarcasms. The Lord Justice had, indeed, a kind of grave judicial waggery about him exceedingly droll. He has been known to deliver a whole judgment in the gravest tone possible—but one piece of solemn waggery from beginning to end. Such was his judgment in the

case of a suit between an attorney and his wife, about a separation deed, the dispute having arisen upon the disposition of her separate property. "The court," commenced the Lord Justice, "has been now for several days occupied in the matrimonial quarrels of a solicitor and his wife. He was a man not unaccustomed to the ways of the softer sex, for he already had nine children by three successive wives. She, however—herself a widow—was well informed of all these antecedents; and, it appears, did not consider them any objection to their union; and they were married. No sooner were they united, however, than they were, unhappily, disunited by unhappy disputes as to her property. These disputes disturbed even the period usually dedicated to the soft delights of matrimony, and the honeymoon was occupied by endeavors to induce her to exercise a testamentary power of appointment in his favor. She, however, refused, and so we find that, in due course, at the end of the month, he brought home, with some disgust, his still intestate bride. The disputes continued; until at last they exchanged the irregular quarrels of domestic strife for the more disciplined warfare of Lincoln's Inn and Doctors' Commons." And so on, in the same vein of irony, to the end. So, in another celebrated judgment of his, about the "Agapemone," which he held up to ridicule and scorn. So in a case as to the construction of a will. After counsel had been hard at work all day contending for different meanings, the Lord Chief Justice thus, with the utmost solemnity, commenced his judgment: "If," he said, "the spirits of the departed are ever permitted to be conscious of things which take place here below, and if the spirit of the testator has been cognizant of the discussion which has been going on here to-day, he must have been, no doubt, considerably astonished—perhaps I might say disgusted—at the intentions which have been ascribed to him, and the various meanings which have been put upon his words. Nevertheless, we must presume that he intended what, as lawyers, we make his words to mean—no matter whether he meant it or not." All this, mind, in the most solemn and sentient, easy tone, and with a peculiarly oracular

air, which immensely enhanced the effect of this judicial waggery. It is impossible to conceive a greater power of grave and ironical ridicule than was possessed by the Lord Justice; and there are few judgments of his which are not relieved by the introduction of some play of humor or some stroke of wit. His was a mind which gladly relieved the tension of severe and continuous thought by such sallies of wit and humor. There was nothing ill-natured in his character; and though he was so fond of it that he would not abstain merely lest it should give pain, he did not practice it at all for the sake of giving pain. It was simply his diversion, his delight, his enjoyment to be witty whenever he could. If to be witty he must be sarcastic, why he would be so; but his object was only to be witty. He had a little harmless vanity to be thought witty; and being a man of a long and enlarged experience, and of a deep, cultivated, and reflective mind, he was never trivial though playful in his wit, and never vulgar though familiar in his pleasantries. He was pedantic in his tone, with a grave, formal, emphatic, measured way of speaking, more resembling the late Lord Chief Baron's than any other judge; and—like him—belonging to an old school, now passing away.

The twenty years' difference in the professional life of the Lord Justice and the late Lord Chancellor mark, indeed, very well the boundary between the past and the present race of advocates. The Lord Justice belongs to the age of Sir Thomas Wilde, and Sir William Follett, and Sir Frederick Pollock, and Sir F. Thesiger, and Sir F. Kelly, all of whom have now left the Bar; and the last of whom are, one by one, leaving the Bench. Long may they linger there, for they represent a school of greater depth of learning and breadth of mind than the present, for the most part, are; and the distinction is well illustrated by the difference between the thoughtful, well-stored mind of the Lord Justice and the more brilliant and showy abilities of the late Lord Chancellor.

The judgment of Lord Justice Knight Bruce in the case of the "Agapemone" was, beyond all doubt, the richest specimen of judicial irony ever uttered. Read-

ing a few passages of it, and then looking at the portrait of the Lord Justice, the reader would, on the one hand, get infinitely more of the relish and enjoyment of it; and on the other hand get a truer idea of the judicial character of the Lord Justice than he possibly could derive either from the portrait or the perusal. The reader should bear in mind that the Lord Justice was eminently grave, slow, solemn, precise, and sententious in his utterance, and this immensely enhanced the "humor" of the thing.

It was an application, it should be observed, on the part of an infant, that a proper guardian should be appointed, and that his father should be restrained from taking possession of him. In the gravest and most sententious tone, but at the same time the deepest irony, he spoke thus:

"His parents are both living; one of them, his father, a native, as I collect, of Wales, having been educated with a view to become a minister of the Church of England. I do not, however, collect that he proceeded beyond deacon's orders, or that he now considers himself to be a member of that church; nor does it appear that he has any present or prospective preferment, office, employment, business, fortune, means, or source of income whatever." (There was a world of judicial irony, of grave, solemn waggery in this careful, precise enumeration and exclusion of every conceivable source of income.) "The wife, the petitioner's mother, is one of the daughters of a gentleman of good fortune, a lady in good circumstances, and a person of respectability, with a portion of some thousands of pounds; the marriage, whether equal or unequal otherwise, seems, in that respect at least, to have been unequal, for the husband had not, I believe, any property. It took place without the consent of the mother, and it seems, in a considerable degree, ascribable to the influence and ascendancy over her mind which must, I fear, be said, unhappily for her, to have been acquired and exercised by a fanatic or a pseudo-fanatic preacher, who styled himself the servant of the Lord; who seems to have acted less as a 'go-between' than as a spiritual director in forming this and other matches between endowed ladies and



such of his followers or associates of the other sex as were judged fit for his purpose. One of these was the person (the petitioner's father) whom Miss Agnes N—— seems to have been led to believe it was the will of God to reveal, through the servant of the Lord, that she should marry, and whom she did so marry very much on that ground. She married without a settlement: her fortune, consequently, came into his power. The want of a settlement was, however, not through oversight: she mentioned the subject to him, it appears, at the same time mentioning a promise, probably connected with it, which she had made to her parents. It appears that not quite three weeks before the marriage he was moved, and permitted himself, to write to her, this all but impossible letter." Then the Lord Justice proceeded to read the "all but impossible letter" in tones of irony which made it for those who heard it a treat they will never forget. It ran thus:

"Let not your heart be troubled under your present circumstances, neither let it be afraid at what friends or foes may suggest. Abide in the Spirit and will of God, and then will your peace be like a river, wide and overflowing, and your soul will be borne sweetly along the stream of time until it reaches the ocean of eternal rest and quiet. What I say unto you I say also unto Harriet and Clara" (her sisters). "Assure them of my love, and let them trust themselves to be carried by faith, etc. My beloved Agnes, I must write to you just what the Spirit leads me to do. This I do with the more confidence, because I believe you have an ear to what the Lord may say unto you through him that loveth you. You mention your desire to have a settlement of your property upon yourself. This, I assure you, would be very agreeable to my own feelings, and is so still; but last evening waiting on God this matter came quite unexpectedly before me. I had entirely put it away from my thoughts, leaving it to take its course as you might be led to act; but God will not have it so. He shows me that the principle is entirely contrary to God's word, and altogether at variance with that confidence which is to exist

between us, who are of one spirit. This desire on your part must be abandoned; give it up to God, and show that you can trust his faithfulness, and I can assure you that the confidence you repose in him will not be disappointed. As regards the promise you made to your parents, any promise made when you were unconverted, and which was not in accordance with the word of God, you are not to abide by; neither would it be right in you to adhere to it.

"I must bid you farewell, and believe me to abide in much love,

"Yours affectionately in the

"everlasting covenant,

"BROTHER THOMAS.

"The testimony of Jesus will be proclaimed in 'Adullam' on Sunday."

After reading this "all but impossible letter," the Lord Justice proceeded:

"Even this unparalleled performance failed to open the lady's eyes, and her marriage taking place, she became annexed, and an addition to the school, or suite, of 'the servant of the Lord.' The bride and bridegroom visited various places from the time of their marriage for more than half a year. During the latter part of that time they were at Weymouth, and lodged at a house where 'the servant of the Lord' was also living; and here the lady appears to have received from her husband, and not from him alone, treatment of a coarse, harsh, and unmanly description. In January, 1846, 'the servant of the Lord' and some of his followers and associates went, I believe, professionally to Bridgewater, leaving the lady and her husband behind. Some of these, including the husband, but not his wife, were soon, it seems, sent for. The summons—which professed, I believe, to be a call to attend a spiritual tea-party—was obeyed, and he went, leaving his wife behind him. The husband sent for his clothes, and then, having received them, he dispatched to his wife this indescribable communication:

"'MY BEST BELOVED—I herewith inclose you a small portion: eat, drink, yea, drink abundantly; and let your soul delight in fatness; let the will of God be your home and resting-place. "The serv-

ant of the Lord" told me that you would not be in your present state unless you had rebelled months ago, and thus you will suffer for it in not being able to go about with me as you otherwise would; but when I see you I will tell you all about it; for the present abide quietly where you are, and go on as if I were with you. We are separated, but we are not severed, and I abide, dearest, the same your unchanging and affectionate

BROTHER THOMAS.

"When," continued the Lord Justice, "it is known that the writer of this letter did not return, but that his departure from her was the commencement of a total separation, such a composition may seem to be in the last degree perplexing." Then, after commenting upon the desertion in terms in which indignation absorbed irony, the Lord Justice resumed his tone of irony. "Such a course of conduct seems inexplicable, except on the supposition that the influence and ascendancy of the person calling himself 'the servant of the Lord' had been exerted, and prevailed over 'Brother Thomas,' as strangely as they had at one time over his wife. I collect that after the marriage she exhibited symptoms of insubordination, not towards her husband, but towards 'the servant of the Lord;' attempted to shake her husband's allegiance to him, and was found out. However, upon these, or no more just grounds, 'the servant of the Lord' took a dislike to the lady after the marriage, and did mainly, if not solely, influence her husband's mind in his ill-treatment and desertion of her. Nor ought it probably to be ascribed to his own spontaneous feelings that he wrote to her the coarse and shameful letter dated the 'Agapemone,' which the Lord Justice proceeded to read, and which had this passage and others similar: "I write merely to inform you of my determination concerning you: God is pure and holy—I am his and he is mine, and you are mine; and I am resolved to use the authority God has given me, and for this purpose I can and will compel you to live where and how I please, and subject you to my will and authority, through God's pure love to me; and in this I have hitherto yielded to you the great-

est indulgence, and you have abused the liberty and independence I trusted you with as you have abused your every other blessing. I have therefore felt the necessity of making you aware that I can and will direct your life, and this I will cause you to know by my actions and not only by my words. Should you again write, or speak contrary to my wishes, I will immediately remove your residence, and take the child under my own eye, and superintend the expenditure of the money for God's glory," etc.

"The power of 'the servant of the Lord,'" gravely continued the Lord Justice, "over the husband's mind seems to have remained undiminished, although the lady appears to have been cured. It is in such a state of things that he has been endeavoring to acquire the possession and custody of the son, which would, of course, involve the care and direction of his education. But there are other facts in the case, and other circumstances to be considered. To what abode is he to take the child? None is suggested, except the somewhat mysterious establishment, of which it seems necessary to say a few words. It appears that 'the servant of the Lord' has founded or formed a cenobitical establishment, which, though not on the Euripus, but on the Bristol Channel, he has denominated 'Agapemone,' a name, no doubt, adopted in order to make the people of Somersetshire understand or guess its object, which, however, unluckily, I fear, few either there or elsewhere in any very clear manner do. The establishment scarcely seems to be a convent either in connection with the Greek Church or otherwise. Its inmates, who are not a few, and are of each sex, can hardly be nuns or friars, for some, though not all of them, are married couples, and the men and women are not separated. They, however, call themselves, and address each other, as brothers and sisters, and there appears to be something of a religious kind, whether really or only professedly, in the nature or design of the institution, which might perhaps be described as a spiritual boarding-house, though to what kind of religion, if any, the inmates belong does not, I think, appear. I believe that they do not attend any place of worship, in or out of the Es-

tablishment. They sing hymns, I think, addressed to the Supreme Being; but, as I collect, they do not, in the sense of supplication or entreaty to God, pray at all. The Agapemonians appear to set a high value upon bodily exercise of a cheerful and amusing kind. Their stables, according to the description given of them, must be unexceptionable. It does not appear that the Agapemonians hunt, but they seem distinguished both as cavaliers and charioteers. They play moreover, frequently or occasionally, at lively and energetic games, such as 'hockey,' ladies and all, so that their lives may be considered less as ascetic than frolicsome. The particulars, however, of the Agapemonian's exterior existence, not being open to general observation, are little, if at all, known beyond their own boundary. Now this is the establishment in which the father in this case has been, and is, one of the dwellers. He has, I apprehend, no other home, and thither, accordingly, I suppose that he would take his son. But God forbid that I should be accessory to condemning any child to such a state of probable debasement! As lief would I have on my conscience the responsibility of consigning this boy to a camp of gipsies!"

These extracts illustrate better than any words of ours could possibly do the judicial character of the Lord Justice. They are so characteristic of him, indeed, that no other judge upon the bench could have pronounced it, and any one acquainted with the judicial character and style of our judges would recognize it in a moment: perhaps any one of its more remarkable passages—nay, there is scarcely a sentence in it which would not be recognized as his. The judgment, it may be added, was delivered sixteen years ago: the Lord Justice had then been several years upon the bench: he was still, at the time of writing these lines, in the full exercise of his great judicial abilities in the high office which he had so long filled: he had thus been more than twenty years upon the bench, and had previously been, we believe, over thirty years at the bar; and these simple facts, taken together, will amply suffice to show that Lord Justice Knight Bruce was one of the most wonderful men that we have ever known in mod-

ern times upon the bench; nor was there any one in Westminster Hall who could compare with him except the late Lord Chief Baron, Sir F. Pollock.

We have lately lost both these eminent judges: the first by death, the latter, we rejoice to say, only by retirement. But not the less—rather all the more on that account—are they retained among our "Sketches;" for they both belonged to a great school of scholarlike and accomplished lawyers, who have left none behind to rival them in reputation; and who, for that reason, preeminently deserve to be remembered.

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Letsure Hour.

### COLORED RAIN AND SNOW.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

EVERY student of natural phenomena is probably acquainted with some of the traditions recorded by ancient writers concerning the preternatural rains of blood, stones, animals, and fishes, which are said to have occurred at different epochs of the world's history. In modern days, however, many of us are apt to smile at the credulity of our forefathers, whose superstitious minds turned these easily-explained phenomena into judgments of Providence, or "signs and wonders" portending events of disaster and ruin to all around. But though we, in this nineteenth century, are in the habit occasionally of using the homely phrase, "It rains cats and dogs," we are afraid that if a shower of much less important animals were to take place, many of us, notwithstanding our increased intelligence, would look upon the phenomenon with feelings not very different from those of our ancestors. Possibly our anxieties would only be of a temporary nature; for in these days of scientific investigation the origin of such a phenomenon would be a pleasant subject for the naturalists of the neighborhood, whose practical researches would speedily eradicate any latent feeling of superstition still attaching to us.

It is not our purpose, however, in the preparation of this paper, to record in detail all those preternatural rains of

various kinds of animals, etc., described in the works of many ancient writers, because it is difficult to know what is, and what is not, authentic. On the contrary, we shall confine our remarks principally to those mysterious rains of modern times observed to have been colored, some red, others black, and a few gray. We shall at the same time endeavor to account briefly as to the origin of these colors, and to show that almost every recorded instance of these colored rains, and also of colored snow, is the general result of some easily-explained act of nature.

The first illustration which we shall quote is that memorable example of red rain known to have fallen in the Hague in 1670. It has been related by Swammerdam, that, early one morning in that year, the whole population was in an uproar. It was soon discovered that the commotion arose from a mysterious rain of blood, as it was considered by all. This rain must have fallen during the night hours, for the lakes and ditches were known to have been full of water on the preceding evening. People of all classes, high and low, were affected by this apparent miraculous act of Providence, foretelling scenes of approaching war and bloodshed. There happened, however, to be a certain physician in the town, whose scientific curiosity urged him to inquire into the cause of this wonderful phenomenon. He obtained some of the water from one of the canals, analyzed it with a microscope, and found that it had not really changed color, but that the blood-like red was produced by swarms of small red animals or insects, of perfect organization, and in full activity. This scientific physician immediately announced the result of his examination of the water; but though the Hollanders were convinced of the accuracy of his discovery, they did not appear to be anxious to divest the occurrence of its prophetic character. On the contrary, they concluded that the sudden appearance of such an innumerable host of red insects was as great a miracle as the raining of actual blood would have been; and, in after years, there were many who believed this phenomenon to have been a prediction of the war and desolation which Louis XIV. afterwards brought into that country.

It has been supposed that the insects alluded to above, and the cause of such a universal panic, were a kind of water-flea, with branched horns, called by Swammerdam *Pulices arborescentes*. How they became so suddenly multiplied has never been explained, except by the rational supposition that they were brought from a distance by the wind, and then deposited with the rain.

Something analogous to this came under the eye of the writer a few years ago. During a very gloomy rain which fell at Greenwich, a universal deposit of small black flies was found to have taken place. The plants and shrubs in the writer's garden were covered by hundreds of thousands of these insects, in some instances completely hiding the plant from view. Before the rain began not one was noticed. We have been lately informed that a similar deposit occurred at Cambridge about eleven years ago.

On the 14th March, 1813, the inhabitants of Gerace, Calabria, perceived a terrific cloud advancing from the sea, the wind having blown from that direction during the two preceding days. At two o'clock in the afternoon this dense cloud, which gradually changed from a pale to a fiery red, totally intercepted the light of the sun. Shortly after, the town was enveloped in a darkness sufficiently great to excite timid people, who rushed to the cathedral, thinking that the end of the world was approaching. The appearance of the heavens at this moment was unspeakably grand, the fiery red cloud increasing in intensity. Then, amid terrific peals of thunder, accompanied by vivid flashes of forked lightning, large drops of red rain fell, which were hastily assumed by the excited populace to be either drops of blood or fire. The rain, more or less colored, continued to fall until the evening, when the clouds dispersed, and the people were again restored to their ordinary tranquillity.

Some colored rain, which fell under circumstances similar to the above, in another part of Italy, was subsequently analyzed by M. Sementini, who found that the coloring matter consisted of light dust of a marked earthy taste. By the action of heat he discovered that this earthy deposit became brown, then black,



and finally red. After being thus calcined, numerous small brilliant particles of yellow mica could be perceived by the naked eye. M. Sementini concluded from his analysis that the deposit was compounded principally of silica, alumina, lime, carbonic acid, and oxide of iron. A yellow resinous substance was also found to be a part of its composition. It is very probable that these, and similar specimens of colored dust, were first emitted from an active volcano, and afterwards carried a considerable distance through the upper regions of the atmosphere, finally descending in the form of rain.

A colored deposit, resembling brick-powder, took place in the valley of Oneglia, Piedmont, during the night of the 27th October, 1814. This powder covered the leaves of trees, grass, etc. On the following day a very fine rain fell, which, on being evaporated, carried away the more soluble and less colored particles. The remainder, accumulating in the cavities of the leaves, produced the startling appearance of blood-spots, and created the utmost consternation among the peasantry. The deposit was of a decidedly earthy flavor, and was supposed by M. Lavagna, a resident physician, to have been of volcanic origin, brought from the south by a high wind which had blown from that quarter during the night. The celebrated French philosopher M. Arago, referring to this phenomenon, has remarked: "Is not this an example of those pretended rains of blood which were always considered by the ancients to be such fatal omens?"

In an analysis of some colored rain of this description, which fell in the Netherlands in 1819, it was discovered by MM. Meyer and Stoop, chemists of Bruges, that the coloring matter was principally chloride of cobalt. On another occasion, in Tuscany, a quantity of the colored matter deposited on the leaves of plants was collected in the Botanical Garden at Siena, and subjected to analysis by Professor Giuli. It was found to be composed of some vegetable organism, in addition to carbonate of iron, manganese, carbonate of lime, alumina, and silica. In a remarkable fall which occurred on the 19th February, 1841, in the district between Genoa and the Lago

Maggiore, the earthy deposit consisted of talc, quartz, carbonate of lime, bituminous matter, and also some remains of the seeds of different plants.

There are several other records of *red* rain, with similar phenomena to what we have already described, but it is not necessary to enter into any detail, though it is very possible that their origin cannot always be traced to the same source. In most cases it can scarcely be doubted that the extremely light particles of which the powder is composed are carried into the upper currents of the atmosphere, either by volcanic action, as we have before suggested, or by a violent whirlwind. The separate particles are then drifted forward until the upper current of air, with which they are now amalgamated, comes into contact with other currents of lower temperature, when they fall to the earth with the condensed vapor, in the form of colored rain. An illustration of this occurred on the 9th November, 1819, at Montreal, Canada. Suddenly the city was enveloped in darkness, when rain began to fall as black as ink. Some of the liquid was collected and forwarded to New-York for analysis, when it was discovered that the foreign substance which gave the water this extraordinary color consisted of soot. This was explained afterwards as follows: Owing to the dryness of the season an immense conflagration of some large forests, situated south of the river Ohio, had taken place, and then, owing to the wind having blown steadily towards the north for some time, these black sooty particles had been conveyed by an upper current of air into Lower Canada.

Another deposit of this sooty powder fell on the snow in the neighborhood of Broughton, United States, on the 16th November, 1819. It is very probable that similar depositions took place at the time in many other parts of the country, though unrecorded.

It has been mentioned in the public journals that a phenomenon which appears to be something analogous to the preceding took place at Birmingham so lately as the 3d May, 1866. At eleven A.M., and also at four P.M. on that day, that town was enveloped in an unnatural gloom. It is recorded that the darkness was so great, at both times, that many

accidents took place in the streets. Gas-lamps were lighted at some of the crossings, and in nearly all places of business. During the gloom a black rain fell, which deteriorated the water in open tanks, and blackened the clothes exposed on the greens, not only in Birmingham, but in the rural places around, some of which were windward of the town. In Scotland these black rains have been frequently noticed. On two occasions of black showers in that country, pumice-stones are said to have fallen, some of which measured eight to ten inches in diameter, and weighed upwards of a pound avoirdupois. We believe that these foreign substances were brought from distant places; and it is not impossible that some may have had a volcanic origin, though no outburst has been known to have taken place. There are many such instances recorded by the ancients as miraculous rains, now considered to have been strictly volcanic; such as the shower of stones on Mount Albano, mentioned by Livy, and the stone which fell in Thrace, as described by the naturalist Pliny. Many other showers of a like nature have been proved to owe their origin to volcanic action.

A remarkable rain of this kind occurred on the 24th April, 1781, in the island of Sicily, which excited a considerable amount of interest among contemporary scientific men. On the morning of that day, every exposed place within a certain district was found covered with a colored cretaceous gray water, which, on being evaporated, left a deposit of nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness. The effects of this shower were exhibited sixty or seventy miles from Mount Etna, passing nearly in a direct line from N.N.E. to S.S.W. From an analysis of some of the deposit taken from the leaves of plants by the Count de Gioeni, he concluded that it must have been emitted from Mount Etna, and that, in its descent to the earth, it must have mingled with the aqueous vapor contained in the clouds, which do not always rise to the summit of the mountain. Or the deposit might have had its origin in the thick smoke emitted, with other matter, from the volcano. This smoke would evidently be carried by the wind over the tract of country where the deposit

was found, when, after having become specifically heavier than the air, by being condensed by the colder atmosphere around it, it would descend in the form of colored rain.

In the few examples we have given of rain accompanied by a colored deposit, we have affirmed that the general cause has arisen, in almost every instance, by the transportation, through the upper currents of the atmosphere, of innumerable particles of dust, volcanic or otherwise, or of bodies of animal or vegetable origin. We happen to know, from experience, that floating bodies, both organic and inorganic, do at certain seasons of the year follow the course of the atmospheric currents, and that they are perceived to pass in inconceivable numbers across the field of view of an astronomical telescope. It will be interesting to some of our readers if we give, briefly, a practical illustration of this fact. On the 4th of September, 1850, the Rev. W. Read, of South Mimms, Middlesex, was engaged observing the planet Mercury near the sun, when he was greatly surprised to see an immense number of apparently meteoric bodies floating, as it were, in the atmosphere. Nothing, however, was visible to the naked eye, to which the sky appeared cloudless and serene. Some of the bodies were as bright as the planet Venus, which was brought into view for the sake of comparison. Their color was white, with a slight tinge of blue. Mr. Read says: "They did not cease for a minute, passing often in inconceivable numbers from the time I first saw them; namely, from about half past nine A.M. to about half past three P.M., when they became fewer, passed at longer intervals, and then finally ceased." Mr. Read's impression, that the origin of these curious bodies was meteoric, or, in fact, a shower of shooting stars at some distance from the earth's surface, is not a very probable one; but they are now generally understood to have been of a vegetable structure, composed principally of the seeds of various plants. The writer of this paper has frequently seen them, in the dry autumn season, pass across his telescope in daylight, while engaged in astronomical observations. The Rev. W. R. Dawes, whose acute vision is so well

recognized by astronomers, has contributed to the Royal Astronomical Society a very graphic account of some observations made by him on the 9th of September, 1851. We quote his own words: "I directed my telescope as near to the sun as my eye could bear, when immediately plenty of these luminous objects were seen, all passing nearly in the same direction, namely, from about E.N.E. to W.S.W.; but a few proceeded from N.E. to N.N.E. Some of them were much larger than others, the largest being generally the roundest, and moving across the field of view in less time than the smaller ones. As a comparative standard of their brilliancy, I moved the telescope upon the planet Venus, which was then about  $6^{\circ}$  to the west of the sun. Plenty of the luminous objects passed through the field, and many of them were much brighter than the planet." Having ascertained on former occasions that appearances very similar to these were caused by feathered seeds seen out of focus, Mr. Dawes readjusted his telescope, by which means he was able to select some of the principal specimens, and to bring them correctly into focus. Their vegetable character now became visibly apparent, and they were seen to roll over and over, exhibiting a feathery down with great distinctness. When near the sun they appeared extraordinarily bright till they passed on to the sun's disk, on which they immediately became dark spots, the feathery down becoming more distinctly visible than before. It is the opinion of Mr. Dawes that the seeds belonged to many different sorts of plants, such as thistle, dandelion, groundsel, and some kinds of willow. He has also remarked that the air had been for some time previously very dry and calm, but that on the day of observation a brisk wind was blowing.

Colored snow doubtless owes its origin, in some measure, to the same cause as colored rain, though by a slower and more permanent process. In consequence, however, of its locality being generally confined to unfrequented regions, it has seldom been looked upon as a result of miraculous agency; it has only, therefore, afforded an interesting theme for scientific inquiry. Two brief illustrations must suffice for our present

purpose. In the middle of the last century M. de Saussure, so celebrated for his Alpine and meteorological researches, discovered a considerable quantity of red snow on some of the high mountains of the Alps. In 1778 he made an analysis of some collected on the Mount St. Bernard, and proved that the coloring matter was a vegetable substance, possibly the farina of some flower. M. de Saussure was not aware of such a plant being indigenous to Switzerland, at any rate in such abundance as to give materials for coloring so large a mass of snow. He, however, supposed it probable that the original color of the deposit was not red, but that the action of the sun's light might have produced a chemical change. It is now known that the red color is sometimes due to a minute species of lichen.

The Crimson Cliffs near Cape York, Baffin's Bay, discovered by Captain Ross during his first voyage to the Arctic Regions, in 1818, excited considerable attention on the return of the expedition to England. The coloring matter of the snow taken from these crimson cliffs, being placed by Captain Ross under a microscope, was found "to consist of particles like a very minute round seed, which were exactly of the same size, and of a deep red color; on some of the particles a small dark speck was also seen. . . . In the evening I caused some of the snow to be dissolved and bottled, when the water had the appearance of muddy port wine. In a few hours it deposited a sediment, some of which was bruised, and found to be composed wholly of red matter; when applied to paper, it produced a color nearest to Indian red." On the return of Captain Ross to England, he placed some of the bottles in the hands of Dr. Wollaston and other botanists, for the purpose of being analyzed. Dr. Wollaston has published a detailed account, from which we extract the following: "The red matter I am strongly inclined to regard as of vegetable origin, consisting of minute globules, one thousandth to three thousandths of an inch in diameter; I believe their coat to be colorless, and the redness belongs wholly to the contents, which seem to be of an oily nature, and not soluble in water. . .

If they are from the sea, there seems no limit to the quantity that may be carried to land by a continued and violent wind; no limit to the period during which they may have accumulated, since they would remain from year to year, undiminished by the processes of thawing and evaporation, which remove the snow with which they are mixed." M. Thénard, M. de Candolle, Robert Brown, and others have also expressed their opinion as to the vegetable character of the deposit, but from what plant it is derived is not so satisfactorily settled.

In this brief sketch of a few colored rains, all of which may be considered as authentic, we have generally avoided allusion to miraculous rains of animals, such as frogs, fishes, etc., though there are many of these which are not altogether fabulous, but which, on inquiry, can be explained by some natural cause. We will give only one example, on the authority of a writer in Rees's *Cyclopædia*. During a terrific storm which passed over a town near Paris, numerous fishes were seen to fall into the streets. Nobody doubted their falling from the clouds; but, though it appeared an absurdity, some of the fish being five or six inches long, nothing could shake the belief of the people in this miracle, "till they found, upon inquiry, that a very well-stocked fish-pond, which stood on an eminence in the neighborhood, had been blown dry by the hurricane, and only the great fish left at the bottom of it, all the smaller fry having been tossed into the streets."

Saturday Review.

#### WILLIAM HOGARTH.\*

EVERYBODY remembers the astonishment and awe which seized the town when these truly amazing papers flared comet-like across the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*. The newest thing in style is absolutely portentous. The concluding apostrophe of the first fragment of this astounding piece of workmanship has probably never been rivalled. The

invocation was sublime. "The three last years of century seventeen glide away from me," the writer reflected pathetically. "Plumed hats, ye are henceforth to be cocked. Swords, ye shall be worn diagonally, not horizontally. Puffed sleeves, ye must give place to ruffles. Shoe-bows, the era of buckles is coming. Knickerbocker breeches, with rosettes at the knees, ye must be superseded by smalls and rolled stockings," and so forth. This daring feat of impersonation is still inimitable and unsurpassed. The place of the Muses in historic dedication is filled by shoe-bows and knickerbockers. Instead of hailing the gods, the modern *vates* hails his clothes, and gives them information as to the probable change of cut in a succeeding generation. Unluckily, the consciousness that he was only talking to knickerbocker breeches, *justaucorps*, and periwigs made the ingenious author a trifle indifferent as to points which, if meant for human beings, would no doubt have been accurately put. He concludes his apostrophe to his wardrobe by the statement that "in 1703 William dies, and the Princess of Denmark reigns in his stead." This shows the peril of letting a mighty imagination carry one away. Imagination may persuade you that breeches have ears to ear, and understandings wherewith to understand; but it cannot teach dates. We always fancied that William III. died in May, 1702. And imagination cannot teach Latin either. The writer, just before that passionate address to the various articles of apparel, has mentioned Temple Bar, and this reminds him, of course, of the story of Johnson and Goldsmith. A good stock anecdote is invariably pressed into the service. It is not of the least consequence that at this time neither Johnson nor Goldsmith had seen Temple Bar. Temple Bar has been mentioned, and, therefore, the anecdote must be introduced. But, alas, in what a fashion? "*Forsit an et nobis*," whispered Goldsmith slyly to Johnson, as they gazed up at the heads." Nothing of the sort. The London men of letters in those days knew their classics, though their successors may not. Mr. Sala must have allowed his imagination to get inflamed at the prospect of the impersonation of breeches,

\* William Hogarth; Painter, Engraver, and Philosopher. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. With Illustrations. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1886.



and mixed up his little stock of quotations, curiously piecing on a bit of *Sic vos non vobis*, with which we have no doubt he is familiar, to the genuine *Forsitan et nostrum*. What would Johnson have done to Goldsmith if he had heard him say, *Forsitan et nobis nomen miscebitur istis?* Among other slight confusions of fact and date, we are told how, at a certain time, "the French prophets, whom John Wesley knew, are working sham miracles in Soho, emulating—the impostors!—the marvels done at the tomb of the Abbé Diacre, or Chanoine Paris, and positively holding exhibitions in which fanatics suffer themselves to be trampled, jumped upon, and beaten with clubs, for the greater glory of Molinism." "Such is revivalism in 1720." This is particularly puzzling, because, as it happened, the Abbé Paris did not die until 1727. However, we are not very long in finding out that it is useless to attempt to follow Mr. Sala into history. Style is his strong point clearly, and here we can only stand afar off and wonder. Mr. Sala does not care too much for history, and won't pin his reputation on a date or a quotation, but on Style he takes his stand. For elegance and grace, for polish, for true and refined humor, where shall we find his match? Take, as a specimen, his way of putting it that Sir James Thornhill was displeased at his daughter's marriage with Hogarth. "Oh! it is terrible to think of this rich man," our exquisite humorist assures us, "this father of a disobedient Dinah, walking his studio all round, vowing vengeance against that rascally Villikins, and declaring that of his large fortune she shan't reap the benefit of one single pin! Oh! cruel 'parient,' outraged papa, Lear of genteel life!" This, we suppose, is an instance of the great art of realizing the past, of bringing history and biography home to us, of making the known and the near elucidate the distant and the strange. The past is made to live by means of the silly slang of the pot-house and the music-hall. There is such prodigious unspeakable humor in calling a father a "parient," and in naming everybody who runs away with his master's daughter after the hero of a trumpery pot-house ballad. Suppose that Mr. Sala, in an unwonted access of good taste, had

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written "parent" in lieu of "parient," would the passage have been very much less convulsingly funny than it is?

It is the same delicate sense of true humor, the same insatiable appetite for fun, which induces Mr. Sala to call a fool's cap "the asinine tiara of tribulation," and the birch "the virgal rod of anguish." Mark the simple means by which this irresistible fun is manufactured. You get an English-Latin dictionary, turn out the Latin equivalents for the plain English, then put them into English again, and elongate the phrase as far as you possibly can. Fool's cap by this method becomes "asinine tiara," and then you add "tribulation," because it is a longish word, a Latin word, and begins with the same letter as tiara. In much the same way, a birch rod becomes a virgal rod. In another place laughter becomes "cachinnation" by the same simple and easy method. A stupid person may insist that he cannot see any particular joke in this transmogrification of phrase, and that there is no more humor in speaking of an asinine tiara of tribulation than in calling it a fool's cap at once. But people of this impenetrable sort must be abandoned to their dull fate. One cannot help or convince them. They are not fit to enjoy the inestimable privilege of reading what Mr. Sala is good enough to write. We can quite believe that they would not relish his joke about the time of "the crapulous controversy between George IV. and his wife"—"a jocund Christian time; Reformers calling their king 'knave, tyrant and debauchee;' loyalists screaming 'hussey' and worse names after their queen." And now for the joke—"That was in the time of the Consul Umanlius, I should think." This is what the famous old style of the English essayists has come to—a new style of utterly forced and bastard fun. Again, the meat-wives of Newgate Market are supposed to have been in the habit of allowing themselves to be overtaken by burnt sherry as early as eight o'clock in the morning. Thus they get into "a jovial but prematurely matutinal condition." One hears a clang of Latin here, but, granting all the praise that is due to Mr. Sala for the conspicuous merit of using long Latin words, we still doubt whether we have grasped all the hidden

beauties of the phrase. What is a matutinal condition? Half-educated people sometimes talk of a postprandial condition, and one knows what they mean. If Mr. Sala, in his own elegant *argot*, had accused the meat-wives of being in a prematurely vespertinal condition, we should have known what he meant. Perhaps he got confused between vespertinal and matutinal. And he missed an excellent opportunity of using "præjentacular," which would have been a syllable longer, and would, besides, have had a still more intensely Latin look about it.

Besides the ancient language, ancient history does much for Mr. Sala's style. It bristles with promiscuous allusions, which by people of taste are supposed to impart an otherwise unattainable flavor to style. "Whitehall must have been a grand place," Mr. Sala thinks, "even as the heterogeneous pile that existed in William Dutchman's time." Mark, in passing, the joke of calling William III. William Dutchman. "But if James or Charles had possessed funds to rebuild it according to Inigo Jones's magnificent plan, of which the banqueting-house is but an instalment, the palace of Whitehall would have put to the blush the Baths of Diocletian, the house of Nero—yea, and the temple which Eratostratus burned, to prove that all things were vanity even to incendiarism." This is really worth admiring. The problem is, how to bring into an essay on Hogarth the names of Diocletian and Eratostratus—names as full of comfort to Mr. Sala, no doubt, as Mesopotamia was to the pious old woman. The problem is thus settled. Hogarth was at some time a little boy. As a little boy he would pass the banqueting-house at Whitehall—and as a man, too, for that matter; but then Mr. Sala is supposed to be writing about his boyhood when seized with this strange whim for Eratostratus, so Eratostratus must be lugged in then or never. The banqueting-house was only part of Whitehall. Suppose Whitehall had been completed, *If* James I. or Charles I. had got the money, it would have been completed. Second hypothesis—*If* it had been completed, it would have put to the blush the temple of Eratostratus. And thus the word of comfort and edification is inserted.

Even when Mr. Sala sticks to plain English, and forbears from Eratostratus and the asinine tiara of tribulation and the virgal rod, what a unique style he is blessed with! For example, after telling us that "in 1703 William dies," he bursts forth into amazing cries—"Up, little boy Hogarth! grow stout and tall, and have to be bound 'prentice and learn the mystery of the cross-hatch and the double cipher! Up, baby Hogarth; there is glorious work for you to do!" Who was Hogarth, one asks, that he should be hailed in this truly absurd fashion? Suppose one were to write a life of Turner, say, and were to end the opening chapter by silly cries of this sort—"Up, little boy Turner! up, baby Turner!" How would Mr. Sala himself like his future biographer to hail him thus fatuously? A style of this kind, in which everything is sacrificed to mannerisms and tricks and intrusive odds and ends, is absolutely fatal to any clearness of idea. The essays are alleged by the author to be essays on the man, the work, and the time. We should like to know what distinct conception of either the man, the work, or the time, anybody gets from this highly ingenious *olla podrida*. There is no plan, no method. Things are not made to hang together by the very slenderest thread. You have page after page of the same kind of writing, not unreadable to anybody who can tolerate the mannerism, but showing no effort either to show the man's place relative to his time, or the place of his time relative to general history. There is no beginning and no end. And this is natural enough and pardonable enough in newspaper correspondence. Of all newspaper correspondents Mr. Sala is the most entertaining. But William Hogarth deserved to be treated rather differently from the Schenectady Railway Station. He really was a philosopher. He was one of the very greatest moralists in the world, and he was deeper than most moralists. He had a keen eye for the cruel, bitter irony of life, for instance, to which moralists have too often been blind. He had, too, a fund of pity and universal kindness, and at the same time he was master of the arts which produce terror. Nothing can surpass the horrors of some of his pictures, and yet they are brought out by the very

simplest truthfulness. Mr. Sala is quite capable of entering into all this. Why, then, instead of producing a profound *étude* on Hogarth, which need not have been dull and solemn, should he have written such a miscellaneous volume as this, which is dull, as all books are that insist on being lively and funny at all cost?

North British Review.

#### SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHY.

[NOTWITHSTANDING the great length of this paper, we are confident it will commend itself to our readers for its intelligible, thorough, and scientific treatment of the subject. The article is doubtless from the pen of Sir DAVID BREWSTER.—[EDITOR ECLECTIC.]

At a time when the first successful submarine cable has been laid across the Atlantic, and a second has been recovered from depths once thought unfathomable, many persons will be led to consider how far these great achievements, following on failures almost as great, have been due to mere good fortune, or to a real progress in knowledge. The object of this article is shortly to explain the advances which have lately been made in theory and practice by those who carry out the manufacture and submersion of telegraph cables. To make this explanation intelligible to the general reader, it will be well first to describe what a submarine cable is, and what are the functions it has to perform, although probably few who read this article will be so entirely ignorant of the subject as to suppose, with an ingenious correspondent of the *English Mechanic and Mirror of Science*, that the copper conductor is a long rope which slips backwards and forwards inside a gutta-percha tube, so as to ring a bell in America when pulled by the clerk in England.

The electrical conductor in a cable really is a copper rope in almost all cables now made, though a single wire is still sometimes used; when small, three wires generally form the strand; when larger, seven wires are used. Single wires were first employed, but they sometimes broke at a brittle part, and when large, were inconveniently stiff, tending to force their way out through the insulating sheath of gutta-percha. The seven wires of the

strand never break all at one point, and the fracture of any one produces no sensible effect on the conductor as a whole; for although the strength of a chain is limited by that of its weakest link, the conducting power of a wire or strand is in no way limited by that of its smallest section. The large Atlantic strand might be cut in two and joined by a short fine wire barely visible to the eye, without any difference being felt in the rapidity with which signals could be transmitted, or in the magnitude of the currents observed in the cable. The thin wire would produce no sensible effect, unless the length over which it formed the exclusive conductor bore some sensible proportion to that of the whole cable. Six, therefore, of the seven wires of a conductor may be broken in a thousand places without any injury to the cable, provided any one wire at each spot remains not wholly broken; nor is it, of course, necessary that this one wire should always be the same. Of course the seven wires forming the strand act as one conductor, and transmit only one message at a time.

The interstices between the several wires are filled with an insulating varnish known as Chatterton's Compound. The object of this varnish is to prevent the percolation of water along the strand, should any water ever reach it, and also to produce a more perfect adhesion between the strand and the gutta envelope, so that it becomes very difficult to strip off the insulator, even should it be cut or abraded. In older cables it was by no means difficult to pull the insulator off the copper in the form of a gutta-percha tube, and in great depths water was very generally found to have penetrated to the copper throughout its entire length. This was not necessarily fatal to the cable, for the water inside might be quite well insulated from the water outside, owing to the extreme minuteness of the pores by which it had gained access to the interior; but this water was the cause of serious difficulty and danger in joining a fresh piece of cable to an old one during repairs, and it was also probably dangerous by its tendency to produce an oxidation of the copper conductor. In cables as now made, there is no space for the water to lodge, and no water is ever

found between the insulator and the copper.

The insulator employed in every cable of importance hitherto laid has been gutta-percha. The copper strand is passed into a vat of semi-fluid percha, and is drawn through a die of such size as to allow a convenient thickness of insulator to be pressed out round it. This first layer of gutta-percha receives a coat of Chatterton's Compound, and the process is repeated until the copper is covered to the specified thickness by a succession of alternate layers of gutta-percha and compound. Three or four coats of each material are generally used; the largest wires with their insulating cover are nearly half an inch in diameter, the smallest in practical use for cables are about a quarter of an inch in diameter; but it is quite possible to cover in this way copper wire no thicker than a hair. The dangers encountered in this part of the manufacture are, impurities in the gutta-percha; eccentricity of the conductor in the insulator, leaving a dangerously thin coating of the latter; and, lastly, air-bubbles which may lodge in the insulator unperceived, and do serious injury. In time, water is certain to penetrate to these air-bubbles; it becomes partly decomposed, the gas generated bursts the bubble, and exposes the copper to the water. The slight leak thus formed is, by the action of the battery used in signalling, easily developed into a very serious fault. Fortunately, the manufacturers have been able almost, if not wholly, to prevent the occurrence of these dangerous cavities.

If the cable is to have only one conductor, as is the case in most long lines, the insulated wire is served or wrapped with hemp or jute, which acts as a padding between the gutta-percha and the outer iron wires used to give strength. This serving used to be tarred, but Mr. W. Smith pointed out that the tar was occasionally squeezed into small faults, and was a sufficiently good insulator to prevent their detection during manufacture, though not sufficiently good to prevent these flaws, under the action of the battery, from developing into serious faults. Since then, wet tanned hemp has been generally used. Outside the hemp serving come the iron wires, laid round and round the core, so as to give the

whole the appearance of a simple wire rope.

These iron wires are very generally galvanized to prevent rust. In many cases they are further covered by a double serving of hemp, and a bituminous compound of mineral pitch, Stockholm tar, and powdered silica, patented by Messrs. Bright and Clark. This compound is used in the Persian Gulf cable, the Lowestoft-Norderney (Hanover) cable, and several less important lines, and seems to answer well. In other cases, as in the present Atlantic cables, each iron wire is separately covered with a hempen serving, and the served wires are then laid round the core as before; the cable in this case looks like a hemp instead of an iron rope. Many other forms have been proposed, and a few adopted, but before these can be discussed, the duties which the cable has to perform, as a rope, must be understood; and before entering on this subject, which is purely mechanical, it will probably be better to return to the insulated conductor and its electrical properties. Its form and materials have nominally undergone hardly any change since the manufacture of the first cable laid from Dover to Calais in 1851. The copper strand was substituted for the single wire in the Newfoundland and Cape Breton cable, laid in 1856. Chatterton's Compound was used in the cable between England and Holland, laid in 1858. The interstices in the copper strand were filled with compound in the Malta-Alexandria cable, laid in 1861; and since that time absolutely no change has nominally been effected either in the form or materials used.

Now, inasmuch as an overwhelming proportion of the cables laid in deep seas have failed, have we any right whatever to expect that cables will be permanently successful, of which the vital portion is nominally identical with that of the old Atlantic, the Red Sea, the Sardinia-Malta and Corfu, Sardinia-Africa, the Toulon-Corsica, the Toulon-Algiers cables, which, in the aggregate, represent about 8000 statute miles of wire, which, after a more or less brief period of working, became wholly useless, as may be supposed chiefly from electrical defects? Did it not seem almost madness to attempt to cross 2000 miles, in depths exceeding 2000 fathoms,



at a time when the only cable which could be cited as having worked satisfactorily for any considerable time in deep water, was a short length of the Malta-Alexandria cable, lying in 420 fathoms of water? To the public, and to many engineers, it did seem hopeless; but the fact that it was precisely those persons who knew most of the subject that risked their reputation and their money, should prepare us to believe, that, although the name of the materials and the form of the insulated conductor remained unchanged, other changes had taken place which fully justified the confidence of the Atlantic projectors. The methods by which the perfection or imperfection of the cables were examined—the methods of testing, as it is called—have in fact made enormous progress, and it is to the discoveries and inventions in this branch of science that we owe both those improvements in the quality of the materials employed, and that certainty of detecting the smallest fault, which led so many practical engineers and electricians to a conviction of the feasibility of the great undertaking now so happily completed. It is on these electrical tests that a reasonable belief may be based of the probable permanence of the two Atlantic cables, and it is to these improvements that attention will now be directed. The electrical tests employed for the first cables made were simple enough. It was necessary to ascertain that the copper conductor in the cable was unbroken, and fit to transmit an electric current. This was tested by placing a galvanometer in a simple circuit formed by the battery, the copper conductor of the cable, and the wire of the galvanometer. If the conductor was unbroken, a current passed from one battery pole to the other through the cable, and in its passage through the instrument deflected a needle. The stronger the current, the more the magnetized needle was deflected. If the conductor failed at any point, no current passed. It was also desirable to know that the conductor was insulated, so that no considerable portion of the current entering one end of the cable would be lost before arriving at the other end, where it would be required to produce a signal; to ascertain

this the metallic circuit was broken—one pole of the battery remained connected with the conductor of the cable through the galvanometer wire; the other pole was connected with a plate buried in damp earth, the cable was put under water, and its far distant end was insulated. Thus the battery was ready to send a current into the cable, and would do so, if the cable were at any point connected with the earth. When the cable was well insulated, no current passed; if there was a fault, that is to say, a connection between the copper inside the cable and the earth or water outside, a current passed and deflected the galvanometer needle. The test consisted simply in trying whether a current would pass through the conductor, and would be stopped by the insulator; the galvanometer being an instrument which showed the presence or absence of a current by its effect on a magnetized needle. Staunch conservatives may still be heard to sigh for the good old times when a cable was good if the needle stood upright, and bad if it leaned to one side; when there were neither complications nor calculations to perplex or mislead any one.

These simple tests, when applied to long cables, had serious defects. Sir W. Thomson was the first to insist on the importance of ascertaining not only that some current would pass through the conductor, but that the greatest possible current did pass which could be expected with a conductor of given dimensions and material. The current which a given battery will produce depends not only on the length and size of the conductor, but on the material of which it is composed; roughly speaking, a given battery will produce a sixfold greater current in a long wire of good copper than it will in an equally long wire of iron of the same diameter. The property of the conductor, determining the amount of current which will pass through it under given constant circumstances, is termed its resistance. The greater the resistance the less the current, and *vice versa*. Each metal and each alloy has its specific resistance, from which the resistance of any given wire may easily be calculated. It further happens that various specimens of commercial copper differ exceedingly

in this electrical property, so that one copper wire will transmit double the current transmitted by a second in similar circumstances, although to the eye the two wires do not differ. To this fact Sir W. Thomson drew attention in 1857. It might seem of little importance what the resistance of a conductor is, since the current can always be increased by increasing the power of the batteries employed; but Sir W. Thomson pointed out that the rapidity with which a succession of distinct currents, such as are required to produce signals, could be made to follow one another through a long submarine cable, was, *ceteris paribus*, inversely proportional to the resistance of its conductor, so that the commercial value of that cable as a speaking instrument depended on this resistance, which could be diminished only by (at increased cost) increasing the dimensions of the conductor and insulator, or, without any sensible increase of cost, by simply selecting that copper which possessed the smallest specific resistance. This point is clearly explained in the following extract from a paper by Sir W. Thomson, published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society, June 15, 1857:

"It has only to be remarked that a submarine telegraph, constructed with copper wire of the quality of the manufacture A, of only 1.21 of an inch in diameter, covered with gutta-percha to a diameter of a quarter of an inch, would, with the same electrical power, and the same instruments, do more telegraphic work than one constructed of copper wire of the quality D, of 1.16 of an inch in diameter, covered with gutta-percha to a diameter of a third of an inch, to show how important it is to shareholders in Submarine Telegraph Companies, that only the best copper wire should be admitted for their use."

As soon as it came to be understood that the value of a cable might be enhanced forty per cent. by a judicious selection of the copper employed, tests were adopted which should not only show that the conductor would transmit a current, but also that it was the best conductor which could be procured of the dimensions and material chosen. In other words, the resistance of the conductor was measured.

Measurement implies comparison with

some unit. The resistance of some special piece of wire at a given temperature may be taken as a standard "one unit," and the resistance of all other wires or conductors may be referred to this unit. This comparison was rendered possible by the discoveries of Ohm, published in 1827; measurements were made by him and his followers, Lenz and Fechner, in terms of arbitrary units, and Professor Wheatstone in 1843 published an elegant method of making these measurements, and then proposed the adoption of a fixed standard or unit of resistance. When, therefore, it was found desirable to measure the resistance of conductors, the means were not wanting, and were soon very generally adopted. For these measurements "resistance coils" are required; these consist in a graduated series of fine wires of known resistance, which can be combined at will so as to give any multiple of the standard or unit that may be required; they are arranged in boxes, and fitted with stops, slides, or handles, so that the required additions or subtractions of resistance may be easily made. As early as 1847 or 1848, the Electric and International Telegraph Company in England, and Dr. Siemens in Berlin, used resistance coils for practical experiments connected with telegraphy; but it was not till 1857, during the manufacture of the last seven or eight hundred miles of the Atlantic cable, that the copper was systematically selected. This example was followed in the Red Sea cable, when the resistance of the conductor was regularly tested by Mr. Fleeming Jenkin at Birkenhead, and by Messrs. Siemens during the laying. The copper of the first portion of the Atlantic Cable was not selected in this manner, and was of very indifferent quality. Since then the improvement has been continual. Dr. Matthiessen reported to the Joint Committee appointed by the Board of Trade, and the Atlantic Company, in 1858, that chemically pure copper was superior to all alloys, and that the best copper for electrical purposes was to be obtained from Lake Superior and Burra-Burra, the worst from Demidoff and Rio Tinto. The gradual improvement since that date may be gathered from the following table:

Date	Name of Cable.	Specific Resistance at 24° C. in British Assoc'n units.
1859.	Red Sea .....	0.270
1861.	Malta - Alexandria .....	0.264
1861.	Persian Gulf. ....	0.247
1865.	Atlantic .....	0.242
1866*.	Lowestoft - Norderney. ....	0.240
	Pure Hard Copper. ....	0.231
	Pure Soft Copper. ....	0.226

The smaller the figure in the last column the better the material; the last figure represents perfection. The specific resistance is the resistance of a foot of wire weighing one grain. The unit in which it is measured is that selected by a committee appointed by the British Association in 1861, from whose yearly reports may be learned the reasons for preferring this to other rival standards—for it is by no means a matter of indifference what unit is employed.

The improvements in the methods and instruments used to measure resistance have far more than kept pace with the practical improvement of the material. Resistance coils would now be considered very bad if their normal values were inaccurate to the extent of one part in a thousand; they may be procured ranging from one unit to one hundred thousand. The standards issued by the committee above named profess to be identical in their resistance, without a greater error than one part in ten thousand. Still greater accuracy could be obtained if required, but the precautions necessary are then very numerous, as may be seen on consulting the various papers by various members of the Committee on Electrical Standards, published in the British Association Reports from 1862 to 1865.

A very wide gulf separates the present practice from the old plan of simply ascertaining the continuity of the conductor. Every hank of copper wire is tested for resistance even before it is spun into a strand. The resistance of the strand is measured by the engineers when covered with gutta-percha, and before being admitted to form part of the cable; for twenty-four hours previous to this test it is kept at a stated temperature. The

conductor of the manufactured cable is also daily measured, less for the purpose of ascertaining its electrical properties than to ascertain its temperature from its observed electrical resistance, and also to check the length supposed to be in circuit when other tests are made. These tests are interfered with by variations of temperature, by slightly imperfect connections, by the inductions of the wire upon itself, and, after the cable is laid, by earth currents. But the precautions thus rendered necessary are well understood, and carefully observed in the case of all important lines. The quality of the copper enters into the engineer's specification with precisely the same numerical accuracy as its weight; it is referred to definite units; and no more frequent disputes arise between the contractor and engineer as to these measurements, than as to the weights of material supplied.

A further use of these measurements will be spoken of when treating of repairs; but for the present let us leave the tests of the conductor to consider those of the insulator. The conductor may have more or less resistance, and work worse or better in consequence, but if the insulation be defective, the cable may not work at all, and the tests of insulation are therefore the most important of all. The old rough test was defective in many ways. It was found that if large enough batteries were used, and care taken to obtain very sensitive instruments, some current might always be made to pass between the copper and the outside of the insulator; in other words, no insulator offers an infinite resistance to the passage of a current. It was not difficult to judge roughly whether the amount of leakage, as it might be termed, was serious enough to damage a cable; but unfortunately, small faults are apt with time to become large faults, and the rough method was quite useless as a means to detect small faults in long cables. As the cable increased in length, the leakage, even through a good insulator, became so considerable that two or three bad places would make no very sensible difference in the deflection observed; and the galvanometers used became less and less sensitive as their deflections increased, so that the addition caused by a moderate fault became im-

\* The writer believes that the 1866 Atlantic cable has better copper than any of the cables in the above table, but he does not know the exact figure of merit.

perceptible. Then the galvanometers were not constant in their indications, so that the deflection of to-day was a very imperfect guide as to the deflection to be expected to-morrow. The galvanometers used by different observers were seldom or never compared. Moreover, the batteries used varied, and their properties were not examined; little attention was paid to the temperature of the cable, although this has an immense effect on the leakage to be observed; finally, and worst of all, the cables were not immersed in water, and fifty faults might in that case exist in a cable without producing any sensible effect, either on this old rough test, or on any other. Under these circumstances, is it surprising that cables were laid which contained many serious faults, and that, after a short and uncertain period, depending on many circumstances, they ceased to transmit messages? Is it unreasonable to expect that, under a system by which the existence of any sensible inequality in the insulation of a cable is rendered impossible, the cables recently laid may continue in perfect working order for an indefinite period? All experience has shown that sound gutta-percha retains all its valuable properties in deep or shallow water, completely uninjured by use or time. The only decay ever observed has been at bad joints, air-bubbles, or impurities.

It is, again, to Sir W. Thomson that we owe the first suggestion of an accurate method of testing the insulation of a cable. In 1857, in a lecture delivered to the British Association at Dublin, he pointed out that a so-called insulator was really a conductor of enormous resistance; that this resistance, though large, was measurable in terms of the same units as measured the resistance of conductors, and he then gave an estimate that the gutta-percha of the first Atlantic cable had a specific resistance twenty million million times greater than that of copper at about twenty-four degrees Centigrade. At his suggestion, Mr. Fleeming Jenkin made systematic measurements of the resistance of the insulating sheath of the Red Sea cable; and, independently, Dr. Siemens of Berlin had made similar arrangements for those measurements during the submersion of the cable. Unfortunately this cable was

not tested under water, and these tests were therefore of little use, except to determine the properties of gutta-percha. Since 1859, every important cable has been tested on a similar system. The methods used have varied, but they have always resulted in determining the resistance per knot of the insulator. Attention has been paid to the temperature, any rise in which rapidly diminishes the resistance of gutta-percha. The necessary allowance for the different dimensions of various cables has also been made, and no test is now counted of any value unless made under water. The result is that definite numerical results are obtained, comparable one with another, whatever be the dimensions, length, or temperature of the cable, and whatever be the variations in the batteries or galvanometers employed. The work of one day is comparable with that of another; the results obtained in various factories, and by various engineers, are all comparable, and no considerable variation in the resistance of the insulator, such as would be caused even by a small fault, can possibly escape detection. The improvements in the tests have here also been followed by a great improvement in the quality of the materials, as well as by increased security against faults. The specific resistance of the gutta-percha of the last Atlantic cable is twelvefold that of the Red Sea gutta-percha; and at twenty-four degrees Centigrade may be roughly said to be 200,000,000,000,000,000,000 times that of copper (referred to equal dimensions.)

It is difficult to find any comparison which will give a tolerably clear idea of the extraordinary difference between the electrical resistance of these two materials; it is about as great as the difference between the velocity of light and that of a body moving through one foot in six thousand seven hundred years; yet the measurements of the two quantities are daily made with the same apparatus and the same standards of comparison. This fact is well calculated to give an idea of the range of electrical measurements, and the perfection to which the instruments employed have been brought.

Resistance coils and the galvanometer variously combined allow these measurements to be accurately made in many



ways. Sir W. Thomson's reflecting galvanometer is now almost exclusively used for this purpose. The simple deflection test is still frequently employed, but it is then reduced by calculation so as to give the results in resistance.

It would be out of place to attempt to explain in detail the modes of testing adopted, but it may be interesting to enumerate the several examinations which each mile of insulated wire undergoes before it is admitted to a cable.

1. The hank of copper wire is tested for resistance.

2. The resistance of the copper conductor of the insulated mile of wire is measured after having been kept for twenty-four hours in water at a constant temperature.

3. The resistance of the insulator is measured under the same conditions, once with a current from the zinc pole, and once with a current from the copper pole of the voltaic battery. The above tests are made by the contractor.

4, 5. The last two tests are repeated by independent observers acting as the engineers of the company.

6. The coil of wire is again tested for insulation immediately before being joined to the manufactured cable.

In addition to these tests, in many cases the insulation is tested in water under a great pressure, to simulate the pressure occurring at the bottom of the sea. This test was patented by Mr. Reid, and is probably of considerable service, although in the vast majority of cases the insulation resistance is increased by pressure. While a cable is being submerged it is indeed customary to expect an improvement of about seven per cent. for every one hundred fathoms of water, due to this cause only; thus in two thousand fathoms an improvement of one hundred and forty per cent. is expected.

After the cable is sheathed with iron, it lies under water in large tanks; the resistance measurements are repeated daily, and the results compared with those calculated from the length and temperature of the cables. The effects of an increase of temperature in diminishing the resistance of gutta-percha have been separately examined by Messrs. Siemens, Mr. F. Jenkin, and Messrs. Bright and Clark. The results of the various experiments

agree very closely. One curious phenomenon deserves mention: the apparent resistance of insulators increases materially while the battery is applied to them, and it is therefore necessary to note the time at which the observation is taken. In the earlier cables even this fact escaped notice. This extra resistance is said to be due to electrification; it ceases gradually after the copper conductor has been discharged by being maintained in electrical connection with the earth, or with the opposite pole of the battery, but in the latter case it reappears as before, increasing as the application of the battery is prolonged. Its cause is not understood. It seems to be a kind of electrical absorption, and is first mentioned by Faraday in experiments on induction.

Enough has been said to explain the care and accuracy with which the insulation of a cable is now measured. The results obtained may be understood from the following facts. Not one third per cent. of a current entering either the 1865 or 1866 Atlantic cables is lost by defective insulation before reaching Newfoundland. Such loss as does occur indicates no fault, but is simply due to the uniform but very minute conducting power of the gutta-percha.

Again, if one of the cables be charged with electricity, and its two ends insulated, at the end of an hour more than half the charge will still be found in the cable. The conducting power of the two thousand miles of gutta-percha has been insufficient in one hour to convey half the charge from the copper to the water outside. Those who have tried to insulate the conductor of a common electrical machine well enough to retain a charge for a few minutes, will appreciate the degree of insulation implied by the above statement. Contrast these facts with the following extract from the lecture delivered before the British Association by Sir W. Thomson in 1857, at Dublin, and good reason will be seen for believing that the rapid failure of the first cable is not likely to be repeated in the case of those now in use:

"The lecturer proceeded to explain, that when tested by the galvanometer, there was very little difference in the force of a current sent into 2500 miles of the Atlantic cable, whether the circuit was or was not complet-

ed. This seemed rather hopeless for telegraphing" (he continued), "where there was so much leakage, that the difference could not be discovered between want of insulation and the remote end. But if there were 49-50ths lost by defective insulation, it would only make the difference between sending a message in nine minutes instead of in eight."\*

Sir William Thomson did not on this occasion mean to state that there really was no difference when the farther end was insulated or put to earth, but the instruments employed showed very little difference, and on a subsequent occasion only about one fourth of the current which started was found to have arrived at the remote end. The difference now is not one three-hundredth part, and the current entering the cable where the remote end is insulated, is now, under the most unfavorable circumstances, not one-hundredth part of that passing when the remote end is put to earth, or, in other words, when the circuit is completed.†

\* From Professor W. Thomson's lecture before the members of the British Association at Dublin, 1857, as reported in the *Glasgow North British Daily Mail* of 4th September, 1857.

† The following data, supplied by Mr. Latimer Clark, Engineer to the Anglo-American Company, will be interesting to those who have made this subject their special study. The total insulation resistance of the whole 1866 cable, as it lies at the bottom of the Atlantic, is 1316 millions of British Association units, or, as Mr. Clark calls them, ohms. This is equal to 2437 ohms per knot after one minute's electrification. The 1865 cable does not sensibly differ from the 1866 cable. Both lose half their charge in from 60 to 70 minutes. The increase of apparent resistance due to electrification is enormous; thus, after thirty minutes' electrification the insulation resistance is more than 7000 millions of ohms per knot. Mr. Jenkin, in the Red Sea cable, did not observe a greater increase than 50 or 60 per cent. due to this cause, and a similar amount has been generally observed on other cables. An increase of 200 per cent. for gutta-percha is perhaps unparalleled, although an even greater increase has been observed with india-rubber prepared by Mr. Hooper. While the cable was on board the Great Eastern, it behaved like all other cables as to electrification, rising, for instance, from 681 to 1051 per knot during thirty minutes, at 18.3° C., so that the increased effect of electrification must be due to the low temperature and high pressure. Mr. C. W. Siemens, in a paper published in the British Association Reports for 1863, arrives at the conclusion that 24° C. pressure does not affect the change produced by electrification. The resistance of the copper conductor of the 1865 cable is 7604, that of the 1866 cable 7209, corresponding to 4.009 and 3.893 per knot respectively. The mean insulation resistance per knot, as measured

Probably the imperfection of the old cable was due rather to the joints between the separate miles of wire as manufactured, than to any extreme inferiority in the gutta-percha employed. These joints are even now the weak places in the protection of a cable. When the gutta-percha has been selected and purified with care, and applied by mechanical contrivances of proved excellence, there is little risk of a fault occurring; but this manufacture cannot be so conducted as to produce one unbroken length of wire, and even if it could, convenience in the other processes of manufacture would require the division of this wire into lengths. One-mile lengths are, in practice, usually made without joint, and are joined together by a skilled workman as occasion arises. The copper strands are soldered together with a scarf-joint, two pieces of fine wire are then wrapped over this joint, so that even if it is pulled asunder, electrical continuity will be preserved, and so far the operation is one of no great difficulty. This cannot be said of the next process, the insulation of the wire by hand, and the welding, as it were, of the new sheets of gutta-percha, so applied with the old sheathing on either side. The gutta-percha is warmed by a spirit-lamp; too much or too little heat is fatal, and the joiner must judge of the temperature by experience; the least moisture will spoil a joint—hence one reason for providing that no moisture can percolate along the metal strand. A very little dirt or impurity will also do much injury—hence the rule that a joiner must do no other work, and that the copper wire must be soldered by one man, the gutta-percha applied by another. A joint may also be spoiled by the presence of air under one of the insulating coats, and as the writer cannot pretend himself to make a joint, other causes of failure probably exist of which he is ignorant, but enough has been said to show the difficulty of the process. Fortunately, joints can now be tested apart from the rest of the cable. In old times when a joint had been made the whole cable was tested; if the leak from the new joint was inconsiderable in compari-

in the factory at 24° C., was 379 millions, after one minute's electrification. All the resistance measurements are given in British Association units.

son with the loss from the whole cable, perhaps some hundred miles long, the joint was supposed to be good, although, perhaps, it may have allowed a greater loss in its few inches of length than occurred from some miles of sound cable. A bad joint seldom does more than this at first, but in time it becomes brittle, cracks, leaves the sound gutta-percha at each side, and, finally, allows the water free access to the strand. Joints of this character have been found in considerable number in old cables, and especially in the old 1857-58 Atlantic cable. Some of these present an appearance of extraordinary carelessness, even the copper strands being imperfectly joined. It is almost certain that the final failure of the 1858 Atlantic cable was due to one of these joints in which the copper was imperfectly joined; the wires were pulled asunder when the cable was being laid, they came together again when the strain was removed, but the points of contact soon were oxidized, and all communication ceased. Mere loss of insulation hardly ever entirely stops signals.

The test now employed shows whether a joint is as good as any equal length of the wire, and all joints which do not reach this standard are mercilessly cut out. First the joints to be tested are allowed to soak in water for twenty-four hours, then they are placed in an insulated trough of water connected with a Leyden jar of large surface, the cable is charged with a powerful battery, and a little electricity leaks out through the joints into the insulated trough. If the joint is good, this leakage is so small that the current produced by it could not be shown by the most sensitive galvanometer, but after a minute or two minutes the insulated trough and Leyden jar will be charged by the gradual accumulation of electricity which has slowly leaked through the joint. If this be now discharged through a galvanometer, it will produce a sensible effect, and can be measured. In fact, the leak which was too small to be directly perceptible, is not only perceived, but its amount ascertained by measuring the quantity which accumulates from it in a given time. This test is due to Messrs. Bright and Clark. Other tests of a similar nature have been proposed, but have been found less con-

venient. The first test for a joint, distinct from that of the whole cable, was, it is believed, proposed by Mr. Whitehouse. No instance has yet occurred of failure in a joint which has successfully passed the accumulation tests above described. There are about two thousand joints in each Atlantic cable.

Any further description of the various tests would only be wearisome. There are tests of charge, of discharge, of the effects of electrification, of the effects of positive and negative currents, tests with statical electricity as well as voltaic currents; but enough has been said to show that the examination of a submarine cable, as now conducted, is not guess-work, or even a matter of experience and skill; it consists simply of a long and laborious series of exact measurements, so expressed in figures that all electricians can understand the results, and compare them with those obtained from other cables, or by other observers. In this lies our safety.

Granting that the production of a perfectly insulated conductor 2000 miles long is no longer a matter of chance, can we protect and lay this wire with equal certainty in such depths as the Atlantic presents? or do we here fall back into a region of mere good or bad luck? As to shallow water, the question need not be asked. No serious strains occur, and the submersion of the cable depends on a few simple mechanical arrangements which have long since been perfected. Even in deep water, cables have not broken during the laying nearly so often as is supposed. Some very early Mediterranean expeditions, a later attempt to join Candia with Alexandria, and the experimental trip of the first Atlantic expedition, give almost the only instances where a cable parted suddenly during submersion; but it must be allowed that the strains endured in passing over depths of 2000 fathoms approached far too nearly to the breaking strain of the cables, and it is by no means impossible that some cables may have been injuriously stretched, although they were not broken.

In order to lay a cable of any construction taut along the bottom of the sea, it is necessary to restrain its free exit from the ship by applying a retarding force nearly equal to the weight of a length of

the cable, hanging vertically from the ship to the bottom of the sea. Cables of the old form, in which simple iron wires were laid round its core, would support from 4000 to 5000 fathoms of themselves hanging vertically in water. They could, therefore, be laid fairly taut in depths of 2000 or 2500 fathoms, such as are met with in the Atlantic, but engineers are in the habit of allowing a very much larger margin than the above. They make all their structures from six to ten times stronger than by exact calculation they need be. This figure "six" or "ten" they call the coefficient of safety. A coefficient of safety of "two," such as was given by these old cables, gave very little safety indeed. When the cables are not laid taut, but with a certain slack, the strain need not be quite so great. The friction of the water tends to relieve the strain, but this relief with the old smooth cables was small.

Sir W. Thomson was again the first to give the true theory of the strains which occur, and the curve assumed by the rope during submersion. The first account of the theory appears in the *Engineer* newspaper of October, 1857.

A much more elaborate investigation was, independently of Sir W. Thomson's theory, made by Messrs. Brook and Longridge, whose able paper was published in the *Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers* for 1858. Dr. Siemens of Berlin independently arrived at similar conclusions; the subject is nevertheless not a very simple one, for the Astronomer-Royal was misled more than once in his investigations concerning it.

When the ship and cable are both at rest, the latter hangs in a simple catenary curve, the strains on which are easily computed; but while the cable is being paid out, it lies in an inclined straight line from a point a very little below the surface of the sea to the bottom (provided, however, the cable as it lies at the bottom is not strained); above the water the cable hangs in a short catenary; the angle at which the cable lies in the water depends on the speed of the ship, and the specific gravity of the cable; it is independent of the strain on the cable, and is therefore unaltered whether the cable is being paid out slack or taut. As the

speed of the ship increases, the angle which the cable makes with the horizon diminishes; the same effect is produced by diminishing the specific gravity of the cable—that is to say, by increasing its bulk relatively to its weight. The Atlantic cable, under the water, probably lay at an angle of nearly  $7^\circ$  with the horizon; on leaving the ship, the angle was  $9\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ . In this case, in a depth of two miles, a length of from  $16\frac{1}{2}$  miles cable would lie in the water between the point where it left the ship and that where it touched the bottom. The weight of this cable, weighed in water, would be 231 cwt.; fortunately, as the cable would break with about 153 cwt., only a very small part of this weight is borne by the cable itself as it leaves the ship. Even if the cable were to be laid absolutely taut, a restraining force of 28 cwt. only would be necessary. In practice, 12 cwt. to 14 cwt. was found quite sufficient.

The cable, as it leaves the ship, may almost be said to lie on a long inclined plane of water; if it lay on a solid inclined plane, without friction, it might, by a well-known law of mechanics, be balanced by a length of itself hanging vertically from the apex of the inclined plane to the bottom, and this is almost exactly the strain required to be given by the brake on board ship to balance the cable, or in other words, to prevent it from shooting back along the inclined plane, so as to lie slack in folds at the bottom; but the inclined plane of water is not at rest, it yields under the cable at every instant, at every spot; yet if the cable were pressed through the water, so that the water yielded before it, but did not slip along it at all, the analogy of the inclined plane would be quite perfect. The resistance of the water to displacement would supply the component of the whole force required, perpendicular to the direction of the cable, exactly as in the case of a solid plane; but, on constructing a diagram, it will at once be seen that the cable, as it descends, slips a little along the plane, and the friction of the water opposing this slip, slightly diminishes the strain required to lay the cable taut. If, on board ship, this full strain is not produced by the brakes, the cable slips still faster back along the inclined plane, and with such



a velocity that the friction of the water on the cable makes up for the insufficient tension given by the brakes, and the equilibrium is again restored, but at the expense of a waste of cable. It will be clear that, with a given depth, the greater the length of cable in the water, the less need this waste be, for the friction will be directly proportional to the surface; further, for the same reason, the waste will be less the more bulky the cable, and the rougher the surface. With the old iron cables of small diameter and smooth surface, very little advantage was gained by diminishing the strain on the brakes below that due to the full depth of water; a very slight relief of strain was followed by a perfect rush of cable out of the ship, and a loss of twenty or twenty-five per cent. was followed by a comparatively small diminution in the risk of fracture. In the cables of the Atlantic class, the bulk relatively to the weight is very greatly increased by enveloping each iron or steel wire in a separate covering of hemp, before laying them round the gutta-percha. These cables lie at a much smaller angle with the horizon, they offer a much larger and rougher surface than the simple iron cable, and consequently the friction, as they run back on the inclined water-plane, is very much larger. With cables of that class it becomes practicable and desirable to diminish the strain produced by the brake much below that due to the full depth of water. Slack to the amount of twelve or fifteen per cent. diminishes the necessary strain on the brakes by more than one half, and the importance of this relief can hardly be over-estimated. It actually becomes practicable to disregard the depth over which the ship is passing. The brakes may be set to give the strain thought desirable, and the cable will then take care of itself. In shallower water, less slack will be payed out, in deeper water more, but the amount is never excessive, and can at any time be diminished by increasing the speed of the ship, which, by diminishing the angle at which the cable lies with the horizon, augments the effect of the friction of the inclined water-plane. This effect must not be confounded with the effect that would be produced by a buoyant substance attached to the cable.

The hemp is no lighter than water, and does not tend by its buoyancy to carry any part of the weight of the cable, but it increases the bulk, and therefore increases the resistance of the water to displacement, and both directly and indirectly increases the surface friction.

The strain on the new Atlantic cables during submersion was from 12 to 14 cwt.; their strength is 150 or 160 cwt. Here there is a coefficient of safety of ten instead of two or four. The first cable out of the water weighed little more than half as much as the new cables; in water, it weighed more than they do. Its strength was 80 cwt., and the maximum strain during its submersion was nearly one ton; the ordinary strains varied from 1500 to 1900 lbs.

From the figures, we may learn the progress which has been made in the mechanical construction of the cables, and the diminished risk which attends their submersion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

London Society.

#### THE "BEAUX MONDES" OF PARIS AND LONDON.

It is now some months since one of the leading and most popular journals of the day directed the public attention to a very remarkable phase of society in Paris. It seems that a certain portion of the *beau monde* of that capital, impelled by an incredible impulse (whether for good or evil who can tell?), made advances to the *demi monde*, and both sought and obtained admission within the precincts of that society. It almost surpasses belief, that women of fair reputation, of good descent, and of high repute in the best Parisian society should, for the sake of an idle curiosity, condescend to desire an acquaintance with the life, manners, and customs of a certain class of women whose position and circumstances denote the very reverse of purity and chastity, and who keep a kind of court which is attended by all the men of wealth and fashion between twenty and sixty. It is possible that the *beau monde* may have desired to solve the problem why there existed so great a disinclination for matrimony, and what

those charms were which attracted so many from their homes and made them truants. They may have wished to reclaim some who had wandered from their allegiance, but it was a rash experiment and one which nothing could justify. Their presence sanctioned that against which their whole life was, or ought to have been, a protest. They descended from their high position, and if they have sullied their own reputation they have no one to blame but themselves. If mere idle curiosity was their motive they were, of course, still more without excuse. We all know how fatal a gift curiosity is, and how much woe it has worked. Our common mother Eve was not proof against it, and we are sufferers. How could they hope to escape its penalties if they were bent upon indulging it at all risks? But there is a much graver question underlying this peculiar phase of Parisian society. Is it that in France there is a different code of morals to that which prevails wherever Christianity is taught? Is it that French morality and French decency are names without a meaning, and that Paris is more honey-combed with vice than any other city? Is it that the Court is less pure or the general tone of society more corrupt? Is it that home influences are unknown or depreciated? It is a remarkable fact, when taken in combination with the flourishing condition of the *demi monde* and the recognized "status" it has in Paris, that a French family is proverbially small; so much so that the contrary is looked upon as quite exceptional, which a French lady of our acquaintance spoke of as being *comme les Anglais*.

It was not long after our attention had been drawn to the existing state of things, that we read an account of the magnificence of a house in Paris belonging to a lady whose ambition it was to eclipse all her rivals in *luxure*. In addition to the boundless expenditure which she lavished upon it, she ordered, it was said, four pictures of herself to be painted after a peculiar fashion, which shall be nameless. In one of them, which has been completed, she is represented as Cleopatra, as she rises up in her unveiled beauty before the "dull, cold-blooded Cæsar," into whose presence she had been introduced within the folds of a carpet. This speaks volumes, and

needs no comment. If such *lionnes* are the rage of the fashionable and artistic world of Paris, we cannot be surprised that there should be any approximation to an *entente cordiale* between the *beau monde* and the *demi monde*. We remember to have heard some years ago an Englishman, who had married a foreigner, declare that he would never allow his wife to have a French woman for her friend, as he believed there was scarcely one good one among them. This was a sweeping condemnation against which we were not slow to protest, because we have ourselves known several who are examples of all that is good and pure. But after the revelations that have lately been made, we are inclined to fear that general society is not conspicuous for its morality.

Paris has reached a climax in what is generally called civilization that cannot be surpassed. She has adorned and beautified herself with a rapidity and splendor that are without a parallel. She is the most beautiful capital in the world—the queen of cities; she has put out of sight all that can offend the taste of the most refined critics; she has driven further and further back all the signs of poverty and labor which might offend the eye or suggest a thought inconsistent with the opulence and gayety with which it is her desire to impress her visitors; she is a very Sybarite of cities; but with all her magnificence of decoration, with all her lavish outlay and ever-changing caprice, which constitutes her the leader of fashion throughout Europe, she carries within herself the elements of her own ruin, which cannot be far distant. No society can last long which is so rotten at its core, where profligacy reigns, and all sense of propriety is at a discount.

The history of the world supplies abundant instances of cities which have reached a climax of refined splendor, and, being lifted up in their pride, have overlooked virtue, and have been dashed to the ground, and have crumbled to ruin; nor need France go far to look for such an example. In the period before the great French Revolution society had become corrupt. They who ought to have been examples of virtue made use of their high and exalted position for the indulgence of their evil passions, and saw in

it only opportunities for a vicious life. Even now men tremble at the recollection of the awful judgment that fell upon them, which has left that fair and beautiful country in a state of ferment from which there seems to be no repose, and which can only be kept under by the firm hand of a great military power which is ever ready to repress the first indication of the popular mind daring to think for itself.

We have said that there is a deeper and graver question underlying the present aspect of society in Paris. May it not be that there is throughout society, in every part of the world, a general uprising against restrictions of all kinds? Freedom and liberty are the watchwords of all parties and all nations, and the separation between them and licentiousness and license is very narrow and quickly got over. Under their high-sounding names much wrong is done; spoliation and lawlessness shelter themselves there, and every one claims for himself the right to do what seems to him good in his own eyes. It is impossible to help seeing that there is a growing dislike to all authority, to everything which imposes a fetter upon the human will. Children are quick to throw off the restraints of parental authority; married people to live more separate lives; scholars to sit in judgment on their teachers; congregations to dismiss their preachers; the clergy to set at nought their bishops; politicians to foment discord and rebellion when it suits their purposes to do so. The disposition to reduce the law of both Church and State down to the very minimum of its letter is one of the prevailing faults of the age. The first promptings of the human intellect of the present day is to dispute, step by step, every demand which is made upon it in the name of authority; and we believe it to be this temper which tends to the severance of those ties, and the depreciation of those maxims which are the bond and safeguard of society.

There are certain usages and customs better known by the somewhat indefinite term of the *convenances* of society, which have become to some extent law, and have a prescriptive right to our respectful attention and consideration. Against these the mind of the nineteenth century

rebels. Old customs and traditions are treated with the utmost contempt and set at nought, and in the manners of the rising generation there is expressed the most decided resistance to that delicacy of thought and consideration for others which formerly served to make men keep out of sight any infringement against good morals. It may be said that the motive was low—that it was a mere feeling of human respect, and, as such, of but little value; yet, even if so, it surely had the advantage over that most culpable disregard for appearances which leads to the public exhibition of vice. In the fact that men dare not associate publicly with vicious companions there lies a protest on the part of society in general against their evil doings; but the moment they cease to restrain their conduct within due limits, and unblushingly pursue their course, and society still tolerates them and winks at their effrontery, there is no longer any safeguard against its utter demoralization.

We owe a vast debt to those who have raised their voices in condemnation of the attitude of the *beau monde* towards the *demi monde* of Paris. We do not entertain the opinion held by some that it is better not to speak of these things, but simply to ignore them as if they did not exist; for if we have a serious malady, or a wound in any part of our bodies, we do not gain anything by pretending that we have it not; and we hold that it is, to say the least, unwise to shut our eyes to the fact that a revolution of an important character has taken place in society.

In public matters there is nothing wrong in pointing out a scandal where it exists. To ferret out a neighbor's faults, and to expose them to the public gaze, is an infringement of the law of charity. But that which is a blot on the intercourse of individuals with each other, chameleon-like, changes its hue altogether when it becomes a question of nation against nation. National customs, national tastes, national faults, are a safe mark for other nations to hit at pleasure. In the first place, what is national is more or less public property—there is no exposure of "secret faults;" and in the second place, the principle of self-protection justifies it, because we

may avert evil from ourselves by noting its existence and its ruinous consequences elsewhere. We may effect a kind of moral quarantine by which dangerous and polluting influences shall be kept at a distance. It becomes a duty to note and comment upon the signs of the times, and to take warning from every false step which others make. We may thereby arrest the progress of evil at home, and expose the snares and pitfalls which lie concealed beneath a specious exterior; only let us be sure of one thing—that we are equally clear-sighted as to our own defects.

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as others see us,  
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,  
And foolish notion."

There is no fault into which we are more apt to fall than that of being keen to detect errors and shortcomings in others, and slow in discovering our own. As individuals, we have no right to do so. But the law which is intended to seal the lips of those who are addicted to evil speaking has no such restrictive power where nations and the public good are concerned. It is said that, as a rule, no class of persons is so censorious as the highly moral. There is something, perhaps, in the unassailability of virtue and morality which tempts the virtuous to throw stones; and we are disposed to think that it is the tendency of all nations, but especially of Englishmen, to hold the customs, traditions, and manners of all other countries cheap.

It is a matter of fact that, with all our national pride, we are, in many instances, the most servile copyists of the French, and it will be well for us to inquire whether the spirit of this century has not led us in the same direction as that which we so justly condemn in our neighbors. Are there any indications of a similar movement on this side of the Channel? Can we detect any signs and sounds of its advent among us? There is no wisdom in throwing dust in our own eyes; to be forewarned is to be forearmed, and we are inclined to think that there are sufficient grounds for apprehension.

Not many years ago it would have been considered to be the very acme of

indecent and impudence for any of the thoughtless young men who abound, more or less, in every capital, to recognize, or to appear even to notice in public, any of those fair "fortunates" who lie in wait "to hunt souls." They would have been distressed beyond measure at the idea that their mothers or sisters should suspect, much more know, of their having formed any *liaison* so dangerous and disreputable. But such tenderness of conscience, such regard for the proprieties of life scarcely remains. It is no uncommon thing for a young man to appear in the park escorting a "celebrity" of this kind, and as he passes some lady of his acquaintance, to lift his hat in courteous recognition of her, as though there were nothing to be ashamed of in his companion. Nor is it rare for a popular character to appear at the Opera, exquisitely dressed, and with some pretence of modesty in her attire, in one of the most conspicuous boxes, surrounded by her admirers, whose relatives witness their infatuation from the opposite tier. Nor is this all. The very names of these women have become so notorious that they are in the mouths of many of the fast young ladies of our *beau monde*. How they have come to such a knowledge let others tell; but they speak of them, of their "turn out," and their horsemanship, and note their dress and style, and can tell the "Skittles" ponies at a distance, and the precise hour at which she drives into the park; how she wears her hat; the color of her horse and habit, and even go so far as to dress after her, taking their cue from her, as if they envied her her power of attraction. It is notorious that many of the changes which we have witnessed of late years in hats and petticoats have originated from celebrities of this kind, and we fear it is an indication of a disposition on the part of our *beau monde* to take a leaf out of the book of the *beau monde* of Paris. There was also a symptom of a like tendency in the strange freak which so engrossed all our fine ladies a few years ago, when nothing would satisfy them but "a night at Cremorne." They were possessed by a strange and most ill-advised curiosity to know something of its attractions, and to acquaint themselves with one of the popular haunts of the



*demi monde*. It is true that our noble countrywomen shut out for the time its usual patronesses, and monopolized it to themselves, and that in this respect they did not go so deep into the mire as our foreign neighbors would have done, who would have preferred it un-Romfordized; but in other respects it exhibits the same tendency to overstep the barrier between them and their frail sisterhood, which we would earnestly implore them never to lower for any consideration. We think that, taking all things into account, the disposition which exists to trample out of sight all the finer lines which until lately regulated the social intercourse of the upper classes, and the very great license which is given to the tongue, by which the fine edge of modesty is blunted, we shall do well to look at home before we are so loud in our condemnation of others. Burns's lines to the "unco' guid" are never out of season:

"A' ye wha are sae guid yoursel,  
Sae pious and sae holy;  
Ye've nocht to do but mark and tell  
Yer neebours' faults and folly."

If we have as yet escaped the contamination which must, we fear, precede such an act as that by which the *beau monde* of Paris degraded itself, it is still an undoubted fact that we are not standing on such a pinnacle of superior sanctity and morality that we can reasonably congratulate ourselves that we are "not as other men."

Fraser's Magazine.

#### AMONG SOUTHWESTERN CATHEDRALS.

I AM sitting, quite alone, in a shabby comfortless little room, dimly lighted by two candles, not of wax. The room has a low ceiling: the walls are covered with a very ugly paper. The fire is small, and will not be made larger. The room is on the level of the street: and just outside, close at hand, there is a noise of loud and vulgar laughing. This is a little inn, in the chief street of a little town. I have had dinner: the meal was solitary. The dinner was extremely bad: and the hour at which it came plainly appeared to the landlord a very late one. I

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have written several letters, and dipped into a volume of dreary theology, the sole volume in the room. An hour must pass before one can well go to bed: for it is only nine o'clock. So let me begin a faithful record of events which happened in a period reaching from Monday morning to Saturday night, early in this month of October.

At six o'clock this evening, I was walking along a gravelled path, leading through fields to the west. The grass was very rich and green: far more so than what I am used to see. There was a magnificent sunset: the air was bright blue overhead, but somewhat thicker in the western horizon, where all was glowing red. Around, everywhere, noble trees; and the scene was shut in by wavy hills. A solemn bell struck the hour, in deep tones. Look out towards the sound; and there, in the twilight, you may see three massive square towers. Let us go on a little, and we approach an ancient dwelling surrounded by a wall, and a moat. The wall is ivied: the moat is broad: the water clear as crystal, and not deep. Two swans, who are floating about on it, by turning themselves up in an ungraceful manner, can reach the ground with their bills. The water comes brawling into the moat by a little cascade; and it escapes by three sluices, on different sides of the large square space it incloses. Pollard elms of great age, the leaves thick and green as at midsummer, are on the further side of the broad walk which here skirts the water. This moat was made five hundred years ago. Pass on, under an ancient archway; pass into a great square expanse of green grass, with many fine trees. The grand cathedral rises in the midst: all round the green (that is the name here) are antique houses. There is a charming deanery: you enter it by passing under an arch, and find yourself in an inner court, quaint and ivy-grown. No words can express the glory and quietness of the place: for this is the ancient city of Wells, amid the hills of Somersetshire. The moated dwelling is the episcopal palace. There dwelt holy Bishop Ken: and there Dr. Kidder, who was found willing to take the place from which that good man was cast out, was killed by the falling upon him of a stack of chimneys.

Vainly should I seek to express the beauty of the scenery, or the magnificence of the Gothic churches, which I have seen in these last few days. There is no country in the world to travel in, after all, like England. And though this be the tenth of October, you might have forgotten, for days past, that it was not summer. Bright and warm has been the sunshine: thick and green the trees; though sometimes there is the crisp rustle which follows the foot stepping on fallen leaves. Yet somehow the quiet of a cathedral close is inconsistent with a solitary feeling of a little-travelled stranger; one ought to feel at home to duly be aware of the genius of the place. Far, tonight, is the writer from his home: and no doubt a little lonely in the strange place.

Let me look back on what I have seen this week: it has been a great deal to one accustomed to a quiet unvaried life. Sunday is beyond question the first day of the week: what passed on that day need not be recorded. On Monday morning, in a thick white fog, I entered a little steamer at the landing-stage at Liverpool. The steamer carried many human beings to a place on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, named Rock Ferry. There we embarked in another steamer: and went on, out into the river; till there loomed ahead a huge shape, quite familiar, though never seen before. It was the Great Eastern: and up its side did the writer go, following the steps of its captain, who has won a name in history. It made a Scotchman proud, to look at the brave, quiet, sensible Scotch face, which reminded one a good deal of the portraits of George Stephenson. Well has Sir James Anderson earned the honor done him by his Queen. It must have been an awful charge, that great vessel, with her crew of five hundred and fifty men, and her historic burden of the Atlantic cable. You felt, looking at the man, with what implicit confidence you could have trusted to him in any emergency or danger. With great kindness and clearness he explained the machinery for paying out and picking up the cable. He told how, on a very stormy night of pitchy darkness, he stood at the extremity of the stern beside the wheel over which the cable was passing, but could not see it. Only a faint phospho-

rescent point of light, a long way off, showed where the cable was entering the water. He told, with the vividness of reality, of the tedious endeavors to pick up the cable of the former year from where it lay three miles down at the bottom of the Atlantic. At last, standing on the prow, he heard a stir below, looked over, saw the cable fairly there above water; "and then," said the gallant man in his quiet way, "I was very thankful." A thing to be wondered at was how the slender cord was able to turn all that complex apparatus of heavy wheels.

Good-bye to the Great Eastern and its brave commander; and away from Birkenhead, by railway, in the bright sunshiny day. Not long, and there is not unfamiliar Chester; on, and Wrexham, with its grand and massive church tower. How these things impress the lover of Gothic who dwells in a country of churches of inexpressible trumperiness and shabbiness! By Ruabon: leave on the right Llangollen, for Yarrow must remain unvisited to-day. Never were these eyes gladdened by the sight of a lovelier country. So to renowned Shrewsbury, on the famous Severn. Here let us stop for a little, and have a walk through the town. You pass from the railway station, under the shadow of an ancient castle; elevated a little, on the right, is a considerable Gothic edifice of red stone: if you ask what it is of the same man whom I asked, you will be told "The College." Then you may think of head master Butler, who was made a bishop, and of Dr. Kennedy, quite as good a scholar, the head master of to-day. Quaint old wooden houses; queer names of streets: one is called *Murivance*. Rapidly let the eyes be feasted: then back to the railway. On, for a journey of two hours more. You must pass Ludlow unwillingly in the failing light: one cannot see everything. Then, in the dark, Hereford is reached: the end of the day's pilgrimage. Proceed in an omnibus to the hotel: there you may have tea, accompanied by mutton chops. Afterwards you may go out and enjoy the sensation of being in a new city, among new men: and in the starlight look at the cathedral. Cats, however, are the only creatures who see an edifice, or any other object, best in the dark.

Next day was a lovely summer day: nothing autumnal in the air, and hardly anything in the trees. Let us be up early, and have a good walk about the city before the hour of service. By the city flows the Wye, "the babbling Wye." From the bridge which crosses it you have a fine view of the cathedral and the palace: here and there, about the streets, antique houses of wood. At ten o'clock let us pass into the cathedral, under the great porch leading to the nave: let us enter an undistinguished name in the large volume which lies on a table to that end; and, obeying the behests of the Dean and Chapter, drop into a box with a hole in the lid a great sum towards the complete restoration of the sacred building. And it is a noble church, nobly restored: at least in so far as that has been done by Mr. George Gilbert Scott. Wyatt, unutterable Vandal, put up that execrable western front in place of a western tower and spire which fell. The floor is of tiles: the roof of the nave is illuminated: there is a magnificent rood-screen: the choir is sacred to the clergy and those who perform the service: the congregation sit on rush-seated chairs in the nave. Pleasant it was to the writer, who seldom hears choral service now, when those whom he had seen enter their vestry a few minutes before as shabby little boys, came to their places in procession as surpliced choristers—twelve of them, with six singing men, making the double choir complete. The congregation was small: one did not feel any want of a greater. The service was beautifully given: the music was severely simple: and how the noble praise thrilled through one to whom it can never grow common and cheap! Pleasant, too, to see the perfect propriety of demeanor among the choristers: it did not always use so to be in every cathedral church. There was an anthem, admirably sung. Let it be confessed, one thing revived the writer. Of another communion, because dwelling in another country and within the bounds of another national church, he felt, looking at the noble edifice and joining in the noble service, that for outward dignity and majesty, we in the North have nothing to compare with this; and he felt decidedly taken down and humbled. But in

a little he was cheered. That morning there was a sermon! Oh, what a poor sermon! Yes, at least we can beat *this*, he thought; and beat it by uncounted degrees. A church which makes the sermon too much the great thing in the worship of God, is likely at all events to give you good sermons. And though the South may have its great preacher here and there, yet sure it is that the average preaching of the North, in many a seedy little country church, is just as much better than that brief but unutterably tedious sermon at Hereford Cathedral, as Hereford Cathedral is better than the seedy little country church.

Walk all about the cathedral: all about the close. Deanery, palace, fine trees, Wye: grammar school, pleasant walks by river side. Pervade the town: already it has grown quite familiar. And as day declines, depart by railway to Gloucester, distant little more than an hour; studying on the way the photographs of Hereford, city and cathedral, which you may buy at various shops.

Passing through the lovely English landscape, at last you may look out on the right: there is the city of Gloucester: there the great square tower of the cathedral. Hasten to the *Bell*: let the luggage be left: we are just in time for afternoon service. Again the train of choristers: here the music was much more florid than at Hereford, and (so it seemed) not so careful and good. The church is a noble one: the eastern window, which has a curious gray sheen, is as large as any in England. But after trim Hereford, the church had a neglected look. In some places plaster has dropped from the roof: plaster which should never have been there. And after brilliant encaustic pavement, the rude floor of stone in choir and sanctuary looked poor. Led by an intelligent verger, let us examine the great edifice: the strange, rude crypt: the beautiful cloisters. Let us ascend to the triforium, and enjoy the varied views of choir and nave thence obtained. Here is buried the murdered Edward II.: there is a shrine of the richest decorated tabernacle work: a recumbent statue of the poor monarch, which must be a likeness: there is inexpressible pathos in that beautiful but sorrowful face. Coming forth from the

cathedral, let us pervade the close. It is a quiet and charming place. The deanery, built up to the west end of the church, is striking: the palace, on the north side of the choir, seems an ambitious architectural failure. Beautiful is the turf and rich the shrubbery at the east end of the choir: quaint and pretty various ancient houses in which cathedral authorities and functionaries dwell. Passing out of the close towards the west, under an archway you come on the statue of Bishop Hooper, erected on the spot where he was burnt.

Various shops in Gloucester are rich in photographs of cathedrals near and distant. If you walk down towards the Severn, you will find yourself amid the bustle of a considerable port. Docks of no small size, and abundant shipping, form a scene in contrast to the quiet one just left behind. But by half past six it has grown dark: so to the *Bell*, and have dinner.

The next day was Wednesday: a beautiful warm sunshiny morning. Be early afoot: pervade the city: walk about the close. Never seen till yesterday, how familiar it looks to-day; and we sadly part from it as from an old friend. But we have far to go to-day; and at 11.15 a.m. again the railway train. An hour of rapid running, without a stop, through rich green fields: Berkeley Castle is off there to the right: and here is busy Bristol. The cathedral here is poor: but there is St. Mary Redcliffe, the most magnificent of all parish churches, superior to many cathedrals. Yet there is lacking the environing close: the grand church is surrounded by dirty streets. Here Chatterton, "the marvellous boy," spent the greater part of his feverish life: in a room in the tower he declared he found the Rowley manuscripts. To the train again; by Bath, Westbury (near which on a hill to the left is a large and quite symmetrical White Horse on the hillside, made by cutting away the turf down to the chalk), and Witham. If you are fond of changing carriages, you may have enough of it here. At length, as the sun is declining in glory, you reach that paragon of cathedral cities in which I am writing—beautiful Wells.

I have little doubt that if one were to live at Wells for several months, and

still more for several years, the quiet little city would come to look and to feel like anywhere else. But now, to a stranger, it is "an unsubstantial, fairy place." Hard by is the vale of Avalon and the ruins of Glastonbury: all round the Mendip Hills. And though England can boast of some bigger cathedrals, nowhere will you find one of more exquisite beauty. Nowhere, too, will you find the ancient cathedral seat so much like what it was in ancient days. I shall not be tempted into any architectural details: all I say is, Go and see the place, and you will be all but intoxicated with the loveliest forms of Gothic beauty.

Here I ceased for the night, in a sort of bewilderment. Next morning was a cloudy one, with flying gleams of sunshine. Long before service, let us enter the magnificent church and gaze at it. It is in exquisite preservation. The light color of the stone of which the shafts are made adds to their airy grace. The four great piers at the intersection of the transepts threatened to yield under the pressure of the central tower; and their bearing power was increased by three curious inverted arches, the like of which I believe you will not see in England. It was a graceful disguising of a defect: but of course they would be better away. The stalls in the choir are of stone: an unusual material, but the effect is beautiful.

It is near the hour of morning service; let us take our place. Carelessly the choir straggles in; never were arrangements more slovenly. The little boys come in, not in procession, but in a huddled heap: in a little, by himself, the clergyman who is to perform the service. Then the dean and the canon in residence come in a free and easy way: two or three of the singing men rush hastily after them: two singing men scuttle in after service has begun. It was a painful contrast: the noble church and the ostentatiously irreverent arrangements. The music was good, after the choir got themselves settled to their work. But if I were Dean of Wells, there should be a thorough turn-over, and that without a day's delay. Slovenly, slovenly!

Worship over, let us see every corner of the church: then climb a winding stair in a transept wall; walk along the



stone roof of the transept, the lofty wooden one still far above your head. Climb higher and higher, till you come out to daylight on the top of the great central tower. The first thing that will strike you is not the grand prospect: it is the rusty creaking of the four weather-cocks, one on each pinnacle: the sound is eerie. Look round. A richly-wooded green country, with undulating hills. To the west, the vale of Avalon: that pyramidal hill is Glastonbury Tor, three miles off. Below, on the left hand, the cloisters: beyond, the palace, with its moat, and expanse of greensward. On the other side the deanery, and the vicar's close, with a bridge leading from it across the road into the cathedral. The country round seems to be all grass. One turret of the tower has a bell whereon a hammer strikes the hour, being pulled by a wire from below. The cloisters have perpendicular tracery. In the middle space there is an ancient yew. An amphitheatre of hills closes in all the scene. Oh! hard-working Scotland, where no one, except a few folk of political influence, is paid without toiling rigidly for it, when will you have such retreats for learning and religion, combined with very little to do.

I esteem Wells as the climax of my little journey, though I went next to Salisbury. I did not leave Wells till I had gone over the beautiful church of St. Cuthbert, which is partially restored. Not completely, because the dissenters will not agree to a church-rate. I thought of the Cathedral, and of the vale of Avalon, and could but hold up the hands of wonder, and exclaim "Dissenters here!" Two hours and a half by railway to Salisbury. Hasten to the close: let the most intelligent of vergers conduct you through the famous church. Dare we say, Disappointed? I do not allude to the horrible arrangement of the old monuments, one in each bay of the nave, on the floor, midway between the piers; nor to the stalls of shabby deal, painted brown; nor to the ugly way in which the Lady Chapel has been thrown into the choir. Even looking at the vast building, with its double transept, and its spire, the loftiest in England, I could but vaguely say, that I have seen cathedrals which impressed me infinitely more. Long neg-

lect laid its hand on the great church, till Bishop Denison took it in hand. Much work is going on now: the west front is concealed by scaffolding, and great saws are cutting stone at its base: but there is a vast deal yet to do. Rather, to undo. The execrable hand of Wyatt has been here, obliterating and destroying. The spire, of near four hundred feet, is a good deal off the perpendicular; at the capstone it is two feet to the south and near a foot and a half to the west. No further deviation has occurred for many years. The close is large. The ancient deanery is opposite the west front of the church; the palace stands within grounds of moderate extent near the Lady Chapel. The present bishop has published to the world his profound conviction that it was not his good luck that placed him there: it would be gratifying to many if he would inform them what else did it. Assuredly it could not have been his skill in conducting a controversial correspondence. Sorry, indeed, is the figure he makes in the hands of S. G. O.

Two miles from Salisbury is Bemerton, hallowed by the memory of George Herbert: a mile further towards the west is Wilton, where a beautiful Byzantine church was built a few years ago by the late Mr. Sidney Herbert. One regrets that so much cost should have been lavished on a building of an inferior style; however splendid a specimen of that style it may be. And eight miles from the graceful cathedral of a somewhat wearisome perfection, you will find the grandest specimen of the rudest of all architecture. There, in the plain, is mysterious Stonehenge: "awful memorial, but of whom we know not."

Stay at the *White Hart*. In the evening, after dark, you may pervade the city, not without its bustle and stir. Next day, as long as may be, saunter about the close, and look at the cathedral from all points of view. Again wander through its interior. I am mistaken if you do not depart vaguely disappointed.

So to the never-failing train. Basingstoke, Farnborough, on the skirts of Aldershot camp; and in the gathering dark approach awful London; awful with its vast bulk and ceaseless whirl to such as dwell amid quiet scenes; awful with its

contrasts of the greatest luxury and the most abject poverty. Here is Waterloo Station: enter the rapid hansom. And, speeding this Saturday evening towards the place of sojourn, look back to Monday morning, and try to recall what has been beheld since then. You give it up, confused.

A. K. H. B.

All the Year Round.

## AN EVIL THURSDAY.

ON RECORD IN VENICE.

### CHAPTER I.

THE clock of the Frari at Venice was striking three\* on Thursday, the 23d February, 1525. It was carnival time. On the little bridge which leads from the square or piazza of Santa Maria dei Frari to the gateway of the Palazzo Zeno, a man stood with a matchlock in his hand. He was shortly joined by another man enveloped in a mantle. The new comer exchanged a few words with the former. Almost immediately a report was heard; the man in the mantle fell heavily on the steps of the bridge; the man of the matchlock fled rapidly through the little Piazza Zeno, leaving his weapon with the match still burning on the ground.

The whole transaction was observed by two of the guardians of safety, or police, who hastened to the spot. One of them stopped to give what assistance he could to the wounded man; the other gave chase to the assassin.

The dying man thrust back the police agent, who was endeavoring to loosen his cloak to discover the wound, with his arm, and, with a broken voice, exclaimed:

"Ziobà†—il viluppo—disegni!" that is to say, "Thursday—the case—drawings."

"Signore," retorted the police agent, "we know that this is Thursday; never mind the papers and drawings; let me examine your wound."

"Ziobà, I—say," replied the dying man.

He made a prodigious effort to say

\* According to our English calculation, this would be eight o'clock in the evening.

† Ziobà, in the Venetian dialect, means Thursday.

something else; but the blood gushed from his mouth, and prevented utterance. Two slugs had passed through his lungs. With a convulsive spasm, his head fell heavily on the flag-stones. He was dead.

Such was the official report of the police-agent, Menego.

The other agent was meantime in hot pursuit of the assassin. The latter was young and active, and fear added speed to his natural agility. The festivities of the carnival had attracted nearly the whole of the population of Venice to the Place of St. Mark, and the narrow streets were almost deserted. After many windings, the assassin reached the Grand Canal, near the Church of St. Sylvestre. He threw himself into a gondola that was tied to one of the posts, and made for the opposite side of the canal, handling his oar in a manner which denoted that he was no novice in the art. The few seconds lost in unloosing the gondola enabled the police agent to get a closer view of him. He saw that he was in the dress of a student. Something shining, which hung by his side, and which resembled one of those tin cases in which the licentiates of the University of Padua were wont to carry their diplomas, confirmed the police agent in the idea that he was a member of that university. His face was concealed by a mask, and the darkness prevented the agent seeing more.

On the reiterated shouts of the police agent, a boatman who was slumbering at the other side of the canal, on the steps of the Loredano Palace, got up, rubbing his eyes, and, half asleep, asked what was the matter. Menego finally made up his mind to continue the pursuit, but returned in less than five minutes, saying he had lost all traces of the man in the crowd near St. Mark's.

The police agent, finding the chase was up, returned to his comrade to draw up an official report of the transaction. They put the dead body into a gondola, and conveyed it to the chief police office of the St. Pol district, in which the murder had been committed. All the police agents were out on duty to prevent riots among the maskers, and to keep order. Two hours elapsed before a small number could be sent out with the very imperfect description of the assassin given by the two who witnessed the crime. There

were more than two thousand students from the University of Padua on that night enjoying themselves at the theatres, public balls, and places of refreshment.

The Thursday of the carnival week was always a great day with the students of Padua. Headed by a band of music, they marched at midday in procession through the streets without committing any excesses; but at night, despite the heavy penalties they were liable to, they gave rein to the wildest orgies, much to the alarm and disgust of the more sober citizens of Venice. On the Friday morning, a flotilla of gondolas, gayly decked with flags, took them back to the mainland, and the remainder of the carnival belonged to the citizens of Venice.

At the police office, it was ascertained that the murdered man was one Antonio Toldo, a rich jeweller, domiciled at San Salvador. A silver chain round his neck, and a well-furnished purse in his pocket, showed that the murder was not accompanied by robbery; the motive was, therefore, to be attributed to hatred or revenge. A letter in the pocket-book of the defunct proved that he had been enticed into a trap. This letter, written in the Brescian dialect, and evidently in a disguised hand, ran thus:

"Se' Antonio, if on Thursday at eight o'clock precisely you will come to the Campo Zeno, near the Church of the Frari, an individual, who takes an interest in all deceived husbands, will put you in possession of the papers you are anxious to obtain. You must burn them, though they are masterpieces, and he whom you have persecuted has forgiven you your ill-will."

This document, with the official report of the inquest on the body, with the clothes of the victim, and the matchlock, were placed in safe custody at the police office.

The night was pretty far advanced when the two agents who witnessed the murder started to see if they could find any indications to put them on the track of the assassin. About an hour before daybreak, Menego was attracted by the noise made by a number of students, seated inside a small wine-shop in a little street near the Church of St. Moses. One of these students, standing on the table,

was addressing the others in a burlesque harangue, which elicited shouts of laughter and the applause of his audience. "Long life to Pascal Ziobà!" was repeatedly shouted by the admiring students, who drank the health of the orator. The name caught the ear of the police agent, who remembered the broken words of Toldo, who twice repeated the word Ziobà. Menego's intellect was none of the brightest, and he dared not arrest the student on simple suspicion. He satisfied himself with taking a long searching look at the features of the young man, that he might recognize him again. He then returned to the office for instructions as to whether he should arrest him or not. He was ordered to do so at once, and, accompanied by two or three others, he hastened to the wine-shop. But the sun had meantime risen, the wine-shop was closed, and the flotilla of the students was already ploughing the waves of the blue Adriatic, on its way to the mainland.

On the morrow, a lady dressed in deep mourning, and of remarkable beauty, presented herself at the criminal court, and, throwing herself at the feet of the magistrates, sobbing, implored justice and revenge for the murder of her husband, Antonio Toldo; she said that she would place one half of her fortune at the disposal of the judges to discover the assassin. The magistrates requested the beautiful Lucrezia Toldo to rise, promised her that the murder of her husband should be avenged, showed her the reports already made, and the measures which had been taken, and assured her that the most pressing orders had been given to discover the murderer. A few days afterwards, a gondola full of police agents conveyed to Venice, to the Prison of the Forty, the student Pascal Ziobà, who had been arrested at Padua. Among his papers a portfolio was found containing pen-and-ink sketches; most of the drawings represented a woman who bore a strong resemblance to Lucrezia Toldo. Pascal was eighteen years of age, and had not yet taken his degree, consequently had no diploma; but it was proved that on the Thursday in question he wore the dress of a doctor of law, and amused himself during the whole of the night in performing the part of such a personage.

These indications seemed of a nature to lead to a discovery of the truth; but the accused, on the very first examination, triumphantly refuted every suspicious circumstance, and caused the greatest uncertainty in the minds of the judges. He called as witness a girl of Padua, who avowed herself to be Ziobà's mistress, and that she sat to him as a model. As the features of this girl bore a still more striking resemblance to the pen-and-ink drawings than those of Lucrezia Toldo, the truthfulness of this witness could not be called in question.

The commission of inquiry sent for Lucrezia and confronted her with the accused. They looked fixedly at each other, and declared it was the first time they had met. The physiognomy of Lucrezia did not betray the slightest emotion; but as she left the court the widow of Antonio Toldo burst into tears, declaring that her husband would never be avenged, as that man could not be the murderer; she had never seen his face before.

The fair ladies of Venice being celebrated for skilful intrigue, and their morals not above suspicion, the magistrates ordered the most minute inquiries to be made respecting the antecedents of Lucrezia. They all turned in favor of that lady. Not only had she never been known to have been concerned in an affair of gallantry, but on this point she affected a severity almost amounting to prudery, so much so that she had broken off all intercourse with her mother on account of an affair which created some scandal ten years previously. In vain at different times had her mother endeavored to procure a reconciliation. The idea of complicity between Pascal Ziobà and the widow of Messer Antonio was therefore given up as inadmissible.

Nor did the matchlock throw any light upon the transaction. Pascal declared that he never was in possession of fire-arms. The armorers of Venice and Padua stated that it had not come from their workshops. They presumed it was of Milanese fabrication, and the letter G, inlaid in mother-of-pearl in the stock, showed that it had, in all probability, been made to special order. It was presumed this weapon had been kept in some wealthy house as a relic.

When the circumstances attending the perpetration of the crime were entered into, the accused brought forward in evidence a band of students with whom he was in the Place of St. Mark precisely at the hour the murder was committed. It is true Ziobà had left his comrades for a few minutes, and it was proved that the man who struck the hours at the Frari did so after all the other clocks had struck; but the distance between the Zeno Palace and the square of St. Mark would take a quarter of an hour, and as much to return, and unless he had wings at his heels, Pascal, with all his agility, could not have done the distance in the short time he was absent. It was observed that he appeared heated on his return, but the carnival was at its height, and there were numbers of students as heated as himself, and the gayety and unembarrassed good-humor he displayed could not give ground for the suspicion that he had just committed a murder. This plea of an alibi threw the court into additional perplexity.

There still remained the anonymous letter which had drawn Antonio Toldo into the snare. Whether it was that the handwriting was skilfully disguised, or that it was by another hand, no resemblance could be traced to that of the student. The letter, moreover, was written in the Brescian dialect, and none had ever heard Pascal Ziobà make use of that dialect. Despite all these doubts, the prisoner was remanded, and his trial ordered to take place in due form before the Court of the Forty.

## CHAPTER II.

PASCAL, in reply to the questions of his judges, gave the following narrative of the history of his early years:

"As far back as his memory went, he had recollections of a magnificent palace in which he dwelt, in a chamber hung with tapestry, where two women had care of him. He drew from this the conclusion that he belonged to some noble family on the mainland. One day there was a great uproar in the palace. He heard shrieks and the sound of cannon and musketry. A frightened maid-servant carried him off in her arms, and hurried through the streets, which were full



of soldiers. The town was doubtless being pillaged. In the midst of the tumult he did not know what became of him. After an interval, of which he had no recollection, he found himself in company of a band of gipsies, intrusted to the care of a young gipsy lass, who used to beat him and half starve him. At a halt of these gipsies near Bassano, he hid himself in some bushes; and the gipsies, being obliged to decamp, left him behind. A peasant woman found him, and took him home with her. She was still alive; her name Marcellina Aliga. He knew that his name was Pascal, and as the good woman had found him on the Bassano road on a Thursday, she gave him the byname of Ziobà, which he had kept ever since, and by which he was known at the university. Marcellina was very fond of him, and he still loved her with the affection of a son. One day, two gentlemen, in hunting costume, entered her cottage to rest themselves. Wine and fruit were laid before them. One of the two, who was no other than the celebrated painter Titian, having scrutinized his (Pascal's) countenance, proposed that he should go with him to Venice, saying he wished to take his portrait. Marcellina allowed him to go, and he accompanied Titian. That great master took a liking to him, gave him lessons, and found that he had some taste for the noble art he cultivated. He became one of his pupils, and had the honor of working at the decorations of the Hall of the Grand Council. As a reward for his labor, and at the request of his master, the most noble Council of Ten granted him an annual pension of fifty ducats for a term of ten years. At the expiration of four years the decorations were completed. Thanks to the generosity of the noble lords, he had a pension and the means of a livelihood. By the interest of Titian, he was admitted to the University of Padua, though he had no family papers or certificate of his birth to show. This was in 1623, and from his appearance he was put down as seventeen years of age. This is all that he could tell their lordships respecting his origin and his childhood."

The peasant woman of Bassano was sent for, and fully corroborated Pascal's statement.

Since the commencement of the trial, a notice was posted up on the bridge of the Rialto, inviting all persons who had any knowledge of Pascal to present themselves before the Forty. Various individuals gave information of no moment. Among the number, however, who gave voluntary testimony, we find the name of the celebrated Titian.

"Pascal," said the great painter, "was one of my best pupils. He was a first-rate draughtsman. I recognized in him that innate skill and knowledge of the secrets of our art, without which no man can become a great painter. The figures sprang, as it were, naturally to life under the fingers of this boy, as if he had imbibed the art with his mother's milk. In the great picture which the Supreme Council deigned to command of me, representing the defeat of the Emperor Frederick, one of my greatest works, the group in which Prince Otho is taken prisoner and brought before the Admiral of this most serene Republic was entirely drawn by Pascal Ziobà. After thrice drawing it, I was not satisfied with my own work, and put it up to competition among my pupils; and it was from Ziobà's sketch that I gave the last touch to this picture, so difficult in conception that no artist before me ventured to undertake it."

"I founded great hopes on Pascal as an honor to my profession. Like myself, he painted from love of the art, and not for lucre; but, with regret, I found that he had not sufficient ambition of glory, and entertained no wish to see his name inscribed on the list of great masters. Some extraordinary idea that he was of noble birth continually haunted him. He fancied he should some day discover his parents, whom he believed to be great lords. This folly ruined his career. As soon as he received his small pension, he expressed a wish to enter the university, to learn things stranger to our art. My remonstrances were in vain. He replied, good-humoredly, that, should it please God, he would one day order pictures from me to the amount of ten thousand ducats, to celebrate his coming of age. I left him to his folly; but as I loved the

\* This picture of Titian was destroyed in the fire of the ducal palace in 1572.

boy, I exerted myself to get him admitted into the university. Pascal Ziobà led a regular life; he had no hatreds or quarrels, not from mildness of character, for he is rather hasty in temper than otherwise, but from deep-rooted pride. His disposition was lively and amusing; but with all his good-humor, he always showed that he considered himself superior to his companions. Unless anything should transpire to alter my opinion, I believe him incapable of committing a murder.\*

In his reply to the judges, the accused showed the most remarkable assurance and presence of mind. The only charge that remained against him was the broken words of the dying man. Those three words, "*Ziobà — il viluppo — disegni,*" the magistrates interpreted as, "*Ziobà is the name of my murderer; you will recognize him by the case he carries on his shoulder, and in which, instead of a diploma, there are drawings.*" This explanation appeared probable; but Pascal constructed a dozen phrases with the same words, all of which might be equally probable.

"But," said the chief magistrate, "the name of the accused is Ziobà, and it is a very uncommon name."

"That is true," replied Pascal; "but there is a Thursday in every week. If, instead of Ziobà, Messer Antonio had said Doge, would you at once have conferred upon me that dignity, so nobly worn by our august Prince, the magnificent Andreas Gritti? I do not think so. It would have been much better for me, then, if poor Marcellina Aliga had found me in the road to Bassano on a Wednesday; I should then have been called Mercore, and the words of the murdered man would not have affected me."

At each reply the accusation lost ground. There was every appearance of Pascal being acquitted, when an incident again aroused the suspicions of the judges. A new witness appeared in court. It was the noble lord Francis Contarini.

On beholding the prisoner, that grave personage addressed him as follows:

"Well, young man, it seems decreed that I shall always find you in trouble.

This time I will not promise to save you; but I will say a few words in your favor."

Pascal, doubtless, did not expect much from the generous intentions of this witness; for on beholding Francis Contarini he turned deadly pale, and gave marked evidence of anxiety.

The noble Contarini made the following statement:

"On Thursday of last year's carnival, while crossing the Piazzetta at dusk, I came upon a group of masked students, who were enjoying themselves. One of them, performing the part of an improvisatore, was addressing a comic speech to the gaping crowd. I was accompanied by the Lord Grimani, masked like myself, and we were both much amused at the witty drolleries of the young man. From curiosity, I asked some students who their comrade was. 'It is,' they replied, 'the celebrated Pascal Ziobà, the most amiable and the most valorous of the students of Padua.' Six months afterwards, on my way to the ducal palace, I passed in front of the police-office of the Cinque, and the name of Pascal Ziobà, placarded on the official list of delinquents, caught my eye. Being in a hurry to reach the palace, I had no time to stop; but on the way I felt compassion for the youth, who had afforded me so much amusement at the carnival time, and who was probably prosecuted for some petty debt. On leaving the palace, I again passed the police-office. The name of Pascal Ziobà had been taken down, and this gave me to understand that either he had been arrested or had paid his creditor. Being desirous of ascertaining the fact, I entered the office, and inquired why his name had been taken down. I was told, in reply, that the police at Padua had found him out, arrested him, and sent him to Venice, where he was a prisoner in the prisons of the Cinque. I ordered them to show me to his cell. Pascal did not know me, but took me for one of the prison inspectors.

"'Sir,' he said, 'it is Heaven that sent you to me to prevent a crime. I have been thrown into this cell for the paltry debt of fifty Venetian livres, lent to me for the purpose of bringing me here. Your Excellency must be aware

\* See the papers of the *Caso dei Gambareschi* at Venice.

that, once in prison, no matter for what delinquency, a man may be knocked on the head or poisoned without justice taking any trouble about the matter. I do not wish to clamor against customs sanctioned by this most enlightened republic; but in my case, I am the victim of the most abominable revenge. I have an enemy, whom it is of no purpose to name. That man, knowing that I was hard up for money, made me an offer of fifty livres through a Jew. In accepting the money, I was not aware who was the lender, and I signed an agreement to repay it as soon as my creditor should ask for it. Eight days had scarcely elapsed when I was called upon for the money. Not being able to pay it, I concealed myself in the outskirts of Padua. My name was posted up at the police-office as a defaulter; I was outlawed, so that any man might arrest me, and, in case of resistance, kill me. The police discovered my retreat this morning, and here I am in a cell, where my enemy will infallibly have me poisoned or stabbed for the bribe of a few ducats. I leave it to your Excellency to judge whether I deserve death for a debt of fifty livres, and whether, under the circumstances of my case, the custom of leaving the prisoners to the chances of the prison ought not to be considered an abuse.

"These words filled me with astonishment. I discovered with horror that the most monstrous abuses had found their way into the discipline of the prisons. I did not express my surprise, for it was to be presumed that a member of the grand council ought to have been acquainted with this corruption. I spoke words of hope to the prisoner, and promised him to frustrate the evil designs of his enemy. Pascal entreated me not to lose time in giving the necessary orders, as vengeance stood, perhaps, at the threshold, only waiting my departure to strike the blow. As an order from the Council of Ten would have been necessary to counteract an abuse which had become almost legalized by custom, I took the only means at hand for saving the young man. I paid the fifty livres to the jailers, and the debt having thus been settled, the prisoner was immediately liberated. On the following day

I drew up a report on the abuses of the prisons of the Cinque, and sent it in to the Council. The gravity of the events of last year have, doubtless, prevented the supreme council from issuing as yet a decree on the subject.

"Two months after the adventure which I have just related to your lordships, my valet brought me the sum of fifty livres, accompanied by a letter from this student, in which he said that, while entertaining eternal gratitude for my kindness, he, Pascal Ziobà, was of too noble a race not to reimburse the sum I had advanced him. This pride made me smile, and I learnt hereby that the family of Ziobà was an illustrious one. Since then, I have lost sight of this hot-headed youth."

#### CHAPTER III.

THE depositions of the noble Francesco Contarini gave quite a new direction to the proceedings. The judges did not fail to discover a marked contradiction between the adventure of the office of the Cinque, and the evidence to prove that Pascal had never had to do with justice before. The accused refused to give the name of his secret enemy; he pleaded a want of memory when he was called upon to give the name of the Jew who had advanced him the fifty livres, and it was now evident that Pascal concealed a part of the truth. The police set an investigation on foot in the Ghetto\* of Venice, and a placard was posted up threatening exile and confiscation to the unknown individual who had advanced the money to Pascal, if he did not immediately come forward. That very evening a Jew presented himself in court. As the evidence of a Jew could not be taken as such, according to the terms of the law, his depositions were taken as information, and the magistrate gave lecture of the statements made by the usurer.

"Macchabæus, of Brindisi, a lender on pawns, domiciliated at the Ghetto Nuovo, received one day a visit from Messer Antonio Toldo, who addressed him as follows: 'At the University of Padua there is a young student named

\* Jewish quarter.

Pascal Ziobà, who is in want of fifty livres. Send him that sum by one of your trade; but make him give you a receipt with the engagement to refund the money on your first demand. Your commissioner will give you the verbal promise not to demand repayment before the expiration of three months. Here is the money, and I recommend you to follow my instructions to the letter.'

"I obeyed," continued the Jew, "the orders of Messer Antonio, to whom I could not refuse this slight service, as we had negotiated affairs of the highest importance together at the time when the most serene government raised money on the jewels of St. Mark. If any mishap has resulted from my compliance, the responsibility rests with Messer Antonio, and not with me, who only regarded the whole affair as a simple monetary transaction. The money was faithfully remitted to Pascal Ziobà. The desired receipt was given to me, which I gave to Toldo. A week passed by, when I received a second visit from Messer Antonio, who said: 'I am not satisfied with the student Ziobà; he is a dissipated young fellow; he has spent my money in debauchery, and I shall withdraw my protection from him. Take the receipt, and go and demand the money back. If Pascal refuses to pay, denounce him at the office of the Cinque.'

"Pascal refused to pay. I denounced him at the office of the Cinque, without being made acquainted with the reasons of Toldo for acting thus. The young man allowed his name to appear in the black list, and I am ignorant of what followed."

This declaration confirmed all the suspicions which the statement of Francesco Contarini had given rise to. The enemy, whose name Pascal concealed, was the jeweller Toldo. Notwithstanding the suspicion which was always attached to the evidence of a Jew when the life or the interests of a Christian were at stake, still the words of Macchabæus, of Brindisi, coincided in so remarkable a manner with a part of the note found in the pocket of the murdered man: "To-morrow, he whom thou has persecuted will forgive thee thy malice." Did not the phrase allude to his adventure in the prison of the Cinque, where Pascal would

no doubt have pined away if the romantic rencontre with the noble Contarini had not saved him from the snare laid for him by Messer Toldo? Was it not reasonable, then, to suppose that Pascal had reason to fear a second attempt at revenge on the part of Toldo, and that he had got rid of so dangerous an enemy by assassination?

It was difficult to refute these arguments of the prosecution. Hard-pressed by cross-questioning, the answers of Ziobà became evasive. He repeated that he was not acquainted with Messer Antonio; that if that man nourished evil designs against him, he was not aware of it, and that they originated probably in calumnies said behind his back by some unknown enemy. These denials proved the weakness of the defence. To convict the accused, all that justice required was to discover what cause of hatred there could be between the student and the jeweller Toldo. It was from Pascal himself that the confession was to be extracted. When the tribunals of Venice saw a glimmer of truth, they had means at their disposal for bringing it out fully. They resolved to put Pascal to the torture.

To escape this terrible ordeal, Pascal made a bold move. Turning to the noble Francesco Contarini, he said:

"Noble sir, in wishing to serve me, you have done me a bad turn; but as the intention was a generous one, I owe you my thanks. I entreat your Excellency to render me one more service, that is, to take immediately to the most excellent Council of Ten the following declaration:

"My name is not Ziobà. I am no foundling. The story of the gipsies is a fabrication. My name is Pascal Gambara, and I am the son of the Lord of Gambara, of Brescia, exiled by this great republic, and whose confiscated estates were given in 1516 to Jean-Jaques Trivulce, a French officer. Before being put to the torture by this most respectable tribunal, I most humbly propose to the high Council of Ten that my case be brought before the supreme council, as connected with political matters of the greatest importance. I promise to reveal to the said council all that I know respecting the Gambara and their par-



tisans, and also the whole truth respecting the murder of Antonio Toldo."

Contarini promised Pascal to execute his commission, and proceeded forthwith to the ducal palace.

Fully to understand the importance of the declaration made by Pascal Ziobà, the position of the republic of Venice at that moment must be called to mind. For five-and-twenty years, the greatness of Venice had been gradually on the decline. Her political faith had led to many misfortunes, and the League of Cambray had made a severe onslaught on her credit. Andreas Gritti, having saved the State by cunning and intrigue, had introduced a system of temporizing and venality. In 1516, when Francis the First, after his victory at Marignano, talked of subjugating all Italy, Venice, eager to join the strongest, entered into close alliance with France. Trivulce commanded the French troops at the siege of Brescia, with a view to restore it to the Venetians. The Gambara, a noble family of high interest at Brescia, were exiled by the Council of Ten, and their possessions were conferred upon Trivulce as a reward for the service he had rendered to the republic. Shortly afterwards, the French, beaten in their turn, evacuated the Milanese territory. Venice drew closer to Spain. The Gambara endeavored to procure a return to favor; but the Council of Ten, being desirous of having friends at the court of France, in case of a turn of fortune, did not think it advisable to offend the Trivulce, who had often proved of essential service. At the close of the year 1524, when Francis the First reentered Italy at the head of a large army, the Venetians congratulated themselves at having acted with delicacy towards so powerful a monarch. Yet the Spanish army was equally strong, and Charles the Fifth was also to be feared. Venice did not know which way to turn. Both monarchs were dallied with by kind words and false promises. Francis the First crossed the Alps, and the Spanish army encamped near Pavia. The instructions given by the republic of Venice to its ambassadors at this juncture display the utmost hesitation and perplexity. One month before the struggle, the Council of Ten signed a secret treaty with France in the Pope's

cabinet. The republic predicted that fortune would, as usual, favor the arms of France at first, and then deprive her of the fruits of victory, as France was accustomed to lose Italy just as fast as she conquered it. Venice proposed to follow her old policy—to flatter the victor, and turn against him at the first misfortune. The battle of Pavia, fought on the 24th February, 1525, upset completely all these calculations, and the proposed policy of the senate of Venice. French influence was ruined for many a year to come in Italy; and Venice, with her recently signed treaty at Rome, stood alone in face of Spain, whom she had deceived with the utmost perfidy.

A month had elapsed since the sanguinary battle of Pavia, and the negotiations of the Council of Ten still remained a mystery. Yet it was supposed that the republic was endeavoring to calm the anger of Charles the Fifth. At this juncture the heir of the Gambara might become an important personage, and render essential service. His family in Lombardy had espoused the Spanish side, and he might act as intermediary with the emperor, as Trivulce had formerly done with Francis the First. The Council of Forty saw this at once as soon as the name of Gambara was pronounced. Pascal was not put to the torture.

At dead of night Pascal was removed from the prisons of the Forty to those under the leads in the ducal palace. Three state inquisitors, with masks on, proceeded at once to his examination. They reported that his communications were so important that the council ought not to hesitate in giving an attentive and an indulgent ear to the young man's statement.

Great was the disappointment of the public that this interesting case was suddenly stopped. The slightest reflection upon the acts of the Council of Ten at Venice was punishable with death within four-and-twenty hours, so the whole city very prudently abstained from discussing the subject. Whatever was the fate of Pascal, no one expected to hear anything of him again, once he had passed the threshold of the hall of the supreme council. Some persons, however, more curious than the rest, made inquiries at Brescia, convinced that the young Gambara would

come off unhurt. A month after, it was whispered at Venice that the Gambaras had been restored to their possessions, and that Pascal had been seen at Milan with Duke Sforza in conference with the Marquis d'Avalos, with a safe-conduct from the Council of Ten, styling him their well-beloved son.

This is what took place. After the first examination communicated to the Ten by the three inquisitors, the prisoner was brought before the secret tribunal. In the small council chamber there may still be seen two false closets. One is a door leading to the prison stairs, the other is the torture-room. Pascal was led in by one of these doors, and the other door was thrown open, displaying its horrible paraphernalia. In his presence it was debated whether it would not be as well to put the prisoner to the ordinary torture. One of the members, feigning pity for the youth of the prisoner, proposed that he should be exempted if he made a full confession. The tribunal assented, and asked Pascal if he was willing to do so, without concealment, to deserve the indulgence of the council. Pascal took a solemn oath not to conceal anything. He was taken back to his cell, and writing materials were placed before him. The display of the instruments of torture had the desired effect, for his confession was as explicit as could be wished. Pascal took three days to complete it. A copy of it, in a different handwriting, is extant in the MS. entitled "*Caso dei Gambareschi*," with the heading: "*Suplicazione di Pasquale Gambara ai capi del'ecceleso conseio dei Dieci, scritta con umiltà, circa i casi di Brescia nel 1516 e la morte d'Antonio Toldo, in Venetia.*"\*

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Most noble Seigneurs, I, Pascal Gambara, implore on my knees the clemency of this most noble State, of which I am the unhappy, misguided son. Deprived from my earliest years of my natural counsellors and advisers, I have

committed great errors, and I shall make an humble confession of them before this most high tribunal, that the sincerity of my language and the earnestness of my repentance may make me a worthy object of pity.

"Your Excellencies are aware that my father, being a partisan of the Spanish faction at Brescia, was deprived of his possessions, which were endowed upon Jean-Jaques Trivulce. My mother died shortly before the capture of Brescia. My uncle, Hubert Gambara, before leaving for the Roman court, secretly intrusted me to the care of a peasant woman in the neighborhood of Bassano, Marcellina Aliga, who had been my nurse. I was then nine years of age, and I remained three years with Marcellina, under the name of Pascal Ziobà, a name that I bear at the present moment. My uncle thought it advisable that I should remain on the Venetian territory, in case it should one day please your lordship to honor me with your favor, and the law against refugees might not be to my disadvantage. This is why a story was fabricated that I had been stolen by gipsies, and that no one knew my origin.

"As I have already declared before the courts, the renowned Titian met me by chance at Bassano, took a fancy to me, made me accompany him to Venice, and instructed me in the art of painting. It is in this magnificent city that an adventure plunged me into the abyss in which I now find myself. It is now sixteen months that, walking one day near Saint Giuliano, I beheld a young lady richly dressed, and of remarkable beauty. She was followed by two female servants, the one bearing her fan, the other her prayer-books. Suddenly an elderly lady came out of a shop and placed herself before the younger one, imploring her, in energetic language, to listen to what she had to say, and to give her a kind regard.

"The beautiful young woman turned away her head with an expression of contempt, and told the elderly dame to leave her; but, as the lady's supplications increased in vehemence, the younger one turned upon her heel, and her cheek appeared flushed with offended pride. The old lady then addressed the crowd, saying that the cruel-hearted person was her

\* Case of the Gambara family: Petition of Pascal Gambara to the heads of the eminent Council of Ten, written in humility, respecting the events of Brescia in 1516, and the death of Antonio Toldo in Venice.

daughter; that an affair of gallantry, which caused some sensation ten years back, was the cause of the pretext of her daughter's disdain, and that neither the absolution of the Church nor an exemplary life ever since had proved of avail against the unnatural coldness of her daughter. After many lamentations and tears, the old lady in her anger uttered a malediction upon her daughter, hoping that one day she might fall and in her turn implore in vain pity and pardon. I was moved with compassion for this unhappy mother, as were all who witnessed this scene, and I uttered the inward wish to see the proud beauty humiliated as she deserved. That young lady was the wife of the jeweller, Antonio Toldo.

"A few days afterwards, Titian being absent, Lucrezia Toldo came to visit his atelier, and I explained to her the subjects of different paintings of which she was ignorant. Whilst showing her a Magdalen, I told Lucrezia that the work of Titian would have been perfect if she had sat as a model: unless, indeed, some hidden defect of structure were concealed by her dress. Lucrezia replied that her dress concealed no defects, and that Antonio Toldo had told her that the structure of her form was perfect; to which I replied that Toldo was not a competent judge of the beauty of form, and that the eye of a painter was alone capable of deciding the question. Notwithstanding her silence at this remark, I perceived by the expression of her countenance that she was desirous to ascertain if an artist would pronounce as favorable an opinion of her figure as Messer Toldo. The following day I met her at Santa Martha, and meeting her again on the Riva, she addressed me on the subject. I perceived that vanity would lead her to anything, and it was agreed between us that on an appointed day and hour I was to proceed to her house at San Salvador. Toldo had gone to Udine on business, and she was to be as Titian's model for his Magdalen. I gave a promise to keep at a respectful distance. This was the only condition imposed upon me. On the day appointed, Lucrezia Toldo was ready to receive me; but I did not keep the appointment. A liaison, however, commenced between me and the wife of

Antonio Toldo. Lucrezia gave me a key to the back door of the house, which led to the Tedeschi Foundry, and I could enter and leave by this secret door without being observed by any one; so that it was not necessary for any of the servants to be intrusted with the secret. Not to neglect the occasion of studying such a model, I made two or three careful drawings of the lady, with a view to composition of nymphs, naiads, and such like conceptions.

"The natural levity of my age, and the desire of entering the University of Padua, put a stop to this intercourse. I left Venice and the lessons of Titian. Either because she still loved me, or because she was piqued at my neglect, the fair Lucrezia lost sight of her usual prudence. She sent messengers to me at Padua, requesting me to return, and offering to procure me interviews during the absence of her husband. She wrote me two or three violent letters, upbraiding me for my neglect. One day I returned to Venice, and paid her a visit. I was in her chamber when a waiting-maid came in and informed us that Messer Antonio Toldo, whom we thought at Friuli, had suddenly returned. I slipped away by a secret gallery; but at the end of the gallery I was met by Lucrezia's little boy, a child of four years of age, who did not know me, and who, on seeing a stranger, screamed with fright. To make matters worse, I met him again at the house door, and stumbling over him in my hurry, tumbled him down. Toldo hastened to the spot on hearing his son's cries, and learnt from him that a man had been in his wife's apartment.

"A few days after this incident, I was foolish enough to go to Venice with some fellow-students, and at the gate of St. Mark whom should I meet but Messer Antonio and his son. The child, on seeing me, drew back with fear, and, pointing towards me, said that I was the man who had pushed him down in the gallery. Toldo cast a terrible glance at me, which revealed to me that he guessed all that I wished to conceal from him. The infidelity of his wife was also revealed to him by another circumstance. Some indiscreet personage opened the portfolio which contained my drawings, and ill-naturedly showed them to Toldo,

who, from that moment, swore to ruin me by every means in his power. It was at this juncture that the Jew, Macchabeus, laid the snare for me, which came to light on the trial. I was thrown into the dungeons of the office of the Cinque for the pitiful debt of fifty small livres; and as the death of a prisoner is never inquired into, I should have been assassinated had it not been for the unforeseen interference of the noble Francesco Contarini, to whom I am indebted for my life. On regaining my liberty, I was aware of the dangers I had incurred from the hatred of Toldo. Notwithstanding my poor condition and the misfortunes of my family, I could not forget that the blood of the Gambaras flowed in my veins, and my heart sickened at the thought of dying ignobly in the dress of a student, assassinated at some street corner by a vender of precious stones. I resolved to get rid of my importunate enemy by mine own hand. I had in my possession an old arquebuse, which I had always kept concealed, owing to the letter G being inlaid in the butt, and which might have revealed my relationship to the Gambaras. The Thursday of the Carnival seemed to me a fit day for carrying my plan into execution. I wrote to the jeweller the letter found in his pocket, and I made use of the Brescian dialect, which I had always avoided speaking at the university for fear I should be thought a Brescian.

"I knew that Toldo eagerly desired the destruction of the sketches I had made of his wife, and I made use of the circumstance to ensnare him. The bait took, and I killed him at the hour and place mentioned. On selecting Holy Thursday, I had not calculated on the confusion that might arise from my false name and the last words of Toldo. The confusion is entirely a freak of chance.

"I was arrested a few days after the crime had been committed. The fear of death enabled me to baffle the judges, and chance favored me a second time by the striking resemblance which existed between the daughter of a tailor in Padua and the fair Lucrezia. I should thus have escaped the rigor of the laws, if it were possible to escape the penetration of this enlightened State. The words of my benefactor, the generous-minded Con-

tarini, dissipated the mystery which hung over my crime. I did not wish to die without revealing to this most high council the whole truth—my name, my birth, and the misfortunes of my family. May you, most noble sirs, find an excuse for my errors in my youth, and in the strange circumstances under which I have been living for the last ten years. And may the sincerity of my confession and of my repentance touch the heart of our magnanimous prince and of this most high tribunal. I declare and swear, by the most holy Trinity, that in this simple narrative I have stated the truth without reserve."

We do not find in the criminal register of the Council of Ten any sentence recorded against Pascal Gambaras. His crime was probably of too flagrant a nature for the council to dare to pronounce an acquittal. It must rather be supposed that the three inquisitors of state came to the decision among themselves which restored him to his possessions and his freedom, on the condition that he should leave immediately for Milan and join Duke Sforza, to negotiate, in conjunction with the Marquis of Avelos, a reconciliation between Charles the Fifth and the republic of Venice. Young Gambaras accomplished his mission with skill and success. It is not unlikely that he was the secret agent of the Council of Ten in negotiating the famous league against the Emperor, between the Pope, the Florentine republic, the Duke of Milan, and the republic of Venice; history has not as yet informed us if the Marquis of Avelos was gained over, or whether he withstood the tempting offers of the united powers.

The horrid abuses of the prisons of Venice, brought to light by the trial of the student Pascal, were boldly attacked by the noble Contarini, and we find in the registers of the Council of Ten the following decree, the originality of which is no less remarkable than the abuses it proposes to reform:

"The xxiii May, 1522.

"THE TEN IN COUNCIL.

"So many abuses and corruptions (which will be mentioned in their proper places in this decree) have been introduced into our office of prisons, that it



can no longer be called an office, but rather the origin and bed of misdeeds, homicides, and unpunished enormities from the perverseness of our ministers, as was seen within these last few months, to the great offence against divine majesty, justice, and the honor of our State, which abuses must be remedied; and to which end,

"It be ordained that, notwithstanding the abuses which have hitherto prevailed respecting the prisoners in the office of the Cinque (which prisoners, for the small debt of fifty livres, might be imprisoned and assassinated), in future no prisoner is liable to be killed or otherwise ill-treated, nor his name inserted on the list of the office of the Cinque (as well as regards persons actually in prison as future prisoners), as long as their debts do not exceed fifty livres inclusively; but that justice shall have its course against any person or persons who may have killed a prisoner, just as if he had been a free man.

"As regards prisoners whose debts exceed fifty livres, the old law is to remain unchanged, that they be liable to death or ill-treatment, as a terror to the wicked and evil-inclined; and we further decree, that in future no prisoner whose name has been inscribed on the list of the said office of the Cinque shall be liberated until he has paid the last farthing, and, once seized, his release cannot be granted unless by order of two magistrates, and by the vote of four fifths of the Council of Ten (legal majority)."

This decree was unanimously carried by sixteen votes, namely, the votes of the Council of Ten, to which were added those of the Seignori.

The Art Journal.

#### A MEMORY OF JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

THERE is no memoir of Horace Smith, but he wrote a biography of his brother James, to preface an edition of his collected writings; and although singularly, and perhaps blamably, abnegating himself, we thence gather a few facts and dates that may aid us in recalling both

to memory. The brothers, of whom James was the eldest by about four years, were the sons of Robert Smith, Esq., an eminent legal practitioner of London, who long held the office of Solicitor to the Ordnance—an office in which James succeeded him. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries, and in all respects an estimable and accomplished gentleman. Horace, having eschewed the legal profession, preferred that of a stockbroker—a business, however, hardly more to his taste, and in which he made no "figure," being from his youth upwards better known at Parnassus than in the vicinity of the Exchange. Both wrote early in life, somewhat to the dismay of the father, who had paved the way to fortune through another and very opposite path.\* Notwithstanding, when Horace produced historical novels, he not only took interest in his son's productions, but gave him "aid and suggestions," which, by his extensive reading and profound knowledge of English history, he was well qualified to do.

James was born on the 16th of February, 1775, and Horace in 1779, at the house in which their father dwelt in Basinghall-street, London. There was also another son, Leonard, and there were six daughters.

The boys were educated at Chigwell, in Essex; in after years, when a "sexagenarian pilgrim," James frequently recalled to memory with pleasure and with gratitude the years there passed; and on revisiting the place towards the close of life, he thus murmured his latest thoughts:

"Life's cup is nectar at the brink,  
Midway a palatable drink,  
And wormwood at the bottom."

James was articled to his father in 1792, became ultimately his partner, and in 1832 succeeded him. He had tried his "prentice han" in various short-lived periodicals, especially the *Monthly*

\* The earliest anecdote recorded of Horace is this: In a letter to Mathews, he relates that when at school, being asked the Latin for the word cowardice, and having forgotten it, he replied that the Romans had none; which being fortunately deemed a *bon mot*, he got praise and a laugh for not knowing his lesson.

*Mirror*, edited by Tom Hill.\* At the close of 1812 the brothers "woke and found themselves famous." "One of the luckiest hits in literature" (thus Horace modestly speaks of the work) appeared on the reopening of Drury Lane Theatre in October of that year. The idea was suggested just six weeks before that event, and the *Rejected Addresses* occupied the writers no longer time. The copyright was offered to, and declined by, Mr. Murray, for the modest sum of £20. He reluctantly undertook to publish it, and share the profits—if any; and it is not a little singular that the worthy publisher did actually purchase the book, in 1819, after it had gone through fifteen editions, for the sum of £131. May such results often follow transactions between publishers and authors!

James wrote the imitations of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe, and Cobbett; Horace those of Byron, Scott, Moore, Monk Lewis, and Fitzgerald. The sarcasms were so genuine, the humor so ample, and the imitations so true, that no one of the poets took offence; on the contrary, they were all gratified. It has been rightly said by Mr. Hayward, "that the only discontented persons were those who were left out."

The brothers became "lions" at once; but they had no notion of revelling in notoriety; of literary vanity they had none, and they shrank from, rather than courted, the stare of "admirers," to whom any celebrity of the hour was—and is—a thing coveted and desired.

This story has been often told: When the venerable *bas bleu*, Lady Cork, invited them to her *soirée*, James Smith wrote his regret that they could not possibly accept the invitation, for that his brother Horace was engaged to grin through a horse-collar at a country fair, and he himself had to dance a hornpipe at Sadler's Wells upon that very night.†

\* Southey writes in one of his letters in 1813: "Horace in London was printed some years ago in the *Monthly Mirror*. I remarked it at the time, and wondered that it did not attract more notice." James wrote the first of the *At Homes* (in 1808) for Mathews; it was entitled *Mail Coach Adventures*.

† Horace says that though such a letter may have been written, it was never sent.

James reposed on his laurels; as his brother says, "he was fond of his ease," and unsolicitous of further celebrity, never again wooing a proverbially capricious public, contenting himself with flinging scraps of humor here and there, heedless of their value or their fate; while Horace became a laborious man of letters. Of James, Mathews used to say, "He is the only man who can write clever nonsense." He lived among wits—dramatic wits more especially—and from him some of them derived much that constituted their stock in trade. His motto was "*Vive la bagatelle!*" his maxim, "Be-gone, dull care!" His sparkle was that of champagne. But, as one of his friends wrote, "he ever preserved the dignity of the English gentleman from merging in the professional gayety of the jester;" there was never aught of sneering or sarcasm in his humor—his wit was never a stab. On the contrary, he was buoyant and genial, even when enduring much bodily suffering; and there was no mistaking the fact that he loved to give pleasure rather than pain.

Horace, on the other hand, became a worker; he took the pen seriously and resolutely in hand, and, although not at any time dependent on literature, became an author by profession, joining the immortal band who

"live for aye  
In Fame's eternal volume."

James died on the 24th of December, 1839, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and was buried under the vaults of St. Martin's Church. Horace died on the 12th of July, 1849, aged sixty-nine, and was buried in the churchyard of Trinity Church, Tunbridge Wells.

James "seldom wrote, except as an amusement and relief from graver occupation. Though he may be described as a wit by profession, his nature was kindly, genial, and generous." One who knew him intimately, avers that it was "difficult to pass an evening in his company without feeling in better humor with the world;" and many of his friends have testified to his inexhaustible fund of amusement and information, and his "lightness, liveliness, and good sense."

Of James, his brother writes: "His was not the sly, sneering sarcasm that

finds most pleasure in the *bon mot* that gives pain, nor was it of that dry, quiet character which gives zest to a joke by the apparent unconsciousness of its author. His good sayings were heightened by his cordial good nature, by the beaming smile, the twinkling eye, and the frank, hearty cacchination that showed his own enjoyment." He had a remarkably tenacious memory, and was ever ready with an apt quotation from the old poets; and he pleasantly sang some of his own songs.

I recall to memory one of his *jeux d'esprit*; I am not sure if it be published:

"Cælia publishes with Murray,  
Cupid's ministry is o'er;  
Lovers vanish in a hurry,  
She writes—she writes, boys,  
Ward off shore!"

And I have another in ms., "the alphabet to Madame Vestris:"

"Though not with lace bedizened o'er,  
From James's and from Howell's,  
Oh don't despise us twenty-four  
Poor consonants and vowels.  
Though critics may your powers discuss,  
Your charms, admiring, men see,  
Remember you from four of us  
Derive your X L N U."

Although I more than once visited James Smith at his house in Craven-street, I saw most of him—and it was the best of him—at the "evenings" of Lady Blessington in Seamore Place. He was not far off from his grave, and was usually full of pain: it was often shown by that expression of countenance which accompanies physical suffering, and his round, good-humored face, although it was seldom without a smile, was generally contracted, and at times convulsed from internal agony.

Leigh Hunt described him as "a fair, stout, fresh-colored man, with round features;" and N. P. Willis as a man "with white hair, and a very nobly-formed head and physiognomy; his eye alone, small, and with lids contracted into an habitual look of drollery, betrayed the bent of his genius."

He wheeled himself about the room in a sort of invalid chair, and had generally something pleasant, and often something witty, to say to each of the guests, his beautiful and accomplished hostess com-

ing, naturally, in for the largest share of both. He was tall and stout, and the merry twinkle of his eye gave evidence that his thoughts were redolent of humor, even when he did not speak.

Horace Smith was of another, and certainly a higher, nature. Leigh Hunt deposes to "the fine nature of the man" (and well he might do so, having had experience of his liberality), and pictures him as "of a good and manly figure, inclining to the robust; his countenance extremely frank and cordial, sweetness without weakness." And Shelley, writing of him, exclaims: "It is odd that the only truly-generous person I ever knew who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker." "Gay, tender, hospitable, and intellectual," that is Lady Morgan's character of Horace Smith; and this is Southey's testimony to the credit of the brothers both: "They are clever fellows, with wit and humor as fluent as their ink, and, to their praise be it spoken, with no gall in it."

Yes, certainly, Horace was of a far higher nature than James; perhaps it was fairly said of them, "One was a good man, the other a good fellow." But Horace was happily married, and had loving children, enjoyed a healthy constitution, and lived in comparative retirement, away from the bustle of society, in a tranquil home; during the later years of his life he resided at Brighton—it was not then as it is now, London-at-sea, where everybody meets everybody, and nods of recognition are about as many as the steps one takes when promenading the Parade.

He was twice married, and left a daughter by each of his wives; his second wife was the maternal aunt of Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., the artist. Mr. Ward retains affectionate remembrances of Hor-

\* That, however, was not an "odd thing." It is known that on "the Stock Exchange" originate very many charities; that, indeed, scarcely a day passes there without some subscription list being handed about to relieve want or suffering, public and private. Many thousand pounds are there collected of which the world hears and knows nothing, and the number of persons thus assisted amounts to several hundreds annually. Some of the best "charities" of England had their birth at this place of busy traffic, where, apparently and outwardly, the mind and soul are exclusively occupied in money-getting.

acc Smith, of his love for children, and the delight that was caused in his father's house whenever "Uncle Horace" was expected; his arrival was ever the signal of a merry-making. He usually placed the children on his knees, and regaled them with fairy tales told in extempore verse.

It was at Brighton I knew Horace Smith, so far back as the year 1835. My knowledge of him, though limited, enables me to indorse the opinions I have quoted from better authorities. He was tall, handsome, with expressive yet quiet features; they were frequently moved, however, when he either heard or said a good thing, and it was easy to perceive the latent humor that did not come to the surface as often as it might have done. It is saying little if I say I never heard him utter an injurious word of any one of his contemporaries, although our usual talk concerned them; for I was at that time editor of the *New Monthly*, to which he was a frequent contributor, and he liked to know something of his associates in letters—the greater number of whom, I believe, he had never seen. He knew their writings, however, and was certainly an extensive reader as well as a sound thinker, and always a generous and sympathizing critic. I copy one of his letters; it is evidence of that which was the leading characteristic of his mind—a total abnegation of self:

"17th October, 1831.

"10, Hanover Crescent.

"I am sorry you should deem the smallest apology necessary for returning my ms., a duty which every editor must occasionally exercise towards all his contributors. From my domestic habits and love of occupation I am always scribbling, often without due consideration of what I am writing, and I only wonder that so many of my frivolities have found their way into print. With this feeling, I am always grateful towards those who save me from committing myself, and acquiesce very willingly in their decisions. In proof of this, I will mention a fact of which I am rather proud. Mr. Colburn had agreed to give me £500 for the first novel I wrote and had announced its appearance, when a mutual friend, who looked over the ms., having expressed an unfavorable opinion of it, I threw it in the fire, and wrote *Brambletye House* instead. Let me not omit to mention, to the credit of Mr. C., that, upon the unexpected success of

that work, he subsequently presented me with an additional £100.

"Begging your excuse for the gossip, I am, with renewed thanks, dear sir,

"Yours very truly,

"HORATIO SMITH."

His novels are still "asked for" at the circulating libraries, and perhaps as historical romances they even now hold their place next to those of Scott, while among his collected poems are many of great beauty and of much strength. I believe, however, that after the publication of *Rejected Addresses* he preferred to consider the comic vein exhausted; certainly, he never wrote in that style for the *New Monthly*. If he does not hold the highest rank in the "republic of letters," he has a high place among the many who gave renown to the age in which he lived. They have had imitators and followers, but the wits of the present day are to those of the past but as tinsel compared with pure gold. Yes, not only in the loftiest walks of literature, but in those that are by comparison lowly, we miss the giants who in our younger days were on earth. We trust we are not "bigots of the past" when we grieve over the contrast between the wits of to-day and the wits of yesterday.

Horace was not rich; indeed, neither of the brothers were so—James never could have amassed money, notwithstanding he was Solicitor to the Board of Ordnance. He invested his whole capital, amounting to no more than £3000, in the purchase of an annuity, and died three months after it was bought. Horace bequeathed to his widow and children an ample sufficiency, although he was far too generous to have become wealthy. Shelley did not know that it was out of comparatively limited means, and not a superfluity, that he relieved, at Shelley's entreaty, the pressing wants of Leigh Hunt. Many other instances may be recorded of his generosity in giving—or of lending, which means the same thing—to less prosperous brothers of the pen.

He was, indeed, emphatically a good man; of large sympathy and charity, generous in giving, even beyond his means; eminent for rectitude in all the affairs and relations of life, and "richly



meriting" the praises that are inscribed on his tomb in the graveyard at Tunbridge Wells:

Sacred to the memory of  
HORACE SMITH, ESQ.,  
Of Brighton, Sussex,  
Who departed this life July 12, 1849,  
Aged 69.

Gifted with the highest qualities of head and heart,  
His private virtues  
Outshone even his public fame.  
Ever resigning himself with heartfelt gratitude  
And reverent humility  
To the will of the Almighty;  
Ever overflowing with charity towards all men;  
He died as he lived,  
Loving and beloved,  
Full of trust, joy, and hope.

"Glory, and Honour, and Peace, to every man  
that worketh good."—ROMANS II. 10.

#### THE TRAGEDY OF MARIE JOYSEL.\*

##### I.—THE CONFESSOR'S SECRET.

IN 1683, upon the *Quai des Tournelles*, the old Abbé Le Blanc, a holy man, in friendship with M. de Louvois and other influential persons, was living in peace with mankind, his hopes resting on the kingdom of heaven. He was well beloved in his chapter and church as a simple-hearted man, who seldom preached, but practiced righteousness. His fortune was humble. What he had was everybody's—shared among his family, the poor, his housekeeper. His friends considered him a wee bit lunatic, for he was lively or sad with the changes of the wind and weather. His melancholy days were passed at the corner of his hearth in poking the fire, lost, as he used to say, in his purgatory. For a week together he might thus remain in sullen silence, answering only a word at a time; then one morning you were quite surprised to find him in good humor again, opening his window and his soul to the first ray of sunshine.

\* The materials of this deeply-interesting, though tragic story, were gathered chiefly from legal documents belonging to the latter part of the seventeenth century. It is historical, therefore, at least in its leading features. While a story of singular crime and punishment, mingled with penitence and confession, it is highly illustrative of the social and religious life of France at the period referred to. It is translated from the French for THE ECLECTIC.—EDITOR.

His family were working men of Lyons. One of his sisters had married a physician of that city, named Thomé, a fine fellow, but who put by no money, and who, shortly before his death, decided, at his wife's entreaties, to recommend his second son, Henri, to the Abbé's good graces.

Henri took the coach for Paris, with a dozen crown pieces and the blessings of his family. He was tall and well formed, and a pair of magnificent blue eyes lit up his countenance. On a December evening Henri entered his uncle's house. The Abbé, seeing a strong likeness to his sister, welcomed the young doctor tenderly, and yet with some restraint, for fear of displeasing his housekeeper. Angelica welcomed her guest with grimaces, muttering some economic litany; but as she served them a mean supper that evening, she softened at last, and deigned to listen to Henri, who talked to please his uncle, and even carried her amiability so far as to wish him a good night as she showed him to a little chamber, which was also the Abbé's library and sitting-room.

In a week's time she was on the best terms with Henri. She told him her history; that of her family; all the matches she had refused on the Abbé Le Blanc's account, and all the nights she had passed in embroidering his stoles; in short, she opened her heart to him as to a friend.

Among these open secrets it appeared that for some years the Abbé had had his white moons, his red moons, and his black moons. According to this ancient spinster, you must be careful how you spoke to him in his lunatic hours; but Henri, worried to see his uncle sit brooding and absent-minded, would have more light upon the subject. So one evening, as the Abbé, seated before a window, seemed to be going to sleep with the day, Henri came to talk with him about the weather.

"I wonder whether you are like me, uncle. I am a slave to the changes of your Parisian climate. Rain spoils everything for me, even my favorite authors; the sun lightens my heart and eyes: with the sunshine all smiles upon me—the trees, the houses, and the river. In church, my heart is much nearer to God

in fine weather than in fog and drizzle."

The Abbé answered not a word.

"I believe, indeed, my uncle, that all men are so. It seems to me that even you, who live in the Lord, far from the cares and pains of this world—you can not defend yourself against the spell of bad weather."

The Abbé still kept mute.

"I see that I was mistaken," resumed Henri, turning away. "Pardon me, if I have disturbed your holy meditations. Worldling as I am, I understand these effusions of soul into the heart of Deity."

The young man had stopped, in speaking thus, beside the chimney, where some embers were dying out. The Abbé, supposing that he had gone out, began to think aloud, as if to lighten his heart:

"My God! give me strength to save her. Ah, Lord! thou hadst more mercy upon Magdalen; and Magdalen was, perhaps, less afflicted, less beautiful."

Henri stole away softly as a shadow; but he was not at the door before the old housekeeper entering, said: "Master, shall we have supper early? Do you hear me, sir? Are you going to the prison to-day, sir?"

"No, no: I shall not go," replied the Abbé, as if speaking to himself. "I shall not go again. I wish never to return there."

"Here's an original for you; he is going right straight there through the rain. Was ever such an abbé seen? Now, why couldn't he wait until to-morrow? To put himself out for such creatures as those! Do they need the cross and holy water to go to hell?"

Henri lapsed into a reverie, following his uncle to Sainte Pelagie, entering one of the cells, and consoling, with Christian charity, some beautiful penitent who had only, like Magdalen, her hair and her tears.

"I will go to Sainte Pelagie," said he suddenly, as though bewitched by a presentiment.

## II.—THE LOVELY CRIMINAL.

HENRI had never loved. During his studies at Montpellier, true passion had not taken root in his heart. Love is at first but a phantasy. At the dawn of

youth it seldom has strength or religion. On the Abbé's return, Henri asked him if he were satisfied with his fold—if the lost sheep had returned into the right path.

"The poor prisoners," said the Abbé Le Blanc with some feeling, "are all moved with the voice of the Gospel; they repent in good faith. There is one, however, more rebellious—one who speaks of salvation lightly. Through my efforts, the grace of God will yet at last descend into her heart." After a pause, he continued, speaking inwardly: "Ah! could I but save this rebel angel!"

"Uncle," resumed Henri, not quite self-possessed, "are there none sick at Sainte Pelagie?"

"Always; this prison is almost a grave: they learn to die there."

"Ah, well, uncle, since you are such a good doctor of souls, why should not I doctor the bodies a little? You are on good terms with M. de Louvois, with the Archbishop, and other illustrious personages. Do you know that you are a man of influence? Could you not get me appointed assistant physician of the prison, with a salary of some six hundred a year? In awaiting my patients of the fashionable world, I should find here a study and a duty. Think on it."

"Six hundred a year," muttered the Abbé. "He is right; a study and a duty. It would lighten my expenses, too. Six hundred, in truth. I will consider it."

He soon relapsed into the sombre labyrinth of his reveries.

Next morning, Henri supposed his overture forgotten, when his uncle told him that he had interceded with the Chancellor, and that (thanks to his high and benevolent protection) his nephew, Charles Henri Thomé, was appointed assistant physician to the prison of Sainte Pelagie.

Henri, after calling on the chief physician and the matron with his uncle, asked an introduction to the sick patients; but he found that day only unworthy creatures, withered by crime and evil passions, having nothing to recommend them—neither beauty nor courage.

"Doubtless," said he, "my uncle has allowed himself to be blinded. I have seen now nearly all the prisoners. There

is not one who can resemble either Magdalen the sinner or Magdalen the penitent."

But some days afterwards, as he traversed a corridor with the jailer, a nun of the convent, Sister Martha, came to ask him to visit a poor prisoner, whom the director had sentenced to hard labor.

"If that one ever works, may I be shut up myself," said the jailer. "In all conscience; they ought to leave such white hands in peace."

By the jailer's manner, it might be surmised that those white hands had touched his own with a few pieces of money. Henri Thomé silently followed the nun. She led him to a little cell at the foot of a stairway, took a key from her girth, struck three little taps, opened, and bade the young doctor pass before her. After casting a glance on the prisoner:

"My sister," said she, with angelic sweetness, "our doctor of the prison is often prevented by his age and infirmities from giving you medical attention. Trust without reserve in this one, who is sent to us by his uncle, the venerable Abbé Le Blanc."

The prisoner gently bowed her head, looking carelessly at Henri Thomé.

"I will return in a few moments," resumed the nun, closing the door.

The young doctor stood before the prisoner, who was seated on the edge of her bed.

"Sir," said she, "for mercy's sake register me on the sick list. Since you are a doctor, that will be no trouble for you," she resumed, with a smile slightly ironical. And so speaking, she raised upon him two bewildering eyes.

"What can I answer, Madame, if not that I find you as ill as you choose to be? But in conscience let me feel."

The prisoner seeing him extend his hand, gave him her own. As she felt that he pressed it a little more than a physician ought, she said briskly: "Do you find any fever, sir?"

"No, Madame," he replied, with a quaver in his voice, "but as you desire it, I will inscribe you among the patients of the house."

"Thank you, sir, for your good will." And thereupon she opened a prayer-book. Henri Thomé sought to renew the conversation.

"You possess, Madame, a devoted friend in my uncle the Abbé. You have touched his heart. Such misfortune nobly borne, such beauty hidden by fate in a prison, tears falling in silence and solitude, when so many hearts would fain catch them!"

The prisoner closed her book, and raised her head proudly.

"Sir," said she, with some slight bitterness, "I do not give every one the right to pity me." Then, touched by the mortification Henri's countenance expressed, she added with a sigh: "However, the friendship we both feel for the good Abbé Le Blanc may excuse you. Pity me, if you please; it will not anger me."

Sister Martha now reopened the door. "To-morrow, Madame," and Thomé bowed in withdrawing.

The prisoner quietly returned the salute with cold politeness. Henri went home pensive. It was only in April. The sun diffused his gentlest beams. Passing through the gloomy street De la Clef, he seemed to be walking in an enchanted country. He saw but the heavens. If his eye fell upon the black walls of Sainte Pelagie, it was to discern some tufts of wall flowers dancing in the breeze of spring. He heard only the beats of his own heart, the anthem of his soul. If his ear caught sound beyond, 'twas the love song of some bird from the prison's mossy roof.

When he met his uncle that afternoon, he could not help saying that he had seen a prisoner who was the most beautiful of women. "And yet," he added, "I have only seen her eyes and hands. But what imperial eyes! What adorable hands!"

"Guilty eyes and guilty hands;" said the uncle, with a sigh. "Let us never speak of this woman."

Alone in his chamber, Henri re-formed in his memory the picture of his interview. Gradually that face, on which his eye had not dared to rest, lived again under his inward gaze, so pale, so pure, so proud and so bewitching. Coypel had painted this prisoner in her ephemeral passage through the world of youthful follies; a reflection of Titian's courtesan, paled with the fires of passion; the same voluptuous ardor in the eyes and on the

lips. No memories or presentiments of heaven—all of this world; made to love, to kill in her ardent caresses. When Henri Thomé saw her in her cell, such was no longer her portrait. Far from the sun, far from the world, far from love: her cheeks had faded under tears, her softened eyes were veiled in the twilight of hope and the inward contemplation of the life beyond. Her beauty, though less splendid, appealed more to the heart.

"To love this woman is to throw one's self into the lion's den," murmured Henri, letting drop his arms. All the rest of that day and night he vainly endeavored to escape this fascination. He was under the spell. Everywhere appeared that pale face on which passion had written its eloquent strophes, those fountain eyes of love and tears.

### III.—PSALMS OF REPENTANCE.

ABOUT noon the next day Henri revisited the prison. He was paler and more excited than yesterday when he entered the cell of the beautiful prisoner, yet he showed more self-control. Desiring to penetrate the secret of this extreme misfortune, his scrutinizing eye enveloped everything, while he talked commonplace about the tedium of prison life, when the April sky, resplendent with sunshine, invites all human creatures to the banquet of joy. The cell was four or five times larger than a grave. On its dank walls was nothing for the eye. On its stone floor nothing to protect delicate feet. No furniture but a hard and narrow bed, a sofa emptied of its stuffing, a little black oak table, a tapestry frame, a pitcher, some books of piety, some rags, a little broken-edged china pot, in which the prisoner cultivated violets; and to console for this misery and this abandonment, a little mirror with a gothic frame, Pelisson's spider. To show up all this some pale beams filtered through the bars of a narrow skylight.

"You shall not remain here," said Henri Thomé, indignant at the punishment inflicted; "you cannot live a year here."

"It is eleven years that I have been

here," said she, with sad and gentle resignation.

"Eleven years!" repeated Henri, pale and tottering, as though he had received a blow in his heart.

"But what matters it?" resumed the prisoner. "I am condemned to die here. Alas! even death refuses me!"

She sought again, or seemed to seek, a refuge from her grief in prayer.

"Those who have condemned you to this punishment are inhuman, Madame; only some hateful vengeance."

"In mercy, sir, let us not speak of the past. I must be to you merely a sick prisoner; seek no farther."

"You were very young, Madame, eleven years ago."

"I was twenty-two."

"What! You have passed the beautiful years of life in this horrible solitude! You have lived without the joys of youth! No heart has come to console yours?"

The prisoner no longer listened to Henri; at least, she bent her mind upon the penitential psalms. Henri respected her silence and withdrew. As he passed the jailer, he asked him what they said at Sainte Pelagie about the beautiful prisoner. The jailer answered: "She is only known by her baptismal name, *Marie*; she is imprisoned by order and under the control of an old lawyer, a dark repulsive person. She is very resigned, always in tears, but never complains."

Henri was turning away, when the jailer added: "I forgot to tell you that several gentlemen come here in coaches, and each offered me more than a hundred crown pieces to see her. One, especially, was very urgent. He would have made my fortune had I consented to give my prisoner the key of the fields."

As soon as he returned home, Henri sought the Abbé, who was reading his breviary in a corner of the room.

"Uncle, I expect from your friendship some light on the history of this prisoner named Marie. As I am physician of the body, I must know what is passing and what has passed in the soul."

"My child, I will repeat to God alone what the confessor has heard here below. Besides, when I absolve a sinner, I forget his crimes. It belongs only to the



Most High to record them in his great Book of the last judgment."

"Ah, my uncle, you have not forgotten what Marie has confessed to you."

"Hearken, my child: let us never speak of this woman; let us forget her crimes, now that she has shed the tears of repentance." As the Abbé, speaking thus, looked at his nephew, he was surprised at his pallor, his anxiety, and the strange fire of his eye.

"What have I done? imprudent that I am," thought Abbe Le Blanc, musing upon the prisoner's fatal beauty; "if my poor boy should thus be taken captive, like all who have known this woman?"

"My friend," he resumed aloud, "this woman is a deep and dark abyss, that I have never looked into without terror. We must pity her, in passing, but fear the vertigo. Crime has bewildered more than one young head. I forgot to tell you that we have there a precious letter for you."

"A letter from my mother!" said Henri, breaking the seal.

He read with filial ardor, but, however, with a heart distraught. This letter exhaled maternal tenderness so touching, a family perfume so pure, that for a few minutes he blushed at his mad passion for a criminal. Marie appeared to him with features less winning, in face of his mother, who was a model of Christian virtue; but, little by little, the demon Love resumed his empire.

That evening, when he was alone, it seemed to him an age since he had seen the fair prisoner. He was almost frightened at this growing passion that had already taken such possession of him. He fell upon his knees, although he had lost the habit of praying; he sought to recall the image of his mother.

"Oh, my God! Oh, my mother! Deliver me from this woman!" but at the same moment: "Oh, my God," he resumed, with tears, "deliver the poor prisoner."

Struggling no longer, he gave himself up to this funereal love, whose horizon was the wall of a cell, peopled with the phantoms of crime. But Love puts his hands for a bandage over your eyes to hide from them everything evil or mean. In Love's kaleidoscope, Henri saw only a beautiful woman of high birth and loft-

ier spirits, while the tears of her misfortune rose sublimed, to invest with rainbow aureole that Parian brow.

If Henri thought of Marie's crimes, far from indignation against himself or her, he grew still tenderer, he descended lower into the abyss. Is not love a fire, to which even the storm ministers?

#### IV.—JOYS AND PAINS OF HEART.

In less than a week, Henri Thomé's gentle nature resembled the vineyards of Naples crowned with their flaming Vesuvius. He had hardly extracted a few vague words from the prisoner, doubtless preoccupied. But one morning, when he surprised her overwhelmed in grief, her hair fallen around her, with clenched hands, uplifted, she spoke to him as to a friend. The nun did not, that day, enter the cell as she opened the door to the young doctor. Alone, before the afflicted woman he loved to delirium, he fell upon his knees, took her hands and said:

"Ah, Madame, if you but knew how I love you!" At another moment she would have repelled him, perhaps with disdain; but then her heart was opened by a crisis of grief and despair. She was touched by this passionate avowal; she looked at Henri without withdrawing her hands, and said in softened tones:

"You love me! But you do not know whom you love! You are touched by my woe; it is pity, it is not true love, God be praised! You pity, but you do not love me."

"I do not love you!" exclaimed Henri sobbing; "look if I do not love you!"

The prisoner felt burning tears upon her hands.

"Poor child!" murmured she, weeping herself. "Who are you, then? Whence come you? You have not then met in the world where you live a younger woman, and worthier your heart? Have you no sister to defend you, by her purity, from such a passion?"

"I have a sister, a sister who loves me," replied Henri. "If she saw you so unhappy and so beautiful, far from condemning my heart, she would bid me love you."

Marie had become pensive. She

reached to the Christ of her bed, grasped a rusty key and a little blood-stained dagger, but suddenly pushing them away:

"No," said she, "never!"

"What is it, Madame? Trust in me, I pray you."

"Since you love me, will you help me to accomplish a great work?"

"I am ready for anything," said the young man, raising his head with energy.

"Command, my arm is yours."

"Take care! This is serious, and may ruin you."

"To be ruined for you is a pleasure in itself! I tell you again I am ready for anything."

"Well, then," exclaimed Marie, pressing his hand, "I rely upon you. This is what you have to do. I must leave this prison during three or four hours only, one day this week, a little before midnight. We will take a hackney coach to the street Saint André des Arts, where I must pay some one a visit."

Henri could not repress a movement of jealousy.

"Child!" she resumed, "do you not see in my eyes, then, that if it is a meeting it is not one of love?" In fact her eyes gleamed with the lightning of vengeance. "After that visit we will return here; for I would not escape, even with you. Justice must take its course. Well, shall you have the strength to do this?"

"Yes, Madame," replied Henri, with a firm voice. "But as the price of this perilous ride, I will ask of you, at our return, a kiss on your beautiful hair."

"Take it in advance," said she, breathing with joy.

Henri kissed her hair with passion and delight.

"Is it for this evening?" resumed he all radiant.

"Yes, for this evening, if you can."

"Since you desire it, I can, Madame; I will apprise the jailer and the matron that you are worse, and that I shall return at night, and that Sister Martha will watch with you. Sister Martha loves you, as all do who come near you; she will not have the force to retain you. We will leave together. I alone will be seen, and Heaven be our guide."

"Go, I await you in prayer."

Henri went forth proud and happy, more than ever bewildered by love.

#### V.—THE DAGGER AND THE VIOLETS.

TOWARDS eleven in the evening Henri left his coach at the end of the street; though it was pouring rain, he would go on foot to the prison. He found Sister Martha in Marie's cell. No confidence had yet been made. As there was no time to lose, Henri told their design almost as soon as he entered. "I expect of your friendship for her, three hours of silent watch in this cell: in three hours Marie will have returned; we swear it both upon this crucifix."

"If it be for some good work," murmured Sister Martha, quite afraid.

"Yes, yes, a good work!" said Marie animated.

"Go forth, my sister; I shall pray the Holy Mother of God to watch over you."

Henri threw his cloak over the prisoner's shoulders. She followed him at a little distance in the corridor. The jailer came to attend him to the door. Henri addressed him, took his dark lantern, which he extinguished in letting it fall, and confused the man by senseless words. All happened luckily. While the vexed jailer was picking up his lantern, the prisoner had time to pass. As soon as the door was closed, Henri took Marie in his arms and bore her to the coach. From the street De la Clef to that of Saint André des Arts she did not speak. Henri durst not question Marie, nor disturb the current of her thoughts. He only took her hand in his, and from time to time pressed it with love. Marie was grateful for his silence, touched by his devotion, and twice or thrice during the passage her hand returned his pressure.

Although it rained it was not dark; they could see each other even inside the coach. Now this night, for the first time Marie observed that Henri had a noble countenance; she felt that she was moved by his love; she could not help thinking that it would be sweet for both of them, for herself almost as much as for him, to flee together to some blessed solitude, far from the dark prison, the cold walls of which had shadowed and chilled her eleven long years; far from

the world that had corrupted, then condemned her without mercy. "No, no," said she to herself, "'tis over! The time of loving is passed for me. And yet, alone with him who loves me, far from the scene of my crime and my griefs, forgetting the past like a sad dream, would not God still grant me some days of repose?" She resumed, bowing her saddened head: "Rest for me? Oh no, it is finished; my heart is already in hell. It is not love that I want, it is vengeance."

The coach had stopped before the small hotel in the street Saint André des Arts.

"You will ring," said she to Henri, who handed her out. "Ask for la Verrière; the Swiss will take you for a friend; late as it is he will let us pass."

"And where shall we go?" asked Henri, ringing.

"I know the way," answered Marie, sighing deeply.

They passed without hindrance, crossed the court, climbed a little stairway, and stopped before a door in the dark.

"You will await me, Henri; it will not be long, I hope."

She slipped her rusty key into the lock, opened the door, shut it behind her, and advanced with precaution towards the cabinet where she was to pay her visit.

"'Tis well," said she, seeing a streak of light under the door, "I prefer to find him there. He is there, 'tis well." Then she collected her strength and raised her eyes to heaven.

She advanced more resolute still, pushed the door gently, and entered.

In this cabinet a man was sitting up, withered to a mummy with unwholesome toil, spite, and vexation. A small lamp cast on his bony face a livid light, like that of graves. He was wrapped in a large black gown. When Marie entered, his face was unusually animated; he had been writing, and was reading over what he had written with cruel pleasure. This must be some evil work—in fact, it was the vilest: a testament of curses.

When he had done reading over this strange will, his parchment face expanded with joy and cruelty, as though he had buried a dagger in his enemy's breast.

At this moment, hearing something, he raised his eyes. He beheld Marie, pale and set, her throat tremulous with the pulses of her heart, her eye sparkling with anger.

"You, Madame!" he exclaimed, with sudden terror.

"Yes," said she, advancing a step: "yes, 'tis I!"

The old man was afraid. He opened his mouth to call for aid, but his voice died within him.

Marie, seizing a dagger at her waist, now struck, though with uncertain hand, and only grazed his shoulder; but rage and terror overcame him, so that he fell swooning into his arm-chair.

Marie approached him nearer, gazing on him with disgust and with pity.

"To kill him," said she, "would be cowardice. Is he not half dead?"

She let fall the dagger at his feet.

"O my God! I thank thee," said she: "I thank thee that thou hast disarmed my hand."

She leant over the table to see what this man had been writing.

"His will!" said she, with anxious curiosity. She passed rapidly over the first pages, written long ago. She eagerly read the last lines:

"I bequeath, moreover, to my children all my vengeance and all my curses against their mother. In the name of God and of human justice, I expect and will that they shall cover her with ignominy until after her death. In the name of the Father, of the Son, of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"That is what he was writing," said she, hardly breathing. "Thus vengeance will be his last thought. When he is dead his restless ghost will come to stand guard at my prison door."

She took the testament, tore it, and cast the fragments with contempt in the face of the attorney; then left him, and returned to Henri.

"Let us go," said she; "my visit is paid."

They returned to the prison.

To the jailer—surprised at his summons at that undue hour, and amazed at seeing Marie enter—Henri said: "You have conspired with us, without knowing it, in accomplishing an act of justice. The secret lies with us three and the

Sister Martha, who watches in this prisoner's cell. No one will have cause of complaint. Your integrity remains spotless, your countersign respected, and our friendship is acquired by your silence. Our return proves our innocence; and you are too sensible a man to raise needless scandal. Give us your hand on it."

Half alarmed, half convinced, our Cerberus extended his paw, growling some disconnected phrases, and finally, conquered by the ascendant of youth and beauty, rank and grace, wishing not to grieve the Abbé Le Blanc, and respecting the misfortunes of Marie, he gave in his *post facto* acquiescence. They found in the cell Sister Martha asleep.

"Adieu!" murmured Henri before the nun awoke.

"Henri, my hand is now unworthy of your lips. Return to-morrow; but to-night, pray God for the grace to forget me."

She recalled him by a sign, and gathered the pale violets she had cultivated with so much solicitude.

"Here, Henri, take these violets; they are all that I have good to give you; they are worth more than my heart; take them, and ask nothing more: See, there is blood upon my dagger."

#### V.—GAZETTE OF THE TIME.

THE following passage, which is a true chapter in this history, is taken from the *Lettres Galantes*, published at Amsterdam in 1684:

February.

You know, Madame, the story of that state's attorney who took such an outrageous revenge on his wife. The story is not finished yet. All Paris talks of a recent night scene in this man's cabinet. It almost makes me believe in supernatural events. The caitiff, who has been malingering these many years past, was alone, as it appears, at half past eleven at night, busied with his testament. Every one was asleep in the house but he, who never sleeps: he waits until he shall be dead. He will die without regretting pleasures here below; for the poor man has walked in a stony path. He only fears lest his wife be pardoned as soon as he is dead. This is the motive of his desolation. Wherefore

he makes testament on testament, in which he bequeaths, among other property, his *vengeance* to his family, his friends and children. So, then, the other night he was, as usual, carefully revising all the phrases of his will or of his codicil; he had just added a formal injunction to his children to hold their mother accursed. Suddenly he hears a sort of stir, like the coming of a ghost; he raises his eyes: what does he see before him? His wife—the beautiful Marie de Joyssel—who has been languishing these dozen years in the prisons of the Madelonnettes and Sainte Pelagie. You may judge how comfortable he felt before this strange apparition. He tried to cry out; but his wife, he pretends, drew a dagger from her bosom and darted upon him like a vengeful fury. Our poor attorney fell, stricken, but chiefly by fright. When he came to his senses, half an hour afterwards, he found himself alone. He thought he must have experienced a hallucination from rush of blood to the head; but what is queerest, his will lay at his feet all torn to pieces. He awoke everybody, turned his house inside out: they searched everywhere; they ascertained that all the doors were well closed, and discovered no living soul. By early daylight, feeble as he was, he sped to Sainte Pelagie, to have news of his wife. They told him that Marie Joyssel was ill, and had passed a bad night. He would not credit the matron's report, but must see the prisoner himself. Sister Martha conducted him to Marie's cell. As soon as he saw her on her bed of suffering, he gasped out, 'I am not afraid of you, Madame!' He returned home more than half dead. This time, it is said that he will not recover: his wife's apparition has struck him a mortal blow."

April.

I forgot to mention again the attorney Pierre Gars de la Verrière. He died some weeks ago, never having held up his head from the date of that noted apparition. He declared that he died assassinated by his wife! He had his children brought to his death-bed, and before the notary and witnesses, in face of the solemn preparations for the extreme unction, which the curate of his parish was administering to him, he insisted



that his poor little girls—the eldest is but twelve years old—should swear to cherish his hatred against their mother. The unhappy children wept, without well knowing why.

The notary, in whose hands he had just placed his will, in vain represented that this was going beyond the spirit of the law; the curate in vain applied the precepts of the gospel; the attorney held out. At last, he made his children swear that poor Marie de Joyse's dungeon should always be kept barred with triple bolts. After this horrible oath, he embraced his poor little ones; he asked the curate for his crucifix, and made the sign of the cross while still cursing. Then he bowed his head; and rendered up his last breath. This impious death has scandalized the city, court, and church.

It is said that Gars de la Verrière's widow is preparing a request to the parliament to obtain her liberation. But there will be two sides to this question. Will they dare to break the last testament of a state's attorney?

#### VI—THE BETROTHAL.

MARIE had drawn up a touching petition to the judicial authorities.

Henri Thomé came every day to pass an hour in her cell, ever compassionate, ever impassioned. Without avowing all her history, she had confessed to him that she was condemned for adultery; that her husband being dead, she expected to be set at liberty, and had even mentioned her request to parliament. Far from encouraging his love, she sought to extinguish it, declaring herself dead to human passions; she demanded her liberty only that she might imprison herself again, but, at least, in a worthier asylum. She would consecrate to God all that remained of her miserable life.

But love will hope amid despair. Henri would not resign himself to despair; he placed his happiness in loving Marie; he patiently waited until her heart should in turn be moved.

The poor prisoner was not insensible to the young doctor's love. First, he had been a devoted friend, then a compassionate brother. At last, she could not dissemble that he was a lover, the tenderest and most amiable. She took a

secret pleasure in beholding this sweet and noble countenance which she had animated and saddened; in hearing this voice, ever harmonious and thrilling, that consoled her with its litanies of love. She did not yet confess that she loved Henri; but her heart smote her at the thought that she might leave Sainte Pelagie for a convent wherein she would see him no more.

The judges rendered a decree maintaining her condemnation to perpetual imprisonment.

Henri found her one day more than usually troubled.

"What is the matter, Madame?"

"They have rejected my petition," she replied, with sullen resignation. "I must die here in the shame of the dungeon."

Henri hung his head sadly. After a long silence, he held out his hand to Marie. "Listen, Madame! God has just inspired me with the thought of a good work. I can save you from prison, if you will."

"How could you proceed? Your friendship deludes you."

"I dare not say it, it would require of you so great a sacrifice!"

"Ah!" said she, clasping her hands, "God be my witness that I ardently seek to consummate a sacrifice."

"Well, then, Madame, I, in my turn, will address a request to the tribunal, founded upon the law and on Christian charity, which the judges cannot reject. By this request I shall demand the grace of espousing you."

"Espouse me!" exclaimed Marie, throwing herself into the young man's arms. "Child, what are you thinking about? I will never consent to such devotion."

"You will, then, reduce me to despair. Take pity on my love, as I compassion on your misfortune. Yes, espouse you. What can be more simple? You are a widow, and I love you."

"Pray think no more of this, Henri. You do not know whom you would marry. I am Marie de Joyse, widow of Pierre Gars de la Verrière."

"I know it," said Henri, troubled; "but why think of the past? Be for me the poor Marie I have known here, whom I have loved, whom I have adored. Be-

lieve me, marriage has ruined you, wedlock shall rescue you. You shall reënter the world with uplifted brow, for I will be near you with all my love."

"Yet once more, Henri, you do not know who I am."

The prisoner raised her pillow, under which lay a roll of papers.

"There, read these memoirs to-day. Bring them back to me to-morrow; and if you persist in wishing to espouse me, you shall have your will."

"To-morrow, then," said Henri.

Returning at once to his room, he began to read Marie's confession with long repressed ardor; but just then his uncle entered to speak to him of his mother.

"My uncle," said he, all of a sudden, "I reckon on your heart and your support for the act I am about to accomplish."

"What are you going to do, my child?"

"I am going to wed Marie de Joysel."

"My poor child! what lamentable folly! You are, then, at the bottom of the abyss?"

"Yes, uncle, I am there with her, with my love; I will reäscend with her. Your heart is noble enough to understand and to pardon me."

"I do more," said the Abbé, embracing Henri; "I bless you both."

Henri, more deeply moved than ever, resumed his reading of the manuscript.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### THE GRAND EXPOSITION OF 1867.

[So much interest at present is felt in the grand Paris Exhibition, and so many contemplate a visit to it, that we reproduce from *Hours at Home* for March, the fullest and best description we have any where seen, of the preparations and arrangements for it. It is from the pen of G. M. Towle, Esq., United States Consul at Nantes, and was written after a careful and thorough inspection of the work.—ED. ECLECTIC.]

It is a striking fact that the Emperor of the French should have chosen, as a site upon which to celebrate the progress of civilization, the most famous parade-ground in Europe. It really seems as if the sword were indeed to be turned into a ploughshare when the field of the god of war is selected as the spot whereon to display the triumphs of the arts of peace. Mars gives place to Mercury, to the god-

dess of letters, and to the muses. This wide and barren expanse, where the military heroes of France were wont to review their armies before leading them to the battle-field; whither they returned to display with martial pomp the trophies of their victories; where no sound was heard except the tramp of columns, the grumbling roll of artillery, and the clattering rush of mounted squadrons; this desolate plain is to-day transformed into an immense, busy, buzzing hive, where are being reflected the industrial products of the civilized and semi-civilized world. Above the footprints of armies returned to dust has arisen a temple devoted to civilization; and, round about, where lately there was but blank space, gardens and arbors, fountains and cascades, avenues and pretty knolls appear; artificial rivers glide by spiral turns in among verdant banks, flower-laden; and from their midst rise little islands, verdant and graceful. On this same spot, where Napoleon I. symbolized the era of conquest by the distribution of the eagles, Napoleon III. inaugurates a better and brighter era of generous rivalry in science, agriculture, and letters. Thus, the *Champ de Mars*, in its successive aspects, represents the contrast between the first and the second empire. The first Bonaparte built his power upon the number of his troops and the glories of war. The second Bonaparte seeks dynastic safety by urging forward the thrift, the energy, and the inventive genius of his people. There is reason to believe that he has abandoned, once and for ever, the policy of encroachment upon foreign soils; that he sees the folly of that jealousy which views with fear the progress of a rival people, and that he rests his own security upon the development in France, if not of liberty (and in this point, no doubt, he errs), at least of a spirit of emulation in the substantial arts of a busy peace. Napoleon I. displayed on the *Champ de Mars* the tattered flags, the captured cannon, the battle-field relics of his defeated neighbors. Napoleon III. performs an office at once more graceful and more shrewd in inviting those neighbors to the same spot as the guests of France, and summons them to a contrast which will invigorate alike the victorious and the conquered. However much,

therefore, one may deprecate the political career of the present emperor, it is not possible to withhold from him that praise which is due to every sovereign who manifests an ambition to put the world forward in civilization. The energy, too, with which he has pushed the preparations to receive his guests, the anxiety which he has evinced to accord every possible privilege and comfort to all, the personal interest which he has taken in every minutest detail, prove a worthy pride in making the enterprise the most memorable of its kind in the annals of modern times.

Our object, however, in the present article, is to give some account of the Exposition itself; to describe the ground, the edifices, the arrangements, and the present prospect; and to point out, in such a general way as the limits of a paper like the present will admit, the prominent features of the design. Doubtless very many of those who read this magazine are deeply interested in the approaching festival of the nations—some who propose to enter into the noble competition for which it will give so grand an opportunity; many more who are promising themselves a personal inspection of its varied glories.

The writer took occasion recently to visit the Champ de Mars. Nothing could be more striking than the change which has been wrought in its whole appearance. Those who formerly, from curiosity to see a spot so noted in French annals, visited it, were often greatly disappointed in its bare, desolate aspect. It was nothing more than a vast plain, without foliage or shade, extending from the Ecole Militaire to the Seine, which bounded it on two sides. The only possible attraction which then drew people to it, besides historical significance, was an occasional review, at which royalty was present, or the celebration of *fête* days. On ordinary days it was as solitary, and in summer as hot and cheerless, as a desert. The tourist need not be told that the Champ de Mars lies at the western extremity of Paris, on the lower side of the Seine, and in the direction of St. Cloud. A little to the eastward (a block of houses intervening) is the Hotel des Invalides, and its broad esplanade, reaching to the river quays. At the rear of

the Champ de Mars stands the Ecole Militaire, built in a style similar to the Louvre, but less ornate. Beyond that curve of the Seine which forms its western limit, one discovers the sparsely built suburbs of the city, which stretch out with irregular groups of buildings toward Sèvres. It is a goodly distance, therefore, from the centre of Paris, which we might fix at the Palais Royal; at least the principal hotels, whither the tide of travellers reaching Paris sets, are in that neighborhood.

The easiest as well as pleasantest route to the Champ de Mars is through the Place de la Concorde, along the right bank of the river, and so across the Pont de Jena, at the further end of which you find yourself immediately facing the Exhibition Palace. Those who prefer to ride may take the horse railway, or, as it is called, the *Chemin Americaine*, which runs between the Place de la Concorde and the Sèvres, and passes directly by the Pont de Jena; and you are put down here at the moderate charge of four *sous*. The main building of the Exposition, like the general design, is quite original. An edifice in greater contrast to those previously built in Paris and London for a similar purpose could hardly be imagined. The effect, at first, is a trifle disappointing. The building reminds one somewhat of a new-fashioned iron railway station; still more of a stupendous gasometer. To one looking at it from any given point it seems to be round; a circumambulation of it discovers it to be rather oval than round, rather oblong than either. The architecture is light, and not wanting in grace; rows of narrow iron pillars support a roof of the same material, and are in turn supported by a gallery which is upheld by a lower and longer series of iron pillars. These pillars with their girdles contain no less than 13,500 tons of metal; 10,000 of this are employed in the outer gallery. Six millions of rivets have been used in the building, and fifteen millions of holes bored. The roofs are covered with zinc, and more than one thousand cubic metres of rafters and 53,000 square metres of plank aided in their construction.

The roofs curve gradually to the upper row of pillars, and the whole iron work is painted a dull brown. This is the first

impression of the exterior. The whole building, according to the plan, is 110 metres (39½ imperial feet each) long, and 384 wide, the corners being rounded. Sixteen hectares (2½ acres each) of ground are thus covered. The centre of the building is nearly the centre of the old Champ de Mars, and there is a considerable space between its northern side and the quays, and also between its southern side and the Ecole Militaire. The edifice is built in concentric circles; that part of it which we have described as the exterior, with the iron pillars and roof, being the exterior and greater circle. In the centre of the smallest and most interior circle is a plot of ground, which is now being laid out as a garden and promenade; this plot contains half a hectare, or one acre and a quarter of land. The galleries which run around the respective circles are intersected by other galleries which radiate from the interior garden, cutting the circles at right angles to the outer circle. Observe the advantage of this design: all the series of products of the same kind or department are to be arranged round the circles; each nation, on the contrary, is to have a space running between the galleries which radiate from the garden. So that, by following the circular galleries, the visitor sees in juxtaposition the same product, or similar ones, as displayed by the several countries; while, by proceeding from the central garden outward, he is able to view the various products of each separate country. France will, as might be expected, occupy a greater part of the eastern section of the main building. The remainder of the space will be distributed as follows: Starting from the west end of the main entrance and turning eastward, Great Britain and her colonies will be found in the first section; then, in this succession, Central and South America, the United States, Tunis and Morocco, Persia, China, Siam, Japan, Egypt, Turkey, the States of the Danube, Rome, Italy, Russia, Scandinavia, Denmark, Greece, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, and Prussia—the latter bordering on the main avenue leading from the garden outward towards the Ecole Militaire, which is regarded as the post of honor. Belgium and Holland will have small spaces beside the French

department in the eastern section of the palace. There are thirteen circular galleries, and sixteen radiating from the centre outward. The whole edifice, with the exception of the two galleries nearest the garden, is built of iron; those two galleries are of mason work. The two interior galleries are to be devoted to the fine arts and the history of labor. Over the garden will be an awning six metres in width, while there will be plenty of light, as the awning will only stretch over the centre of the open space, leaving wide crevices between it and the inner circle at either end. The arrangements which have been made for the introduction of air, light, and heat, are well-nigh perfect, and are in themselves a curious illustration of the progress of modern science. Underneath all the galleries, both circular and radiating, are covered conduits, which are connected with exterior subterranean conduits laid under the park, and which convey sufficient quantities of air to amply ventilate the structure. Air will be pumped into these exterior conduits by steam machinery already erected for the purpose, and will find escape in perforated gratings in the floors of the respective galleries. To supply an adequate amount of light by which the spectators may examine every thing minutely, skylights have been introduced at short intervals in all the zinc roofs, besides the numerous windows, over two hundred in number, which are to be observed in the exterior circular gallery. In order to guard against disastrous effects from heavy rains, which are apt to occur in Paris during the spring, a system of drainage sewers has been put into execution, which communicate with the ground in every direction, and are sufficient to carry off the water from all localities where it would be apt to stand. By underground tunnels, communicating with the Seine, water is introduced into the edifice to serve the purpose of cleansing, and for the use of guests and exhibitors.

Of course, the restaurant department will be one of the most important in the exhibition—important in the same degree as people enjoy ministering to the creature comforts compared with the pleasures of sight; no one need be told of the French tendencies in this regard. A large por-



tion of one of the galleries, then, on the ground floor, is to be devoted to the restaurants; and, as people must have ice and cool wines and fresh meats, vast cellars beneath them have been completed underground. These cellars are vaulted, and are 1300 metres long, and ten wide. The other subterranean passages, for the purposes which have been mentioned, which run parallel with the galleries radiating from the garden, are 2000 metres by five. Those which run parallel with the circular galleries are of the same dimensions. The extent of the windows may be imagined when it is stated that 45,000 square metres of glass have been used in their construction, while 20,000 metres of glass are to be found in the roof sky-lights. The work which has been performed by the masons comprises 52,000 cubic metres, of which the foundations absorb 37,000, the two interior galleries 10,000, and the walls of the outer gallery 5000.

These are, in brief, the general measurements and statistics regarding the main building, which convey some idea of its extent, the immense amount of labor which has been necessary to its conclusion, and the elaborateness and completeness of the plans upon which it has been constructed.

These plans were finally adopted, with the sanction of the Emperor and the Minister of Public Works, early in August, 1865. But some time was necessary to close the great number of contracts, and the work was not fairly begun before October, 1865. Within a year after the beginning of the foundations the edifice was completed, and the windows inserted; and it only remained to finish off and decorate the interior. If the exhibition opens on the first of April, only a year and a half will have elapsed between the adoption of the definite plans and the inauguration. It is almost incredible that a building so enormous, so complicated, and requiring so much delicacy of workmanship, should have reached its finishing touches in so brief a period; and, before a single product is placed within its walls, it stands as a wonderful triumph, not only of modern architectural science, but of the energy, the perseverance, and the admirable management of its projectors.

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But the construction and successful completion of the main edifice is only a part of the work which was accomplished between October, 1865, and October, 1866. Possibly, those who, during the coming spring and summer, take advantage of the cheap excursion tickets, will find the palace the least attraction of the Champ de Mars. The homely and trite old adage about variety being the spice of life is made an imperative law in the design. On all sides of the palace is laid out an extensive park, and this is interspersed with many buildings, some of which are to be occupied by exhibitors, others devoted to the convenience of the nation's guests.

Directly opposite the west end of the Pont de Jena is erected the long covered gallery which is to serve for the grand opening, and afterwards for the convenience of those who wish to proceed directly to the main edifice. This is connected with the grand entrance, which has something of the appearance of a triumphal arch, being adorned with bas-reliefs and sculptural conceits, and comprising a large central arch, and two smaller ones on either side of it. The gallery itself is formed into two aisles, between which is a broad, open avenue; and before reaching the main entrance the two aisles curve round to the right and left, forming, directly in front of the entrance, a half circular piazza, after the manner of the colonnade of St. Peter's at Rome. The grand arch of the main entrance is to be profusely decorated, and will be adorned by flags of all nations; and here the grand ceremony of the opening, participated in by the Emperor of the French, and other crowned heads who will probably be present, will take place. In that part of the park which is immediately at the right of the covered gallery, as one looks towards the entrance, rises the edifice of the International Club, an imposing building, with an air of comfort appropriate to the purpose for which it is intended. The clubhouse consists of two stories, above the ground floor. The first floor above the ground floor will contain a single spacious hall; here will be found the principal journals and magazines of the world, which will arrive regularly; large blackboards, whereon will be posted daily tele-

grams from all quarters of the globe, market quotations, late commercial news, and such other items of information as shall be deemed of interest to the visitors; and along the side of the room will be placed writing-desks and every convenience for correspondence, which the guests will be free to use. Here, too, one may find interpreters, learned in all the languages; and not the least valuable of the advantages which the club will offer will be the fullest information as to where lodgings and meals are to be obtained, and at what prices. A post-office will be established, whither letters and other mail matter may be addressed; and boxes for the receipt of out-going mails will be set up at convenient intervals. The hall will be elegantly furnished and decorated, and fully supplied with the comforts of air, heat, and water.

The upper floor of the club-house will be converted into a vast restaurant for the accommodation of the club-members. This will comprise a large hall where *tables d'hôte* will be served to all who have gregarious or economical propensities. Leading out of this will be smaller apartments of various capacity, some divided from others by folding-doors, and thus capable of expansion. These are for *éttes-à-têtes* or small parties—indispensable needs, at least of the Parisian world. The small compartments, into which the ground floor beneath the principal hall is divided, are to be let out to tradesmen, who will drive a brisk trade in so frequented a spot. The international exchange, the main object of the club, will be one of the most commendable and important features of the exhibition. Here merchants of different nations will meet together, discuss the business enterprise and interest of each and all, familiarize themselves more intimately with the products and capabilities of the various countries, and thereby unquestionably do much to stimulate commercial activity everywhere; for half an hour's chat between two merchants is better for business than a score of letters; and where there is a convention of thousands the good results of intercommunication must be incalculable.

Both the upper stories of the club-house are supplied with balconies; the

lower one is a wide, covered porch, protected from the inclemency of the weather by a graceful roof, and affording the advantage of a pleasant promenade and an admirable lookout, whence to view the pageants and processions, and the ever-interesting sight of the multitudes pouring in dense streams hither and thither. This porch, it may be conjectured, will be resorted to for social relaxation, and will afford a pleasant retreat where one may enjoy his cigar in peace after a wearisome tour of sight-seeing. The privileges of the club are to be open to the exhibitors, during the period of the Exposition, on payment of a fee of one hundred francs. Those visitors who wish to do so will be admitted on the same terms, if recommended by two exhibitors, or by the commissioners of their own country. The shops on the ground floor are fitted up in grand style, and when they receive their stock of jewelry and fancy material will present a bright and cheerful aspect.

Immediately behind the club-building are erected the houses of Protestant missions; and further westward is a space set apart for Morocco, while in the vicinity stands the unique palace of the Bey of Tunis. Among the most curious sights to be seen at the Exposition will certainly be the models of Eastern and African palaces, habitations, streets, and huts. The palace of the Bey of Tunis and of the Viceroy of Egypt, the reproduction of a street of Grand Cairo, with its shops, dwellings, and bazaars, and representations of the *châlets* of North-African herdsmen and peasants, will give a more vivid picture of the customs and habits of those semi-civilized yet ingenious people than a library of books of travel. Southward from the bey's palace just mentioned are plots divided off for the reception of Chinese and Japanese buildings and curiosities; a little beyond one sees the Persian gardens in a state of progress, near by the Egyptian temple (a magnificent copy of that ancient one wherein the Ptolemies worshipped), and, beside this, the ground where the exterior display from the Brazils will be noticeable. Between the section of the park accorded to these attractive exhibitions and the rear main avenue leading from the Exposition Palace towards the *École Militaire*, are situated the spaces

given for the out-of-door shows of Great Britain and the United States of America; behind that occupied by the latter nation are to be found the plots for Turkey, the States of the Church, and Italy.

The northeastern corner of the park, opposite the International Club, is occupied by France. Here the most noticeable object is the Pavilion of the Emperor Napoleon. This is a curious edifice, somewhat oriental in its style of architecture, and surmounted by a profusion of imperial eagles, leaving no doubt in the mind of the purpose for which it is intended. The top represents an imperial crown. Near by is a Roman Catholic chapel, built by one of the French bishops at his own expense; and here will be exhibited the ecclesiastical ornaments of the Romish Church. The photosculpture building, designed for displays of the latest improvements in photographic science, and which somewhat resembles a Gothic chapel, stands nearer the entrance avenue. There will also be a Protestant church in the French ground. Between the building of photosculpture and the northeast corner of the Exposition Palace is a lovely miniature lake, with its rocky island, whence rises a most picturesque light-house; and at the end of the lake is a noble cascade, a faithful imitation of rugged nature, moss-covered, eccentric, and disposed with a rare eye to effect. Beyond the imperial pavilion are some model houses of Mulhausen workmen, and the great boiler of Thomas & Powell, and other model boilers, while nearer the Seine are the model workshops and houses of Parisian artisans. In the southeastern section of the park—that is, between the Hotel des Invalides and the main avenue going towards the École Militaire, will be a varied collection of such curiosities as improved hot-houses, aquaria, horticultural systems, etc. Nearer the avenue is an edifice to be occupied by a display of the fine arts, on either side of which appears a noble equestrian sculpture; further on, toward the École Militaire, will be found restaurants, *cafés*, aviaries with every variety of birds, botanical exhibitions, conservatories of rare shrubs and trees, vegetables, flowers, and fruit hot-beds, aquaria on a comprehensive scale, monumental yards, winter gardens,

the “humming bird’s palace” (which will be charming enough), and, in the midst, the pavilion erected in honor of the Empress Eugénie. East of the great palace are situated the principal exhibitions of fruit and vegetables, hot-houses, extensive varieties of rare plants, and collections of agricultural products in general. Along the southwestern boundary will be found a model farm and husbandman’s shop. To the southwest, on the opposite side of the rear main avenue from the British and American ground, are situated those—first, of Prussia, who always has the place of honor (such is another result of Sadowa), then Germany, Austria, Norway and Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and Lower Denmark (that is, Schleswig and Holstein). Of these the edifice of Austria bids fair to attract the most attention. In this corner there will be an active rivalry between the several Teutonic nations. The Austrian building is in the shape of a quadrangle, with eight sections, having in their centre an open square. Here will be found a restaurant after the Vienna style, and, near by, an Austrian kitchen. The different sections are divided between the Galicians, Hungarians, Wallachians, Styrians, Tyrolese, and the North-Austrians. South of the western entrance to the park we find the Russian space. Here will be exhibited various phases of Muscovite and Circassian manners and mode of living; among other things, a Circassian hut and drinking saloon. Among the attractions which will merit the attention of visitors to Paris for the first time will doubtless be the theatre on the French ground, the *cafés chantants*, and the open-air restaurants, very marked indications of French character and habits.

The lake, situated between the imperial pavilion and the great palace, with its rocky bed, its green sloping banks, its cool, ornamented little island surmounted by a miniature light-house, its cascade imitative of rude, picturesque nature, its curious fish and unique barges, will certainly afford refreshing relief from the toils of sight-seeing, where one may pause and find rest alike for mind and body. There will be copses of young trees, arbors, and sylvan retreats, a pretty winding river fed by Mother Seine, fine

avenues bordered on either side by flower gardens, and diverging paths, and leading rapidly from one scene to another of the varied panorama. The animal wants of the multitudes will be abundantly provided for. There will be restaurants and *cafés* at frequent intervals. If one, upon trial, is perchance not pleased with the materials of the French cuisine, he may find restaurants in the department allotted to his own country, where he may procure dishes to which he has been accustomed, served in the homestyle. The eatable and potable peculiarities of each nation will be illustrated after their own fashion, by their own professional representatives. You will not only find the Parisian and Austrian restaurant, the German lager-beer saloon, Turkish and Chinese booths, but English chop-houses and American bar-rooms, with native superintendents and appliances. Rooms will be provided where the ladies, on entering, may disburden themselves of supplementary articles of clothing, and *paters familias* of the umbrellas, little bags, scarfs, and shawls with which he has been loaded down by mamma and the girls on issuing from the hotel.

A difficulty not lightly to be passed over arises when we ask the question: Where will the immense throngs who will visit Paris during the Exposition be able to procure "a local habitation"? Is there room enough in the city for them all? Will not those who come up from the French provinces alone fill every vacant room? If so, where will the Russians, the Americans, the Englishmen seek for places to lay their heads? By the time this article appears in print, the rooms of all the hotels—good, bad, and indifferent—will have been preëngaged. New houses will be built, temporary lodgings put up. But can the builders work fast enough to erect accommodations for all? One answer is, that very many will seek sojourning places in the environs of the city; and such a plan we should not hesitate to recommend to all those who have not already secured rooms within the barriers, or who have no friends resident in Paris into whose houses they will be received as guests. The access to the city from St. Germain, St. Cloud, Versailles, Montreuil, Mantes, Sévres, Meudon, St. Denis, Sceaux, and

the other beautiful suburban towns, of which so many are found in the immediate vicinity, will be easy and constant. Trains will run back and forth, to and from all these localities, at least half-hourly, day and evening; so that those who choose a sojourning place in the suburbs may be on the Exposition grounds as early in the morning as they please, and return to their lodgings after the theatres and displays at night.

There is hardly anything left to desire in the arrangements made by the Government and the Commission to afford a cheap and comfortable transit to the visitors. Railway fares will be greatly reduced; trains will go for the special accommodation of those whose means will not admit of expensive travelling; the excursion system will be far more liberal and comprehensive than ever before; serious vexation, delay, and uselessness of luggage examinations by custom-house officials will be suspended; and, as far as possible, regulations tending to check extortion and swindling will be actively enforced.

It is well, however, for all who design being present during the period of the Exposition, and more especially for those who are promising themselves the pleasure of witnessing the pageant of the grand opening, to guard well against the attempt which will certainly be made on every side to take advantage of their inexperience and necessities by imposition. And this need be no reflection on the honesty of the French as a people. It would be difficult to mention a country where imposition would not be extensively attempted on a similar occasion. Every article will naturally rise somewhat during the Exposition. The simplest axiom of political economy justifies such an expectation. It is not too much to anticipate, however, that in many instances prices will be asked altogether exorbitant. No one, therefore, should go to Paris ignorant of the approximate value of those things which he intends to purchase, and of what he will be under the absolute necessity of paying for. Those who are familiar with the Continent and its trade, with the tricks of sale and the devices of shopkeepers, with the art of bargaining as carried to high per-



fection by the French, should be consulted; or if not, at least the guide books should be studied, and sufficient knowledge of French acquired from the little *manuals de conversation* to enable one to make his way alone. Those shops only should be patronized which are recommended by trustworthy persons—if possible, by acquaintances resident in, and accustomed to, Paris, who have had practical knowledge of them. As a rule, shops which announce that “English is spoken here,” should be avoided, as in most cases the luxury of indulging in one’s own tongue, and hearing it murdered by counterjumpers and grisettes, is paid for by an extra tax on the goods bought.

The competitions for the numerous prizes to be offered by the commission and by private persons will serve to give a spice to the course of the Exposition. Among these will be yacht races and boat trials, experiments with rival pieces of mechanism of all kinds, tests of the comparative skill and workmanship of artisans of the different countries, competing choral societies, prizes offered for the best plan of accommodating and “developing the capacity” of laborers. Many quite original objects of competition will be included. Hardly an art or science which will not only be represented on a broad scale, but will be experimented upon, and made trials of, during the progress of the exhibition. Agriculture and fisheries, manufactures and the operations of all sorts of machinery, will receive minute and scientific attention. Literature will also have a place in the consideration of the general plan; for, first of all, a curious *mélange* about Paris will be published, including chapters written by several of the most celebrated of modern French authors—among others, Victor Hugo, Michelet, and George Sand. This will be followed by a host of other books of all degrees of merit and interest; and periodicals, *feuilletons*, and *journaux amusants* without number.

Doubtless, many of the French (who are an enthusiastic race) are inclined to over-estimate the favorable results of the Grand Exposition of 1867. If one were to believe the prophecies of the Parisian press, and of those persons who congregate in the club-rooms, the Exposition is

to remodel the world’s habit of thought, to change the whole current of future events. Peace, and her attendant arts, according to them, will thenceforth rule mankind. The social and commercial ideas of each nation will be impressed upon the others, and a new era will see the mending of the confusion which arose under the Tower of Babel. But, without anticipating so sudden and so great a stride toward the millennium as these prophecies imply, we may readily believe that not only will the effect of the Exposition be far more important than any previous project of its nature, but also that that effect will be exercised upon the world wholly for good. The civilized nations are experiencing every year unexpected and radical changes in their political, social, religious, and industrial constitutions. We must, according to Victor Hugo, wait until the twentieth century before Europe can exclaim, shuddering: “What! I had kings!” But within the memory of small children, America has put herself in a position to wonder, saying: “What! I had slaves!” Within a year or two the effect of the growth of ideas on both continents has been almost visible to the natural eye. The whole phase of things changes and re-changes instantaneously, as the bits of glass in the kaleidoscope. In the midst of this rushing, headlong, torrent-like progress, France calls the nations of the world to witness, at her capital, its visible results; to compare notes; to talk up affairs which concern all; to engender and nourish in all, if possible, cosmopolitan ideas and aspirations. If the Exposition were to accomplish nothing more than this, the bringing together of thousands of men and women from every country, surely a great benefit will have passed to mankind. In another age it would have perhaps been looked upon with suspicion of some sort; the object of the projector would have been sought for in a hundred mysterious conjectures and unsatisfactory conclusions. In this time, however, no one can doubt that the purpose of the Emperor of the French, if not a wholly philanthropic one, is, at least, one not underserving of commendation. To glorify France, and display one more item of evidence that she is the banner nation in the army of civilization, may be—nay, is,

probably—the first idea which has given so remarkable an impetus to the design. To prove alike to the world and to the French themselves that the era of vigorous peace and internal development is henceforth decreed within her territory, is a good ambition, which there is no reason for hiding. In certain other less laudable ambitions, the Emperor has notably failed. The ambition to found states upon the ruins of foreign systems, and thus to accomplish what England has accomplished in India and America, led to disasters which threatened ruin to the Imperial dynasty. In other wars, though successful to a degree, Napoleon found that the dynastic theories of the first Empire would not suffice at this late day to hold a nation together and insure themselves from revolution. Wisely he has turned back upon his steps—he has begun over again: this time he has a fine start, and bids fair to be crowned with a gratifying and an honorable success. To be the mediator, the peace-maker, instead of the disturber and terror of Europe, is

a noble office to aspire to and win; it is far better for kings, for countries, for men, to be trusted than to be feared. And if, in projecting this gigantic exhibition, the Emperor does the world a service by bringing together, in intimate communion, intelligent representatives of all the nations; if, thus, commerce receives a wholesome impetus; if incitement to greater inventive competition is created; if intimacy breeds good nature, more implicit confidence, a more liberal estimation of others; if thus misapprehensions and misunderstandings become less frequent as the result of acquaintance with foreign habit and thought, we will not grudge the glory of a certain sort which will come to him and to France.

As no harm can proceed from the event, but as, on the contrary, certain and very important benefits must result therefrom to the whole world, let us welcome, not only with good wishes, but also with cordial enthusiasm, the advent of the Grand Exposition of 1867.

Cornhill Magazine.

## ON THE HILLS.

BY ISA CRAIG KNOX.

THE sheep were down upon the darkened hills,  
When there the shepherd laid himself to rest;  
There he had lain, with every door of sense  
Open into the infinite; and there,  
Pressed to the heart of darkness, he had slept.  
And now the darkness had dissolved, and lo,  
In the new light he lay, and still he slept,  
Wrapped in his plaid, a hand beneath his head.

Up rose the sheep and strayed upon the hill;  
The dogs rose up and shook themselves, and then,  
With watchful eyes upon the wand'ring flock,  
Sat down to wait the waking of their lord.  
The sunbeams hasted o'er the eastern hill,  
And fell on him and kissed him as he lay,  
And left upon his face their touch of light.  
The face had lines as bold and beautiful  
As antique sculpture: in wide arching caves  
Dwelt the veiled eyes; though half the ruddy cheek,  
Ruddy as David's when he kept the sheep  
In Bethlehem, and all the moving mouth  
Was hid, the brown beard, golden round the lips,  
Seemed to let through the light of hidden smiles.

It was not yet the fair, familiar day,  
And yet it had a brightness more than day,  
That glory of the morning. O'er the hill

There looked a sudden sun-face, rayed with light,  
 Full in the man's face like an angel looked—  
 He of the Resurrection, who could roll  
 Away the sealed stone of the sepulchre.  
 And at that look the sleeper woke and rose  
 And to the radiance lifted eagle eyes,  
 Steadfast and clear and keen and flashing joy.

A while he stood as if to breathe the light;  
 Then turned a resolute and steady step  
 Toward the slope above him, smooth and steep.  
 His gait was marked. The tall, broad-shouldered form  
 Was heaved along with slow but gaining stride,  
 Breasting the slope and stooping to the steep—  
 A stoop that did not leave him on the plain,  
 For still upon the plain he seemed to climb—  
 And spreading out a huge hand by his side  
 As if it were a wing that swept the air.  
 The dogs ran on, to gather from the hill  
 The woolly wanderers and drive them down  
 To greener pastures, ever and anon  
 Returning to look up to him for word  
 Of praise, or of command.

And thus he reached  
 The ridge and fronted all the morning there.  
 And standing in the light and lifted up  
 Above the rolling world, about him surged  
 A sea of heavenly fire, and to himself  
 His own voice, as it seemed to reach his ear,  
 Out of the shining silence, sounded strange.

On his dumb nature, nobly framed, and yet  
 As silent as an unused instrument,  
 A sudden sense of something glorious  
 Behind the glory flashed; the splendor fell  
 Darkened, as light is darkened to the eye  
 That dares to look upon the source of light.  
 He felt as if a door had shut on him  
 That, for a moment open, had revealed  
 The face of God. The east and all the sky  
 Yet glowed with burning, but that golden door,  
 That opened straight into the blessed life,  
 Was closed, and he stood half disconsolate,  
 Chilled with the sinking rapture.

Then he turned,  
 And slowly down the slope went with the sheep  
 Toward the valley lying at his feet,  
 Wrapped tenderly in shadows. From the glen  
 Shoulder to shoulder rose the leaning hills,  
 Smooth slopes and heathy steeps and rugged crags,  
 And to their sides, their hollows green and lone,  
 Their rock-crowned heads and hidden places still,  
 Was bound the shepherd, gathering his flock.  
 A stony channel seemed the hillside near,  
 And down the channel leapt, as down a stair,  
 A stream of liquid diamond; where it paused  
 Upon a rocky platform in mid-air,  
 There rose a giant boulder, smooth and round,  
 Plaything of mighty Nature's infancy.  
 Here he sat down, and spreading simple store  
 Of oaten cake, he ate and gave the dogs  
 Their portion; filled a cup of heifer's horn  
 From the clear stream, and drank; while lower down  
 The dogs lapped and the streamlet bounded on.  
 And all the morn through sunny silences

He walked, with life's pure joy in every limb,  
 Pulsing and glowing through untainted blood.  
 He crushed the wild thyme's blossoms, and his feet  
 Were bathed in fragrance, and the heather blooms  
 With honey fed the breezes as they flew.  
 A long white feather from the wing o' the wind  
 Lay thwart the blue, that deepened with the day;  
 And all the loneliness was full of light,  
 And all the loveliness was full of joy,  
 And but to live was to be one with bliss.  
 Still in his conscious soul the shepherd knew  
 That this was not the joy which he had known  
 A moment's space upon the mount with God.  
 Was that life's revelation, less but still  
 The same as Abram, Isaac, Jacob knew,  
 And Moses? Had his life led up to this  
 Its supreme moment? Would his life lead on,  
 And up to such a height of lasting bliss  
 Across the vale of death?

He asked not these  
 Nor other questions, but went on his way  
 In simple reverence, unused to probe  
 His spirit with life's problems, now and then  
 Catching a glimpse of what he might have been  
 From keeping of the sheep if called of God.  
 But with no vain self-pity. Had he not  
 The heights of heaven to scale? And if his soul  
 Attain these heights, even as the silent hills  
 He will be silent. Only men will catch  
 Glimpses of vision from him. Silver hair  
 Will crown him, and his aged face will beam  
 With benediction.

Last I saw him stand  
 In the small parish church, with big brown hands  
 And bent head holding up a white-robed babe,  
 His month-old babe, for baptism.

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Saturday Review.

GIBBON'S MEMOIRS.\*

ENGLISH literature is by no means rich in Memoirs, but it does contain a few of great merit, and Gibbon's account of his own life and writings stands very near the head of the list. It may, indeed, be doubted whether any writer of the same kind of eminence has given so complete a picture of himself and of his works. In the first place, the list of writers at all in the same line with Gibbon is by no means long; and, in the next place, of that small number a still smaller minority have betaken themselves to autobiography. Hume gave a short account of himself, which has considerable resemblance in many particulars to Gibbon's Memoirs. Clarendon's Life may also be fairly com-

pared to them; but Hume's autobiography is much shorter than Gibbon's, and Clarendon's Life is rather a history of his own times than an account of himself and his pursuits. On the whole, it would certainly be difficult to find an exact, or nearly exact, counterpart in English to Gibbon's Memoirs. The book is exquisitely characteristic. The opening sentences are in themselves a miniature of all that follows:

"In the fifty-second year of my age, after the completion of an arduous and successful work, I now propose to employ some moments of my leisure in reviewing the simple transactions of a private and solitary life. Truth, naked, unblushing truth, the first virtue of more serious history, must be the sole recommendation of this personal narrative. The style shall be simple and familiar; but style is the image of character, and the habits of correct writing may produce without labor or design the appearance of art and study. My own amusement is my motive, and will be

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\* *Memoirs of My Life and Writings.* By EDWARD GIBBON.



my reward; and if these sheets are communicated to some discreet and indulgent friends, they will be secreted from the public eye till the author shall be removed beyond the reach of criticism or ridicule."

The man who could solemnly sit down to amuse himself after this fashion, must have been no common person. Something more than the "habit of correct writing" was necessary to the production of this strange seesaw. "Truth, naked, unblushing truth" is introduced with a cross between irony and pomposity which is admirably characteristic of the half-conscious grimace which Gibbon never laid aside. There is prefixed to the quarto edition (1866) of his *Miscellaneous Works* a portrait taken from a figure of him cut out from black paper with a pair of scissors, in his absence, by a Mrs. Brown, which looks as if it was in the very act of uttering some such sentiment. It is the figure of a very short, fat man, as upright as if he had swallowed a poker, and surmounted by a face a little like the late Mr. Buckle's. He wears a pigtail, and holds a snuff box, which balance each other in such a manner as to give the squat figure with its big head and its little bits of legs a strange look of formality struggling with a desire to shine.

Gibbon was born at Putney on the 27th of April (O. S.), 1737. As he justly observes: "My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant;" but, in fact, his father was a man of old family and some property. His grandfather, Edward Gibbon, was one of the directors of the South Sea Company, and was punished by Act of Parliament for the part which he had taken in that scheme by a fine of nearly £100,000, which absorbed more than nine tenths of his whole property. Such, however, was his industry and good luck, that between the ages of fifty-six, when he was fined, and of seventy, when he died, he made a second fortune nearly as large as the first. After being sent to various schools, Westminster amongst the rest, for nearly two years, Gibbon was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1752, in his fifteenth year. It was while there that he became a Roman Catholic (June 8, 1753), and in consequence of this change of religion he was removed from the University by his fa-

ther, and settled by the 30th of June at Lausanne, under the care of a Protestant clergyman, M. Pavillard. M. Pavillard, and his own reflections combined, reconverted him by the end of 1754. There he remained studying in real earnest till April, 1758. He made one tour during this period, to which our modern habits give a certain interest. More than thirty years afterwards he carefully recorded a route which a tourist of our days would no more think of recollecting than of commemorating all his morning walks. It lasted a month, and led him from Lausanne to Iverdun, Neuchâtel, Bienne, Soleure, Basle, Baden, Zurich, Lucerne, Berne, and so back to Lausanne. It is odd to find him remarking, in 1789: "The fashion of climbing the mountains and reviewing the glaciers had not yet been introduced by foreign travellers." In April, 1758, he returned to London; and in May, 1760, he went into the Hampshire militia, writing his first performance, an *Essay on the Study of Literature*, in 1759. It was published in 1761. From May, 1760, to December, 1762, the Hampshire militia were embodied, and Gibbon led the life of an officer in a marching regiment. He was captain of the grenadier company, and of all grenadiers, past or present, he must surely have been one of the strangest. After the militia were disbanded he travelled to Paris, (January—May, 1763), and after passing nearly a year (May, 1763—April, 1764) at Lausanne, he went on to Florence, Rome, and Naples. It is in his notice of this visit that the well-known passage occurs about the first conception of the *Decline and Fall*, and for once the language suits very well with the thought. "It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." He returned to his father's house on the 25th of June, 1765, and passed the next five years in forming various literary plans, which came to little. He proposed, for one thing, to write a history of the foundation of the Swiss Republic, and it is a singular illustration of the change which has taken place in European literature,

that he not only knew no German at all, but did not think it worth learning, and trusted to getting translations of his materials made for him by a Swiss friend. He made an attack upon Warburton's famous paradox as to the nature of the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, and he also set up, in association with a M. Deyverdun, a literary review, published in French. In November, 1770, his father died; and in December, 1772, Gibbon had settled his affairs and established himself in comfortable independence in London, at the age of thirty-five. As soon as he was well established he set to work to write the *Decline and Fall*, and published the first volume, which included the famous chapters on Christianity, in 1776. During this time he was a silent member for Liskeard, by the favor of Lord Eliot. He was no speaker, and was besides afraid of his own reputation, or, to use his own singular dialect, "Timidity was fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen discouraged the trial of my voice." The publication of the first instalment of the History was followed by a hot controversy, in which Gibbon was moved to reply for once, but only for once, to his antagonists. It was at this time, too, that he published his famous *Mémoire justificatif* against the proceedings of the French Government in the matter of the American war. After holding office for a short time as a member of the Board of Trade, he ceased to sit in Parliament, and removed to Lausanne in 1783, to finish his History at his leisure. He finished it on the 27th of June, 1787. Perhaps the best passage in his Memoirs is the well-known one in which this is described:

"It was on the day, or rather night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a berceau or covered walk of acacias which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not describe the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame; but my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an

everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future fate of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

Gibbon returned to England in the spring of 1793, and died in London on the 16th of January, 1794, at the age of fifty-seven.

Such is the outline of his life. Quiet as it was, it contains incidents which have some general interest, and which throw a light on several of the great topics of the time in which he lived. The first question which the life suggests is what manner of man was Gibbon himself, for there can be no doubt that, whatever else he may have been, he was the author of one of the very greatest books in the English language. He does not appear to have impressed his contemporaries by mother-wit and general force of character. One of them said of him, that he might have been cut out of an odd corner of Burke's mind without being missed, yet nothing can be more certain than that his History is a work of infinitely greater and more lasting importance than all that Burke ever wrote. It is easy to understand this estimate as we read his Memoirs. They convey almost any impression rather than that their author was a great man as well as a great writer, and indeed they supply clear evidence that the two characters may be entirely distinct. Probably no one ever enjoyed his life more thoroughly than Gibbon. It is hardly possible to imagine any existence more exquisitely pleasant in every particular. He had ease, good health, till the latter part of his life, whatever he chose to take in the way of society, and that blessing of all blessings—a strong taste for a noble art, with the means and opportunity of systematically gratifying it. He was a born student, and from the time when he first went to Lausanne to the day of his death he studied uninterruptedly and insatiably, yet he never appears to have thrown away his labor. He always read for a purpose, and seems on all occasions to have taken the direct road to the object of his study, whatever that might be. No man made greater use of the labors of others, or was less disposed to neglect any short cut to knowledge, in the shape of abridgments, reviews, or translations, which came in his way. Still, however enviable and

luxurious his life may have been, and however great were the results which he produced, his Memoirs give the impression that after all he was not a great man. His book was greater than the mind which produced it. One of his favorite remarks is that the style ought to be the image of the mind; and if, as was no doubt the case, this was true of himself, his mind must have been, to say the least, not a beautiful one. The passage quoted above, as to the completion of his book, shows more human feeling than any other in his Memoirs. Here and there, where he thinks he ought to be affected, his pathos comes in with a stiffness which has a singularly grotesque effect. Take, for instance, his account of the death of his father. After describing his various foibles in a manner which shows that he must have been a light, weak, foolish man, Gibbon feels that he has been a little hard, and tries to make amends:

"His graceful person, polite address, gentle manners, and unaffected cheerfulness recommended him to the favor of every company; and in the change of times and opinions his liberal spirit had long since delivered him from the zeal and prejudices of a Tory education. I submitted to the order of nature; and my grief was soothed by the conscious satisfaction that I had discharged all the duties of filial piety."

Gibbon submitting to the order of nature must have been a touching spectacle. His account of his first and last love is equally characteristic:

"I hesitate from the apprehension of ridicule when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. . . . I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness which is inspired by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment."

The lady was afterwards Madame Neck-er, and though Gibbon "might presume to hope that" he "had made some impression on a virtuous heart," his father would not hear of it. "After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate. I sighed

as a lover; I obeyed as a son." The application of such a style to such a subject paints the man almost as well as the black paper figure snipped out by Mrs. Brown's scissors, and exactly corresponds with the notion of him which his History suggests. It contains any quantity of information, it shows a marvellous power of arrangement, it abounds in successful turns of speech; but after reading it several times, and with a constantly increasing appreciation of the extraordinary merits of the performance, it is impossible not to feel that we have been reading an excellent account of some of the greatest events in human history by a man whose whole conception of history was commonplace and second-rate.

There are several incidental events in Gibbon's life which have a good deal of general interest. His account of the utterly contemptible state of education—if indeed it could be said, by the widest stretch of courtesy, to deserve any such name—which prevailed in his time at Oxford, is too well known to justify more than a passing allusion; but the glimpse which he gives of Protestant Switzerland forms an interesting contrast to his description of Oxford. The literary activity of the French and Swiss Protestants all through the early part, and up to the middle, of the eighteenth century, is a chapter in literary history which has now fallen a great deal out of date, but which has much interest. It is obvious, from Gibbon's account of his own studies, that he was trained to think and read according to the methods then in use in Switzerland, and they certainly show a comprehensiveness and solidity of design very unlike anything which was at that day, or indeed is in these days, to be had in England. Apart from this, his Memoirs draw clearly enough, though without any premeditated design of doing so, a picture of the progress of his own mind, which is of the highest interest. It is as well worth attention, in its way, as any of the accounts of their religious opinions which are so freely given to us in the present day by almost every person who rises to much eminence in controversial literature. Gibbon was the least sentimental of human beings, yet his mental history is as distinctly the history of his religious opinions as Dr. Newman's

*Apologia* is of his. The *Decline and Fall* is throughout an oblique attack on theology in general, and the Memoirs sufficiently show that this was the subject which from the very first had most deeply engaged Gibbon's attention. "From my childhood," he says, "I had been fond of religious disputation; my poor aunt" (Miss Porter, who brought him up) "has been often puzzled by the mysteries which she strove to believe." Another aunt (his father's sister) had been under the spiritual direction of Law the mystic, and Gibbon was thus born to controversy. At Oxford "the blind activity of idleness" impelled him to read Middleton's *Free Inquiry*. Yet he could not bring himself to follow Middleton in his attack on the early Fathers, or to give up the notion that miracles were worked in the early Church for at least four or five centuries. "But I was unable to resist the weight of historical evidence that within the same period most of the leading doctrines of Popery were already introduced in theory and practice; nor was the conclusion absurd that miracles are the test of truth, and that the Church must be orthodox and pure which was so often approved by the visible interposition of the Deity." From the miracles affirmed by Basil, Chrysostom, Augustine, and Jeromé, he inferred that celibacy was superior to marriage, that saints were to be invoked, prayers for the dead said, and the real presence believed in; and while in this frame of mind he fell in with Bossuet's *Exposition* and his *History of the Variations*. "I read," he says, in his affected way, "I applauded, I believed;" and he adds with truth, in reference to Bossuet, "I surely fell by a noble hand." "In my present feelings it seems incredible that I should ever have believed in transubstantiation; but my conqueror oppressed me with the sacramental words, and dashed against each other the figurative half-meanings of the Protestant sects." Nothing can be less like the process by which the conversions to Popery of our own day have been obtained. In almost every instance in which the journey from Oxford to Rome has been made, the moving power has been moral sympathy, far more than any intellectual process; and in almost every case this has been accompanied by a

dread, more or less consciously entertained and explicitly avowed, of the possible results of Protestantism. No one, we will venture to say, has been converted in the nineteenth century by a belief that, as a fact, miracles were worked in the early Church, and that, as a consequence, the doctrines professed at the same time must have been true. As a rule, the doctrines have carried the miracles. People have longed for the rest, the guidance, and the supposed guarantee for a supernatural order of things to be had from the Roman Catholic system, and have believed the specific Roman doctrines in order to get these advantages. The fact that the process began at the other end with Gibbon is characteristic both of the man and of the age; but it is put in a still stronger light by the account which he gives of the process of his reconversion. "M. Pavillard," says Lord Sheffield, Gibbon's editor, "has described to me the astonishment with which he gazed on Mr. Gibbon standing before him, a thin little figure with a large head, disputing and urging with the greatest ability all the best arguments that have ever been used in favor of Popery." The process from first to last was emphatically an intellectual one. A curious letter from Pavillard to Gibbon's father gives a singular account of it:

"Je me persuadois [he says] que quand j'aurois détruit les principales erreurs de l'Eglise Romaine je n'aurois qu'à faire voir que les autres sont des conséquences des premières, et qu'elles ne peuvent subsister quand les fondamentales sont renversées; mais je me suis trompé, il a fallu traiter chaque article dans son entier."

He afterwards says: "J'ai renversé l'infaillibilité de l'Eglise," etc., etc., counting up all the powerful Roman Catholic doctrines; and then he adds: "Je me flatte qu'après avoir obtenu la victoire sur ces articles je l'aurai sur le reste avec le secours de Dieu." Gibbon himself observes:

"I still remember my solitary transport at the discovery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation; that the text of Scripture which seems to inculcate the real presence is attested only by a single sense—our sight; while the real presence itself is disproved by three of our senses, the sight, the touch, and the taste."



He might, by the way, have recollected the famous Latin hymn which puts the same thought in another form, oddly enough making the hearing the one sense which supports the doctrine:

"Fallit visus, odor, tactus  
Soli auditui creditur."

Gibbon's studies after his reconversion all lay in the direction which he followed up so effectively in the *Decline and Fall*. He began with Crousaz's Logic, and then went into Locke and Bayle, and he specifies three books as having had a particular influence over him. 1. From Pascal's *Provincial Letters*, "which almost every year I have perused with new pleasure, I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony, even on subjects of ecclesiastical solemnity." 2. The Abbé de la Bléterie's *Life of Julian*; and 3. Giannone's *Civil History of Naples*, in which "I observed with a critical eye the progress and abuse of sacerdotal power." These books sufficiently indicate the course in which his mind must have been running during his studies at Lausanne. The general impression which his account of his studies there and afterwards conveys is, that he formed early in life a set of opinions and sympathies which found their complete and natural expression in the *Decline and Fall*, and which it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, for him to have expressed so fully in any other shape. Several histories of our own time might be named—Mr. Grote's *History of Greece*, for instance—which express the author's views upon almost all the great topics of moral and political interest, in the same sort of way in which novels of a certain kind express the sentiments of authors of a lighter cast. It would be impossible to reduce Gibbon's *History* to the form of propositions, yet the reader feels at every page that it is quite as much a vehicle for the author's sentiments on every sort of subject as a narrative told for the sake of the events which it relates; and the *Memoirs* enable us to see the process as it actually took place.

There are some passages in the *Memoirs* which move the admiration and envy of those who are not able to dispose of their time, and to lay out the plan of

their studies, like Gibbon. These are the passages which describe the way in which he prepared himself to get all the instruction that was to be got out of his journeys. When about to go to Rome, he "diligently read the elaborate treatises which fill the fourth volume of the *Roman Antiquities* of Grævius." Also, the *Italia Antiqua* of Cluverius, in two volumes; also Strabo, Pliny, Pomponius Mela, etc., from which he compiled a table of roads and distances reduced to English measure, and filled a folio commonplace book about the geography of Italy and other kindred subjects. Lastly, he read Spanheim *De Præstantia et usu Numismatum*. All this was before he had any notion of writing the *History* of the *Decline and Fall*, and simply by way of a natural preparation for his journey. How many of us can read this, and not blush to think that our most elaborate preparations for such a journey have seldom gone beyond buying a Murray's Handbook, and perhaps a book of Italian Conversations?

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Contemporary Review.

ROBERT BROWNING.

SECOND PAPER.

II.

THE noblest of all Mr. Browning's lyrics and romances, "Saul," we postpone, as coming more fitly under the last head of our classification. Of the second, our first notice must be in words at once of admiration for their versatility and power, and, we are constrained to add, of regret also, and of a feeling which, but that it has become familiar, would be disappointment. We do not expect every poet to be an Arndt or a Burns, but we are compelled to confess that we sigh, as we read these poems, for a somewhat stronger flavor of nationality. No poet of equal power (Byron, perhaps, excepted) has done so little to represent and to ennoble English thought and life; and the absence of this element from Mr. Browning's poems will, we fear, always stand in the way of his attaining the place in the affections of the English people to which they have welcomed Mr.

Tennyson. The Laureate turns at once, by instinct and by deliberate choice, to English scenes and characters. The "Talking Oak," the "Gardener's Daughter," the "May Queen," "Maud," "Enoch Arden," "Aylmer's Field," "Sea Dreams," will occur to every one as examples. Even the Arthurian cycle of idyls gives to the king of *British* legend a far more ideally *English* character than the "Morte d'Arthur," upon which they are raised as on a foundation. And the "In Memoriam," the most intensely personal of poems, is the history of a friendship which, in its essence and in its circumstances, would not have been what it was, without the recollections of the school and the college, the country house and the village church, which are specially characteristic of this country. With Mr. Browning, on the other hand, the poems, with one or two exceptions, that cling to one's memory, are all thoroughly Italian. Pictures, with Mieris-like minuteness of detail, of the life of Italy in "Up at a Villa," "Down in the City," "The Englishman in Italy," and "By the Fireside;" of its union of æsthetic culture with hateful vindictiveness in "My Last Duchess," and with ecclesiastical debasement in "The Bishop orders his Tomb in St. Praxed's Church;" of its higher and lower forms of art-life in "Old Pictures of Florence," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Andrea del Sarto," and "The Guardian Angel;" of its phases of passionate love, and yet more passionate jealousy, in "Two in the Campagna," "In a Gondola," "In a Balcony," and "A Serenade at the Villa"—all these (to say nothing of many poems which are either Italian in their feeling, or their circumstances, though not in both) come to one's mind at once, while there are but few to balance them connected in any way with the history, life, characteristic feelings of our country. Mr. Browning seems to have lived so long under brighter skies, and amid a people of more glowing temperament, that English life is tame and cold to him. If this gives an intensity to his representations of emotions which are not national, but human, to the mingling of love, disappointment, jealousy, despair, the transitions by which passionate idolatry passes into terrible scorn or cynical indifference,

which he is so fond of painting, and which he paints (as in "Any Wife to any Husband," "A Woman's Last Word," "In a Year," "James Lee") with such a wonderful insight into the morbid physiology of passion, we still feel some touch of regret that so great a poet has been so far denationalized. The intensity itself, belonging, as it does, to the South rather than to the North, makes his poems harder for Englishmen and Englishwomen to understand. There is a wisdom, as Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Tennyson have consciously or unconsciously recognized, in the old counsel, "*Spartan nactus es, hanc exorna.*" Rydal Mount and Faringford have proved themselves better poets' homes even than the fair city on the banks of the Arno.

It is interesting to note the exceptions to this rule in the instances in which Mr. Browning's path has led him across the history of other nations than the land of his adoption. "Strafford" brought him into the heart of the great conflict between despotism and freedom; and although we do not find, either in that play or elsewhere, any adequate appreciation of the Puritan character (that character is hardly visible even in his Pym or Vane), yet the "Lays of the English Cavaliers" show how thoroughly he entered into the spirit of one party in that struggle. Even in "The Lost Leader" we seem to hear an echo of the lament of the Commons over Wentworth's defection transferred to the circumstances and politics of our own time. We know not what individual leader, if any, Mr. Browning had in view; but if the early admirers of the French Revolution had wished to utter their hearts over the Toryism of Wordsworth or Southey, or the Chartists and Christian Socialists of 1848 over Mr. Kingsley's panegyric on the peerage and his vindication of martial law *ad libitum*, they could hardly find fitter language. Those who care, not to point out how a poet repeats himself, but how a noble thought presents itself under different aspects, will find it interesting to compare a few lines from each. Pym, in "Strafford," speaks of the old love and hope which he had cherished for the Wentworth of his early days:

"Yea, I will say  
I never loved but one man—David not  
More Jonathan! Even thus I love him now;  
And look for my chief portion in that world  
Where great hearts led astray are turned again.

In my fustiest heart,  
Believe, I think of stealing quite away  
To walk once more with Wentworth—my youth's friend,  
Purged from all error, gloriously renewed."

"The Lost Leader" ends thus in the same note:

"Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!  
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain—  
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,  
Never glad, confident morning again.  
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,  
Menace our heart ere we master his own;  
Then let him receive the new knowledge, and wait us,  
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne."

Something of the same kind of connection, that of belonging to the same time and growing out of the same studies, we find between "A Grammarian's Funeral" and "Paracelsus." As the latter gives the portraiture of a man mingling thirst for knowledge with lower ambition, and finding, therefore, that all is

vanity, so the former exhibits something of the life of the Scaligers and Casaubons, of many an early scholar, like Roger Bacon's friend, Pierre de Maricourt, working at some one region of knowledge, and content to labor without fame so long as he mastered thoroughly whatever he undertook:

"Oh, if we draw a circle premature,  
Heedless of far gain;  
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure,  
Bad is our bargain!  
Was it not great? Did not he throw on God  
(He loves the burthen),  
God's task to make the heavenly period  
Perfect the earthen?  
Did not he magnify the mind, show clear  
Just what it all meant?  
He would not discount life, as fools do here,  
Paid by instalment."

We must hasten on; but before passing to the last division of inquiry we must glance at what seem to us at once among the most powerful and the least pleasing of Mr. Browning's poems. With a taste which reminds one of Teniers or Callot in their wildest and most grotesque moments, he appears sometimes to revel in what is horrible, repulsive, mentally or even physically loathsome. It is true that this never takes the form which, in a sensational artist of a lower kind, it would have done, and (with the exception of one scene in "Pippa Passes") there is scarcely a passage in his poems, from first to last, which ministers to luridness of thought. But with the exception of that perilous region, there is hardly any other abyss of man's nature

from which he shrinks. The demoniac malignity of persecution, as in "The Heretic's Tragedy," the festering squalor of Ghetto in "Holy Cross Day," the animal ferocity of hatred in the "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," the reveling in mould and mildew in "Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis"—these, though we cannot but recognize the titanic strength which they display, we feel that we could well spare. It is part of the same humor that we find in him (the comic extravaganzas of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" and the "Flight of the Duchess" are the most conspicuous specimens)—a rollicking, revelling delight in strange and, it might seem, almost impossible rhymes. "Porringer" and "month" would be trifles to one who can give us;

"And the mother smelt blood with her cat-like instinct,  
As her cheek quick whitened through all her quince-tinct."

"So glancing at her wolf-skin vesture,  
If such it was, for they grow so hirsute  
That their own fleece serves for natural fur-suit."

"And at last, as its haven some buffeted ship sees  
(Come all the way from the north parts with sperm oil),  
I hope to get safely out of the turmoil."

One more we add, with the wish, as we read the "Flight of the Duchess," that it had been more kept in view throughout that poem:

"And were I not, as a man may say, cautious  
How I trench, more than needs, on the nauseous."

Even here, however, as in "Holy Cross Day," and the latter of the two poems just named, there are passages hardly equalled elsewhere for their loftiness and beauty. Mr. Browning feels, and leads his readers to feel, that underneath what is most trivial and most repulsive there are abysses of infinite awfulness. Nothing in the life of man is altogether little.

Enough has been given to show those who are as yet strangers to his works, what Mr. Browning's readers have felt from the first, that he is as remote as possible from the conventionalisms of any school. Well-nigh every poem opens with an abruptness that takes one's breath away. We have to take a header into deep water. If we *can* swim we shall strike out with a fresh sense of strength and enjoyment, and a course of such plunges acts on the whole mental framework, the sinews and nerves of thought, as a health-giving tonic. If we *can't*, we lose our footing and our breath, the salt brine gets into our eyes and mouth, and we emerge with a sense of dislike and bewilderment, shivering and half disposed to confine ourselves for the future to the smoother lakes and fresh-water pools, where we walk in quietly and have no chance of getting out of our depth. But with any reader of the former type it is surprising how soon Mr. Browning leads us into the heart of a subject, and keeps us spell-bound to the end. It seems, for example, a somewhat abrupt opening to start with—

"What's become of Waring  
Since he gave us all the slip?  
Chose land-travel or seafaring,  
Boots and chest, or staff and scrip,  
Rather than pace up and down  
Any longer London town?"

And what follows is no narrative, simply the sketch of a character—the portrait of a man of many gifts and varied tastes, capable of great things, and winning many hearts; but we learn, as we go on, to become one of the man's familiar friends, and when we hear how he re-appeared in a pilot-boat on the Adriatic, and was once more lost sight of, it seems simply natural, and of course, to join in the exclamation—

"Oh, never star  
Was lost here, but it rose afar!  
Look East, where whole new thousands are,  
In Vishnu-land, what Avatar?"

III. The attempt to estimate the theology of a poet whose works no critic or publisher would class under the head of religious poetry may seem open to the charge that we are judging them by a standard which is altogether inapplicable. It is easy to sneer at the thought of testing a poet's excellence by the measure of his conformity with the Thirty-nine Articles, or with the evangelical or catholic tendencies of the schools that claim shelter under those names. To some minds, indeed, the thought of any ethical purpose in a poet seems to introduce an alien and deteriorating element. Such an one seems to them, as Mr. Swinburne has said of Wordsworth, to be simply using nature to make pottage, and they prefer the "divine lust," the "etwas dämonisch," of a poet who, like Byron, foams and rushes on in the wild recklessness of a morbid and frenzied passion. With those, however, who hold that all energy is at its highest point when it is under the control of will, and that a will which, exercising this control, directs the



energy to truth and goodness, is immeasurably higher than one that degrades itself by a voluntary bondage to what is false and evil, the ethical worth and influence of a poet cannot be excluded from our survey of his character and merits as such. Such at least has been the faith in which the greatest of our poets have lived and acted. Spenser, the "sage and serious," sought with—

"Fierce wars and ladies' love to moralize his song;"

and Milton held that the poet's work was essentially religious—"offering at high strains in new and lofty measure." Shelley, after his fashion, looked on his mission as that of a reforming prophet, and Wordsworth and Tennyson, in our own time, have been conspicuous examples of

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control."

Mere reckless delight in the exuberance of power and the glow of passion, or in the fame which they bring with them, may produce the Byronic moodiness, or the fevered glow that burnt out the lives of Chatterton and Keats, but it is fatal to the attainment of any high and lasting excellence.\* The school of revived paganism which began with the last-named poet, and has culminated in Mr. Swinburne, has in it, artistically as well as morally, all the evils of apostacy. The poet who, born in Christendom, would fain live and write as though "suckled in a creed outworn," is sure to glide

\*Those who have been led by Archbishop Trench's Stratford sermon, or Bishop Wordsworth's larger work, to look on Shakespeare almost as a theologian with catholic sympathies, a devout reader and sound interpreter of the Bible, may wonder at the omission of the greatest name in English literature from this induction. We are constrained to own that, with him as with Goethe, evidence of this ethical purpose is precisely what we fail to find. There is, it is true, no preference of evil over good, of vice over virtue. He holds his mirror up to nature, and shows virtue her own image and vice her own deformity; and the very truthfulness of the representation leads us, as the realities do, to hate the one and love the other; and so, in spite of their impurities, the ultimate tendency and dominant tone of his dramas is on the right side, purifying and not corrupting, but we do not trace the desire that this should be so. As Goethe said, with less truth, of Sophocles, "He knew the stage, and understood his craft."

down the slopes of Avernus, till the darkest phases of human passion and sensual sin have an irresistible fascination for him. Art and poetry seem alike in danger, in such cases, of as infinite a debasement as when they ministered to the diseased imagination of Tiberius among the rocks of Capri. And if we believe that, in a far higher sense than the words commonly receive, Christianity is morality, that the highest ethical and the highest religious truth are mutually interdependent, then it is no idle or alien question to ask of any poet whose power calls for such a scrutiny as this, What is his relation to the belief of Christians? how far has he entered into its life? how far is he likely to make that life nobler and more true?

It is obvious that neither Mr. Tennyson nor Mr. Browning stands in this respect on the same footing as the author of the *Christian Year*. He, in heart and soul the child of Anglicanism, lived under the shadow of the English Church, thought and felt as she taught him, looked on nature as foreshadowing or interpreting that teaching—as bringing man's restless temper into harmony with her repose. He seems not so much to have resisted the temptation to stray beyond her boundaries, as never to have felt it. All dramatic dealing with man's fiercer and more lawless passions would have been in his eyes a sin. He could not revel in the beauty and glory of nature for their own sake, but must learn their lesson of "sweet content" and "calm decay." The mythologies of ancient creeds were for him, with all his scholar-like knowledge of the literature of Greece and Rome, forbidden ground; and to sing of them would have been like burning incense on the altars of Baal. Even in the vast field which the books of the Old and New Testaments open to the imagination, he deliberately narrowed the region within which he moved. He read the Bible through the Prayer-book. The wild life of patriarchs—the dramatic incidents and characters of judges, kings, prophets—the thousand suggestions of pathos and passion in the Gospels, were to him as Sunday lessons, from which, reverentially, tenderly, devoutly, he derived strength or hope, warning or consolation. He avowedly wrote to lead oth-

ers to feel the "soothing character" of the teaching of the Prayer-book, and would have turned away from any merely dramatic representation of the facts or characters of Scripture as irreverent. Dr. Newman, indeed, little as he is known to most readers in this character, had in him the elements of a far greater poet than his friend. Nothing that Mr. Keble ever wrote can compare in power with the short, half-fragmentary poems of "Lead, kindly Light," "The Elements," "Hidden Saints," "Rest," "David," "Saints Departed," in the *Lyra Apostolica*, or the more recent *Dream of Gerontius*. Here and there, indeed, we have touches of vivid scene-painting—the "blossoms red and bright," the prophet's "wild hair floating in the eastern breeze"—but for the most part the pictorial and the dramatic elements are alike absent, and we see only the communings of a devout and meditative mind. And this, we think, explains the influence for good which the *Christian Year* has exercised, not only over tens of thousands of "children and child-like souls" like-minded with his own, but over many who stand almost at the opposite extreme of religious thought. Writers who have never known the order and teaching of the Church, to whom the religious life is an unknown region, will simply sneer at poetry that ties itself down to the order of the twenty-five Sundays after Trinity, and will turn to the sensuous or passionate verse which is more in harmony with their tastes. But men of nobler minds—such, for example, as Mr. Maurice and Dean Stanley—though they have passed on to regions of thought and criticism from which Mr. Keble would have shrunk, and hold opinions which he would have condemned as perilous and unsound, still turn to him with a true and loving reverence. They cannot forget what they once owed to him. He exercises over them that soothing influence which he most prayed for. He brings back to them something of the child-like spirit which the stir and conflict of the time, or the fascination of the pictorial aspects of sacred history, tend to wear away. Mr. Browning's influence, we need hardly say, is of a very different character. His creed is less definite, his temper less submissive, his handling of sacred themes

bolder and more free, and the essentially dramatic character of most of his poems makes it difficult for us to determine how far he is speaking in his own person, or representing some phase of the great drama of man's religious life. No living writer—and we do not know any one in the past who can be named, in this respect, in the same breath with him—approaches his power of analyzing and reproducing the morbid forms, the corrupt semblances, the hypocrisies, formalisms, and fanaticisms of that life. The wildness of an Antinomian predestinarianism has never been so grandly painted as in "Johannes Agricola in Meditation:"

"For as I lie, smiled on, full fed  
By unexhausted power to bless,  
I gaze below on hell's fierce bed,  
And those its waves of flame oppress,  
Swarming in ghastly wretchedness;  
Whose life on earth aspired to be  
One altar-smoke, so pure!—to win,  
If not love, like God's love for me,  
At least to keep His anger in;  
And all their striving turned to sin.  
Priest, doctor, hermit, monk grown white  
With prayer, the broken-hearted nun,  
The martyr, the wan acolyte,  
The incense-swinging child—undone  
Before God fashioned star or sun."

The white heat of the persecutor glares on us, like a nightmare spectre, in "The Heretic's Tragedy." More subtle forms are drawn with greater elaboration. If "Bishop Blougram's Apology," in many of its circumstances and touches, suggests the thought of actual portraiture, recalling a form and face once familiar to us, seen in gorgeous pontificals at high ceremonies, or lecturing to curious crowds in Albemarle-street, it is also a picture of a class of minds which we meet with everywhere. Conservative skepticism that persuades itself that it believes, cynical acuteness in discerning the weak points either of mere secularism or dreaming mysticism, or passionate eagerness to reform, avoiding dangerous extremes, and taking things as they are because they are comfortable, and lead to wealth, enjoyment, reputation—this, whether a true account or not of the theologian to whom we have referred (for our own part we are disposed to think his character more genuine and more lovable), is yet to be found under many eloquent defences of

the faith, many fervent and scornful denunciations of criticism and free thought. With a like minuteness, even to the degree of wearisomeness, does Mr. Browning pour his scorn, in "Mr. Sludge, the Medium," on the pseudo-spiritualism, with its acquiescence in imposture, its hysterical craving for sensation, its delicious dotage, its dreams of a coming revelation of God through the agency of mahogany tables, which during the last ten years has in our country led captive its hundreds of silly women and sillier men, "laden with divers lusts," and in America has numbered its adherents by tens of thousands. In "Caliban upon Setebos," if it is more than the product of Mr. Browning's fondness for all abnormal forms of spiritual life, speculating among other things on the religious thoughts of a half brute-like savage, we must see a protest against the thought that man can rise by himself to true thoughts of God, and develop a pure theology out of his moral consciousness. So far it is a witness for the necessity of a revelation, either through the immediate action of the Light that lighteth every man, or that which has been given to mankind in spoken or written words, by the WORD that was in the beginning. In the "Death in the Desert," in like manner, we have another school of thought analyzed with a corresponding subtlety. Dramatically, indeed, this seems to us among the least successful of Mr. Browning's portraits. Whatever we may think of the possible feelings of St. John towards Hymenæus or Cerinthus, we can hardly force our imagination to the task

of conceiving what he would have said had he been reviewing the *Leben Jesu*, still less to the belief (even poetically and for a moment) that that development of doubt entered into his apocalypse of the future, or that he felt himself, even in vision,

"Feeling for foothold through a blank profound,

Along with unborn people in strange lands."

It may be that neither artist nor poet has as yet painted the beloved disciple as he was; and we may accept Mr. Browning's portraiture as, at any rate, a far closer approximation to the truth than the feminine gentleness with which he is popularly identified, or than M. Rénan's picture of an irritable and pretentious egoist. Apart from this, however, the "Death in the Desert" is worth studying in its bearing upon the mythical school of interpretation, and as a protest, we would fain hope, from Mr. Browning's own mind against the thought that because the love of God has been revealed in Christ, and has taught us the greatness of all true human love, therefore

"We ourselves make the love, and Christ  
was not."

In one remarkable passage at the close of "The Legend of Parnic," Mr. Browning, speaking apparently in his own person, proclaims his belief in one great Christian doctrine, which all pantheistic and atheistic systems formally repudiate, and which many semi-Christian thinkers implicitly reject:

"The candid incline to surmise of late  
That the Christian faith may be false, I find;  
For our *Essays and Reviews*' debate  
Begins to tell on the public mind,  
And Colenso's words have weight.

"I still, to suppose it true, for my part,  
See reasons and reasons: this, to begin—  
'Tis the faith that launched point-blank her dart  
At the head of a lie; taught Original Sin,  
The Corruption of Man's Heart."

And, with this sense of the reality of the mystery of evil, there is also, forming the noblest element in his noblest works, if not an acceptance, in terms of Nicene theology, yet a clear and vivid apprehension of the glory of the "mystery of

godliness," which makes us welcome one who can so speak as "not far from the kingdom of God," a brother in heart and hope. Thus, in the "Epistle of Karshish, the Arab Physician," travelling through Palestine, circa A.D. 70, the

supposed writer comes across Lazarus, and registers his case as a curious instance of suspended animation, followed by an unparalleled change and elevation of soul, which he cannot explain by any previous theory:

"He holds on firmly to some thread of life  
(It is the life to lead perforce)  
Which runs across some vast distracting orb  
Of glory on either side that meagre thread,  
Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet—  
The spiritual life around the earthly life;  
The law of that is known to him as this—  
His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here."

But at the close, after a vain attempt to wrap himself in the details of his earthly science once more, the half-my-  
tical, half-skeptical Arab returns to the thought which now haunts him:

"The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?  
So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—  
So, through the thunder comes a human voice,  
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!  
Face, My hands fashioned, see it in Myself.  
Thou hast no power, nor may'st conceive of Mine,  
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,  
And thou must love Me who have died for thee!'  
The madman saith He said so: it is strange."

In entire harmony with this is the close of that which we have already named as Mr. Browning's greatest poem, than which we know none nobler in the whole range of English poetry. And here the *genesis* of the poem gives it a special interest. In "Bells and Pomegranates," in 1844, in the "Poems" of

1849, we have but Part I. of "Saul." As it was, it was a picture of wonderful beauty—the boy-minstrel, and the dark, maddened king; the song in which David sang of the joys of the hunter, and the shepherd, and the reaper, and the Levites in the Temple:

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! no spirit feels waste,  
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing, nor shew unbraced.  
Oh, the wild joys of living! The leaping from rock up to rock,—  
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree,—the cool silver shock  
Of the plunge in a pool's living water,—the hunt of the bear,  
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.  
And the meal—the rich dates yellowed over with gold-dust divine,  
And the locust's flesh steeped in the pitcher! The full draught of wine,  
And the sleep in the dried river-channel, where bulrushes tell  
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.  
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ  
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

But something yet remained behind. The wish and thought were loftier than as yet his power of execution. That reached its consummate and perfect skill when the poem received its completion. Then the good that David has wrought

reacts on his own spirit, unfolds depths of human and divine possibilities that he had never before dreamt of, and his human love becomes an Apocalypse of the Everlasting Mercy:

"See the King—I would help him, but cannot, the wishes fall through.  
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,  
To fill up his life starve my own out, I would—knowing which  
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!  
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou, so wilt Thou!  
So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—"



And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down  
 One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath,  
 Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!  
 As Thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved  
 Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!  
 He who did most shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.  
 'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I seek  
 In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be  
 A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me  
 Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a Hand like this hand  
 Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

Side by side with this noble utterance of the central thought of a true belief in the Mystery of the Incarnation, we find, where Mr. Browning lets us hear his own voice, his confession of faith as to the ultimate issues of the divine work of love, of which It, and the Death upon the Cross were the manifestation. It will not surprise any one to hear that he shares the widest and fullest hopes of its ultimate victory over evil. Universalism is, indeed, essentially a poet's creed, not only or chiefly because it harmonizes with the idealizing temperament which shuts its eyes to the stern realities around it, but because it falls in with the spirit which looks on the whole history of the world, and of each single soul in it, as the unfolding of a great drama, in which men and women are the puppets, and God himself at once the great poet and the one spectator. And so—as he himself, if the Creator of such a world, would lead it on, in its totality and all its parts, to perfect joy and peace—the poet who

yields to this tendency thinks of this as the necessary issue. With Clement of Alexandria, he cannot limit the operation of the infinite mercies of divine love to the narrow space of life; with Origen, he cannot think, as long as man's freedom lasts, of the possibility of good being extinguished, and dreams of the redemptive work as extending even to the principalities and powers of spiritual evil; with Gregory of Nyssa, whose thoughts on this question went further than Origen's, he looks forward to the time when one accordant song of jubilation shall ascend from the whole universe of God.\* So the two great poets of our own time proclaim a hope as far-reaching and glorious as those of the patristic theologians we have named. Mr. Tennyson welcomes his "friend," the chief representative of that hope among religious thinkers of our own time, though "thirty thousand college councils thunder anathemas" against him, and utters in "In Memoriam" his own belief:

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
 Will be the final goal of ill,  
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
 That not one life shall be destroyed,

\* With Origen, who has often been reproached with introducing into the creed of Christians the thought of cycles of sin, punishment, restoration, and then sin again (compare the language of Augustine, "De Civ. Dei," xxi. 17, "Alternantes sine cessatione beatitudines et miseriae, et statutis saeculorum intervallis ab istis ad illas, et ab illis ad istas itus ac reditus interminabiles"), the starting-point of the hope is found in his belief in the indestructible freedom of choice in man and other spiritual beings, and the power of the Divine Goodness. Given these conditions of the problem, and he can see no limit to the extension of the saving work. But holding that the freedom of choice would exist still, and that man

could not be raised to a higher perfection than that in which he had been created and from which he fell, Origen, with the logical sequence of an Alexandrian thinker, could not but admit the possibility of another fall, needing another period of discipline and restitution ("De Princ.," i. 6). In the few passages in which Gregory of Nyssa (Catech. viii. and xxvi.) gives utterance to his hope (for the most part he uses the Church's current language of encouragement and warning), it rests more simply on his faith that all punishment is, in its nature, remedial, and that the loving purpose of God cannot ultimately be frustrated, nor Christ fail to "see of the travail of His soul."

Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete.

"Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring."

Mr. Browning, looking, in a poem in his "Dramatis Personæ," on "Apparent Failure" as seen at the Morgue in the lifeless bodies of those

"— who most abhorred  
Their life in Paris yesterday,"

and tracing, with his usual subtlety and power, the probable history of each, utters his trust that all is not over, his belief that the failure is not irretrievable:

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce  
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;  
That, after Last, returns the First,  
Though a wide compass round be fetched;  
That what began best, can't end worst,  
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

The same feeling finds utterance in yet more noble words in the prayer of "Rabbi Ben Ezra":

"So take and use Thy work!  
Amend what flaws may lurk,  
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past  
the aim!  
My times be in Thy hand!  
Perfect the cup as planned!  
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"

One poem, the "Epilogue" to the "Dramatis Personæ," still remains as an expression of Mr. Browning's creed, and it shows what we believe to be the besetting danger of this wider hope, its tendency to glide into a pantheistic theory of the universe. The education of man,

"Gone now! all gone across the dark so far,  
Sharpening fast, shuddering ever, shutting still,  
Dwindling into the distance, dies that star  
Which came, stood, opened once! We gazed our fill  
• With upturned faces on as real a Face  
That, stooping from grave music and mild fire,  
Took in our homage.  
Awhile transpired  
Some vestige of a Face no pangs convulse,  
No prayers retard; then even this was gone,  
Lost in the night at last."

Then, lastly, a spirit speaks. What comes is given as the solution of the problem, the conclusion of the whole matter. The scorn of modern skeptics for the old faith is blind and unreasoning.

kind, the birth and progress of successive systems of religion, the development of divine thoughts in history, these become everything, and the law of retribution and distinct personal responsibility fades into obscurity. The mind of such a thinker at least tends

"To sit apart, holding no form of creed,  
And contemplating all."

It may come to think of evil and good as but necessary stages in man's progress, and lead men to believe that the "wheat" and the "chaff" shall alike be gathered into the garner, the "dogs" and the "sorcerers" welcomed within the walls of the heavenly Jerusalem.\*

In the poem of which we speak, obscure and oracular as are its utterances, this thought is, we think, distinctly heard, and as yet it is the poet's last word to us. We have the old faith represented by the chorus of Levites in the temple, singing as to a Living God who has chosen them as His inheritance:

"When the singers lift up their voice,  
And the trumpets made endeavor,  
Sounding, 'In God rejoice!'—  
Saying, 'In Him rejoice  
Whose mercy endureth for ever!'"

Then comes the contrast of the modern scientific skepticism which has cast aside this faith, and Rénan is made its representative. It scorns the old, and exults over its disappearance:

They, too, have but glimpses of the truth,  
and lose one while they grasp at another.

\* Mr. Keble's language on this subject is, of course, within the limits of what he held to be

The great ocean surges round them, and now this point and now that comes into prominence, and men think that the island-rock which is left bare is the one home of truth, when lo! the waves come and sweep it from view, and the glory

and the beauty appear again elsewhere. Nature, in her infinitude, thus dances round each one of us, forms each separate personality, moulding it now after this type, and now after that :

"Why, where's the need of temple, when the walls  
O' the world are that? what use of swells and falls  
From Levites' choir, priests' cries, and trumpet-calls?  
That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows  
Or decomposes but to recompose,  
Become my universe, that feels and knows."

This is, indeed, but the condensed expression of the thought which dominates in what is in some respects the most complete and striking of Mr. Browning's religious poems—"Christmas Eve, and Easter Day." There the opening scene is a small dissenting chapel on a bleak common, and on a wet and windy night. The congregation are painted, one by one, with all the truth and all the grotesqueness of which Mr. Browning is so great a master. We have the old woman with her umbrella, the meek apprentice with his hacking cough, the Boanerges in the pulpit. It seems commonplace and mean enough—just what a mere artist, with a sovereign contempt for English middle-class life in general and its religious life in particular, would hold up to scorn; but the observer who speaks to us in the poem goes into the moonlight, and there he has a vision of a Form, dim, shadowy, wonderful, which he recognizes as at once Human and Divine, and that Form has been present where the two or three were gathered together, and has not turned away. The scene changes first to St. Peter's, with all its gorgeous worship and its effete symbols, and its superb unrealities, and then to the lecture-room of a German professor, unfolding to his class, with the pallor of death already on his brow, the abysses of the mythical theory of the Gospels, taking from them what has been the faith of their fathers, and offering them a dreary

and hopeless substitute. And yet even here, in both these scenes, the presence of the Form is seen, and a glory falls as from the border of its raiment. The worship of Rome is not altogether false. Faith mingles with the denial of the disciple of Strauss. The man who denies a personal immortality dies a martyr to his consuming zeal for truth. The Divine Judge pardons and accepts them both.

We have given but the barest outline of the first of these strangely fascinating poems. It will be seen, on the one hand, that they are inspired with a broad and true catholicity, which can see an element of truth or goodness at the most opposite extremes, and can sympathize with it under whatever disguises and with whatever accompaniments it may be found. On the other, we are compelled to add that they tend to the conclusion that all varieties of the Christian creed are equally true, equally acceptable, and so to a belief which, if it be a faith in a personal God, resembles that of some Eastern mystics who speak of the Divine Mind as delighting in the variety of creeds and worships as a man may delight in the varied colors and odors of a fair garden, and which at last glides into the pantheistic thought of a Divine Work evolving itself through the ages in all forms of human thought and life—not of a Will revealing itself through prophets and apostles, but above all in the Eternal Word.

We owe too much to Mr. Browning's spirit-stirring words, and think too highly of his purpose, as well as power, as a poet, to believe that in all that he has said as to the mystery of the manifestation of the Eternal Word in the Divine humanity of Christ, he has been simply

the teaching of Scripture and the Church. His sympathy and hope for those who have "fallen asleep in Christ" lead him, however, to what was once recognized as a catholic and pious act:

"There are who love upon their knees  
To linger when their prayers are said,  
And lengthen out their litanies  
In duteous care for *quick and dead*."  
—*Lyra Innoc*, p. 5.

dramatic, personating a faith which he no longer holds, or has never held at all. But if we may venture to say one word before we end, not of him only, but to him, it would be to suggest that this intensely dramatic power, while it is a great

and wonderful gift, brings with it a subtle and perilous temptation. It leads, as he has himself pointed out in "Sordello," to the suppression of individual, personal life where it might be most powerful:

"Sundered in twain, each spectral part at strife  
With each; one joined against another life;  
The Poet thwarting hopelessly the Man.

"But the complete Sordello, Man and Bard,  
John's cloud-girt angel, this foot on the land,  
That on the sea, with, open in his hand,  
A bitter-sweetling of a book—was gone."

The artist paints a thousand portraits, but we long to see himself. We could almost pay the price of forfeiting Hamlet or Iago if so we could have had the whole mind of Shakespeare. It is open, we believe, to Mr. Browning to attain a yet higher pinnacle of greatness, to exercise a wider and nobler influence on men of strong will and robust intellect, than he has yet done. As a "fashioner," to return to his own language, he has attained an excellence which no other living poet equals. Will he not realize the promise of his own words, and appear, if years are given and the old strength remains, as a "seer," telling us with clearer and stronger voice what he has indeed seen, leading us not downward to a fiery whirl of passions, or a chaos of grotesque

horrors, or plunging the scalpel into the soul's ulcerous scabs, but upward as to the majesty of the Throne, purifying our hearts and attuning them to adoration? Asking himself what he himself believes, and uttering the answer which we hope he is prepared to give, in no faltering voice, he may come to be the greatest Christian poet that England has yet seen in this century or in all the past, and leave a name to live with those of Dante and of Milton.

NOTE.—I have learnt, since the publication of Part I., that two of Mr. Browning's dramas, besides "Strafford," have been brought upon the stage: "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" at Drury Lane in 1842 or 1843, and "Colombe's Birthday" at the Haymarket more recently.

#### DAUD PASHA.

THE materials at our command do not warrant other than a very brief sketch of the remarkable man whose portrait embellishes the present number of THE ECLECTIC; but meagre and imperfect as it is, it will add to the interest of the picture, and awaken an interest in the man himself. We are indebted to two eminent American missionaries, who have long labored in Syria, and who know the Pasha personally, for the statements we make concerning him, as well as for two photographs of him, both taken in Constantinople, from which our engraving is produced. The likeness, as well as the statements, are therefore thoroughly trustworthy.

His Excellency, Daüd Pasha, is not a Turk, but a Papal Armenian. His is the

first, and, we believe, the only instance, of a Christian being made a Pasha by the Sultan, and this fact indicates the possession of extraordinary qualities.

He was in the employment of the Turkish Government in Constantinople for a considerable period before he was appointed to his present responsible position, and was then known as Daüd Effendi.

After the terrible massacre of the Christians in 1860, through the intense hatred and fanatical zeal of the Turks, and which awakened the intensest interest of Christendom in their behalf; and when it was deemed by the Turkish Government indispensable to the peace of Mount Lebanon to appoint a Christian Governor, Daüd Effendi was selected as the man best qualified for the delicate



and difficult station, and was raised to the rank of Pasha. Nor has the confidence of the Sultan in him, or the expectation of the Christian portion of Lebanon, been disappointed. He has proved himself an enlightened and liberal ruler, and impartially, fearlessly, and ably administered the affairs intrusted to him. He has been obliged to conciliate the various sects of nominal Christians in Mount Lebanon, and to forestall the intrigues of the Turks, who would fain thwart all his efforts to establish a good and equitable government in Lebanon, and especially under a Christian Pasha, and who leave no means untried to gain their end. Hitherto they have been

overreached by his sagacity, and kept under by his firmness, and Lebanon has greatly improved under his rule. In the event of another outburst of Turkish hate and fanaticism, in the interest of the waning power of Moslemism, the Christians of Mount Lebanon may count on one bold, sagacious, and powerful friend, in the person of the Governor of Lebanon, Daûd Pasha. Nor would it be strange, in the rapid changes and prospective overturning and breaking up of the Turkish power, if this able, experienced, and enlightened man should act a more conspicuous part in the future of the East than he has hitherto done.

## POETRY.

## A ROSE.

It was the sweetest rose, the loveliest  
In all his garden he could find.  
He brought it, saying, "Darling, leave your  
quest  
Of knowledge for a little while, and rest,  
Knowing that Nature teacheth best,"  
Well might he speak, for, blind  
To deep delight he knew so well, I was  
Working for ever to find out the cause  
Of things I saw, and with cold eyes  
I sought to read close-folden mysteries,  
Forgetting Love, not Knowledge, maketh wise.

I took his rose, and laid it on my mouth.  
For one sweet hour I was a girl again;  
Forgot my theories, formed at cost and pain,  
And all I had gone through for knowledge' sake.  
The flower's rich odor, like the soul of wine,  
Entered this soul of mine,  
And quenched its desperate drouth:  
My very brow grew smooth  
With drops of spray tossed from the Fount of  
Youth.

But, woe is me!  
I pulled the petals of my rose aside;  
With fingers most untender tore apart  
The crimson veil that veiled its golden heart;  
I saw the gold—but ah! the flower died!  
And he looked sad at my destroying fingers,  
As, all unwomanly, in pride,  
"Away with ignorance," I cried,  
"My flowers shall all be knowledge-bringers."  
Of what avail man's joy, unless he knows  
Its why and wherefore? But my lover  
sighed,  
"Ah, Elsie! you have killed my rose."

And never a word more of love he speaks,  
But talks of systems, and of Nature's laws,  
And of effect and cause,

As learnèd men talk unto learnèd men,  
And my heart well-nigh breaks.  
Oh, might I be a woman once again!  
Oh, cruel hand, that tore the rose in twain,  
You may fling down your pen,  
For you will never write such heart-deep songs  
Of human love, for human tongues  
To sing, that all men's hearts shall beat the  
faster.  
Alas! the thorn-crowned Master  
Will look with sadder eyes than his I grieved  
On me, because my garden is dead-leaved.

Oh, summer wind, that brings such melody!  
Oh, sunlight, dripping gold upon the river!  
The wraith of that sweet rose I killed  
Is with me, it will leave me never, never!  
For every place is with its presence filled.  
Oh, weary day, whereon my hand flung down  
Of woman's life the crown.  
My brow has lost its bright true gold forever!

EMILY H. HICKEY.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## THE TWO VOYAGES.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

## I.

SWIFTLY, swiftly, we onward glide,  
Borne by the wind and the favouring tide;  
We pass by hamlet, by park, and hall,  
And meadows where holiday festival  
Is kept; and our hearts beat feather light,  
While the sun o'erhead shines warm and bright.

And such is life through its opening years,  
Before the burden of grief and tears;  
Life when the birds of promise sing,  
And happiness dwells with everything—  
When the cloud that veils the early morn  
Is gone ere we scarce can say 'tis born.

## II.

Heavily, heavily, now we glide,  
For we fight with wind and we fight with tide;  
The day is done and the shadows fall,  
Darkness soon will envelop all:  
Brave strokes are wanting; come, pull away,  
That we be not lost with the close of day.

So when we are old, and worn, and gray,  
And friends once with us are passed away,  
When we are left to struggle alone,  
With many a weary, weary moan,  
We must not falter nor drop an oar  
Till we land on yonder eternal shore.

—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

## THE WINDING OF THE SKEIN.

THE orchard trees are white with snow,  
As they were white with bloom,  
Foam-white, and like a sea beneath  
The window of the room;  
And fitfully an April sun  
Now went, now gleamed again,  
But longest gleamed, I think, to see  
The winding of the skein.

We were two sisters, Maud and I,  
And dwelt, as still we dwell,  
In the old house among the trees  
Our mother loved so well;  
A few old friends we had, and prized,  
Nor others sought to gain,  
But chiefly one whose name recalls  
The winding of the skein.

Our artist-neighbor, Clement, loved  
The orchard like a boy,  
The blossom-roof, the mossy boughs  
Made half his summer joy;  
And like a brother in our hearts  
He grew in time to reign—  
And this was he whose name brings back  
The winding of the skein.

There was a fourth that day. You guess  
The story ere 'tis told:  
Our cousin back from Paris—gay,  
Nor coy, nor over-bold;  
But used to homage, used to looks,  
There was no need to feign,  
As Clement found ere they began  
The winding of the skein.

I saw them as they met, and read  
The wonder in his face,  
And how his artist-eye approved  
Her beauty, and the grace  
That kindled an admiring love  
His heart could not restrain,  
Though hard he strove with it, until  
The winding of the skein.

The idle hours with idle toil  
We sped, and talked between:  
With all her skill our cousin wrought  
A brodered banner screen:  
And so it chanced that Clement's aid  
She was so glad to gain,

And he—could he refuse to help  
The winding of the skein?

Ring after ring the golden floss  
About his fingers rolled:  
He thought—"Her hair is brighter yet,  
It has the truer gold."  
I read this in his eyes, that strove  
To turn from her in vain,  
And loathed my raven tresses through  
The winding of the skein.

Round after round they wound before  
The task was wholly done,  
And if their fingers touched, the blood  
Straight to his cheek would run;  
And if the knotted silk she chid  
Her voice through every vein  
Went with a thrill of joy, throughout  
The winding of the skein.

Round after round, until the end,  
And when the end was there  
He knew it not, but sat with hands  
Raised in the empty air:  
The ringing of the merry laugh  
Startled his dreaming brain,  
And then he knew his heart ensnared  
In winding of the skein.

Beneath the apple-blossoms that day,  
And many a day they strayed:  
I saw them through a mist of tears,  
While hard for death I prayed.  
And still those blossoms like these snows  
Benumb my heart with pain,  
And Maud knows well when I recall  
The winding of the skein.

—*London Society.*

W. S.

## A CONTENTED PROPRIETOR.

I HAVE plenty of dutiful vassals,  
Have plenty of gold, and to spare,  
I have plenty of beautiful castles—  
But my castles are built in the air;  
And my vassals are all airy creatures,  
From beautiful Dreamland are they,  
They drive me to balls  
And magnificent halls,  
And tell me my coach stops the way!  
But oh, what a pest,  
When it comes to the test  
I am kept in a dreadful delay.  
A plague on those wild little vassals,  
You can't trust a word that they say,  
And I've heard that my beautiful castles  
Are sadly inclined to decay.

Father Wisdom advised me to sell them  
To the public—a benefit clear—  
And Fancy engaged so to sell them,  
For Fancy's a fine auctioneer.  
But the market by no means was lively,  
For castles the call was but cold;  
Lead and iron were brisk,  
But gold none would risk,  
To invest on my battlements bold.

So my turrets, unlet,  
I inhabit them yet,  
And rather rejoice they're not sold,  
And never a bit am down-hearted,  
For my vassals still ply me with gold;  
My castles and I shan't be parted  
Till the heart of the owner be cold.

Again Father Wisdom addressed me—  
He's a horrid old bore in his way;  
He said-rats and mice would infest me,  
As crumbled my towers to decay.  
"They never can crumble, good father,  
They're lasting, when once they're begun;  
Our castles of air  
We can quickly repair,  
As the home of the spider's respun."  
So homeward I went  
To my castles, content,  
As the vesper-bell told day was done,  
And they looked just as lovely as ever,  
As burnished they stood in the sun.  
Oh, ne'er from my castles I'll sever  
Till the sands of my glass shall be run!

—*All the Year Round.*

#### THE CLOUDS.

DARK and heavy-bosomed Clouds,  
Leaning on the streams of wind,  
Pressing on in frowning crowds,  
Throgs before and throngs behind,  
Sweep the high and empty air!  
Rock nor barrier rises there.

O, descend not for the bird  
That delights to ride the waves!  
Have ye not already heard  
Of those black and whirling graves,  
Seas on gallant vessels piled,  
Screams of fear and sorrow wild?

O'er the deep mid-ocean parts,  
Many a son and father sails;  
Isle and Continent have hearts  
Anxious at the growing gales.  
Chain those mighty reckless wings  
Which the flying Tempest swings!

Change and lie in softer light;  
Drop the glittering rainbow showers;  
Bring again the snowdrops white,  
Maiden heralds of the flowers;  
Let the Spring with happy eyes  
See her own bright suns arise!

—*All the Year Round.*

#### THE ORGAN.

HER hands strayed over the organ notes,  
And there rose such music, sweetly grand,  
That as I listened I sighed and thought,  
The notes are touched by an angel's hand.

The sunlight stole through the diamond panes  
And fell on her golden rippling hair,  
And as I gazed, I proudly thought,  
A crown of glory is resting there.

Through the open window, a murmur came  
Of summer breezes, sweet and clear—  
And as I heard, I sadly thought,  
'Tis an angel's wings that are rustling near.

I stood by her side in the golden light,  
My hand on hers I laid—  
"Oh, love, I would always see you thus,"  
With faltering lips, I said.

I stand in that lonely room once more,  
But the golden light is fled,  
And the hand that had strayed o'er the organ  
Is motionless and dead.

And I think of that evening long ago,  
When our love had just begun,  
As I saw her sitting by my side  
In the light of a dying sun.

And I turn away from that darkened room,  
With my two hands locked in prayer,  
That as I had seen her long ago,  
So I might see her there.

So I might hear that angel's song,  
And look in her changeless eyes,  
When the light of a never-dying sun  
Shall shine on Paradise.

—*Dublin University.*

U. L. A.

#### THE GREAT ENCHANTER.

Sleep makes us all pashas.—*Bedouin Proverb.*

SLEEP is the poor man's warmest cloak;  
His treasurer to dispense  
His lavish alms, and turn to gold  
His scanty pence.

He heals the sick man in a dream,  
And sets the fettered free;  
He calls the beggar from his den  
To golden luxury.

He crowns the hounded exile-king,  
Reverses Fate's decrees;  
And bids the briefless Pleader rise  
Judge of the Common Pleas.

Sleep joins the parted lovers' hands;  
Wreathes the starved poet's brow;  
And calls the hero still unknown  
From lonely village-plough.

Sleep holds the resurrection keys,  
And from his shadowy plain,  
Down Memory's long and cloudy vaults,  
The dead come back again.

Sleep comes, like death, alike to all—  
Divine equality!  
Blesses the monarch in his state,  
The slave upon the sea.

Sleep brings our childhood back again—  
The only Golden Age;  
Sleep! O thou blessed alchemist,  
Thou holy Archimage,

## WINTER'S HARVEST.

Pure and blue is the broad, broad sky—  
Cold and hard as a sapphire stone;  
The flowers are all of them frozen and black,  
And we seem left alone.

Now Summer's toil  
Is Winter's spoil,  
And the leaves are gathering in.

The poplar's turned to a pillar of gold;  
The alder's crimson and dead;  
The beech is brazen and glowing;  
The sycamore's rusty red.

The glory's gone;  
The year fades on;  
And the leaves are gathering in.

In the cold and peaceful sunshine,  
The dead leaves fill the skies,  
Floating, floating, drifting,  
Like golden butterflies.

For Summer's toil  
Is Winter's spoil;  
Time's harvest is gathering in.

## DISGUISE.

Many golden flow'rets lie  
In the orbs of April daisies;  
Many buds have more than eye  
Can discern that lightly gazes.

Many hearts that careless seem,  
Have no lack of feeling deep;  
Prattle they like pebbled stream;  
Thus they hide the thoughts they keep.

And, alas! while silver strings  
Only wake with silver tones,  
Timid Truth a music flings  
Which belies the thought she owns.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*History of the Christian Church.* By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. From Constantine the Great to Gregory the Great, A.D. 311-600. 2 vols. New-York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867. These two stately volumes complete the author's *History of Ancient Christianity*, bringing down the history to the close of the sixth century, and covers in many respects the most important division of the history of Christianity, as it is the common inheritance of the Greek, Latin, and Protestant churches. A German edition of this great work is to appear at Leipzig, simultaneously with the American. There is no living man more thoroughly competent to write an impartial and standard general history of the Christian Church—one that shall give satisfaction to all the branches and schools of it—than Dr. Schaff. And competent critics have already pronounced this work as incomparably the best history of the kind which has been produced. It is certainly an honor to American scholarship—for while Dr. Schaff is German by birth, he is thoroughly American in spirit and by adoption. May his life be spared to complete this great

work, and other important works which he has in hand, not the least of which is the editorship of *Lange's Commentary*, the successive volumes of which, as they appear from time to time, are received with such signal favor.

*Our Mutual Friend.* By CHARLES DICKENS. With Original Illustrations, by S. ETTINGE, JR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867. This cannot fail to be the favorite edition of the great novelist's works, judging from the two volumes which have already appeared. The form and style adopted, the paper, presswork, and binding, leave nothing to be desired. The illustrations strike us as very superior. We are not surprised at the large demand which has already sprung up for this new edition.

*A Complete Manual of English Literature.* By THOMAS B. SHAW, M.A. Edited, with Notes and Illustrations, by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. With a Sketch of American Literature, by HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1867. It is a good sign to see works on our own noble tongue multiplying—works, too, of decided merit, which cannot fail to stimulate to a fresh study of and better acquaintance with the language. Müller, Marsh, De Vere, and the present work, are admirably adapted to this end. This Manual was prepared and published in England some years since under the name of *Outlines of English Literature*. Since then it has been entirely rewritten by the author, with a special view to the requirements of students, so as to make it, as far as space would allow, a complete history of English literature. Dying, however, before the work was published, the ms. was placed in the hands of Dr. Smith, favorably known as the author of Bible and Classical Dictionaries, who, besides editing the work, added notes and illustrations. In this form it was published in London in 1864, as one of Murray's Student's Manuals. The American edition is from the second English, corrected and added to; and the value of it is greatly enhanced by a sensible and instructive sketch of American literature by one every way competent to do justice to the subject. The work is valuable not only to the student but to the general reader.

## SCIENCE.

*Mortality of Children.*—The following data as to the mortality of children under five years of age in the different countries of Europe possess much interest, and furnish food for serious reflection. Notwithstanding the cold of Norway and the additional demand which cold makes for care in the management of infancy, out of every one hundred children born, a larger percentage live to see their fifth birthday in that country than in any other country of Europe. Out of one hundred children born in Norway, 83 attain the age of five years; in Sweden 80; in Denmark 80, including Slesvig and Holstein down to the Elbe, the country of the Angles of old; in England 74; in Belgium 73; in France 71; in Prussia 68; in Holland 67; in Austria 64; in Spain 64; in Russia 62; in Italy 61. Thus, though the chance is everywhere in favor of life, in one



part of civilized Europe it is 9 to 2; in another, only 3 to 2. To put the results in another form, out of one hundred children born alive, the proportion of deaths under the age of five is, in Norway 17, Denmark 20, Sweden 20, England 26, Belgium 27, France 29, Prussia 32, Holland 33, Austria 36, Spain 36, Russia 38, Italy 39. Thus, death drawing lots for the lives of children has in one part of Europe 2, in another 4 out of 10 in his favor. Out of one hundred children there die, above the 17 dying in the severe and inclement climate of Norway, 3 in Denmark, 3 in Sweden, 9 in England, 10 in Belgium, 12 in France, 15 in Prussia, 16 in Holland, 19 in Austria, 19 in Spain, 21 in Russia, and 23 in Italy. But though all England shows a mortality of 26, in her healthy districts she only loses 18, while double this number (36) perish in her large town districts. Thus, we see in England the same contrast between the country and city as there is between Norway and Italy. Again, if we turn to particular classes, we find still greater contrasts. According to the peerage records, out of one hundred children born alive, ninety live beyond the age of five years, and the proportion among the children of the clergy is nearly the same.

*Professor Tyndall*, in his last lecture, on "Vibratory Motion," at the Royal Institution, illustrated the very low conducting power of hydrogen for sound by a novel experiment. A bell struck by clockwork was placed under the receiver of an air-pump, and the air exhausted as perfectly as possible. By applying the ear close to the glass a faint sound could still be heard. The exhausted receiver was then filled with hydrogen, when the bell was again heard to sound, but faintly. On pumping out the hydrogen all trace of sound ceased, even when the ear was placed close to the receiver. Hydrogen being about fifteen times lighter than air, it might be supposed that its low conducting power arose from its tenuity. But such is not the case; the conducting power of air rarefied fifteen fold, and therefore of the same density, exceeds that of hydrogen in a marked degree.

*Comets and Meteors.*—An Italian astronomer, M. Schiaparelli, has recently published a most extraordinary result, which he has found from some calculations made in reference to the movement of the meteors in space. Until very recent times these wandering items, more popularly known as shooting-stars, were considered merely as belonging to our own atmosphere, or, at most, attendants of our globe. This idea is, however, now given up, and they are supposed to revolve round the sun in the same uniform manner as the larger planets. From M. Schiaparelli's researches it appears that the rough elements of the orbit of the August ring of meteors actually agree with those of a moderately large comet which was visible in 1862. From this we may naturally infer that either the coincidence is accidental, or that comets and meteors are more closely allied than we have hitherto supposed them to be. M. Schiaparelli plainly asserts that the comet of 1862 is really one of the largest of the August ring of meteors. It is not likely, however, that astronomers will immediately receive this assertion without question until further investigations are

made. In the meantime we cannot help considering that this coincidence is one of the most remarkable which we have had in astronomy for a considerable period.

As the time of budding and blossoming is coming on, we make known a simple means of preserving trees from the ravages of insects, which was first published at Lyon by the Imperial Society of Practical Horticulture of the Rhone. The mischief done by insects whose eggs are deposited in buds and blossoms is almost incredible. The remedy is to mix one part of vinegar with nine parts of water, and shower it from a syringe or fine-nosed watering-pot over the trees, plants, or flowers requiring protection. The experiments made in this way in the neighborhood of Lyon have proved eminently successful, the trees so treated having been loaded with fruit, while others which had been let alone bore very scantily. In preparing the solution, it would be well to remember that, as French vinegar is much stronger than English, the quantity of the latter should be increased. Another useful remedy for preventing ants and other insects from crawling up the stems of trees, is to expose lamp-oil for three or four days to the sun till it becomes thick and gummy, and smells disagreeably; then to use it as paint with a small brush, and draw a belt round the stems of the trees, about two inches wide, and two feet from the ground. A fresh coat must be put on day by day for four days, when, if no breaks are left, it will effectually prevent the ascent of insects.—*Chambers's Journal*.

In the last published part of *Transactions of the Entomological Society*, an account is given of the alarming ravages of a small, slender species of ant, introduced into St. Helena from the west coast of Africa about twenty years ago. James Town is described as "devastated" by this destructive insect; all the wood-work of the cathedral, of the library, and indeed of the whole town, has been devoured. In their feast of the books, it was noticed that the insects first attacked theological works, probably because they were less disturbed than works of light literature. The only wood which they do not eat is teak, but they will bore through it to get at other wood suited to their tastes which may happen to be placed behind it. Even tin cases are no protection if they become spotted with rust, for the ants at once force an entrance at the spots, and devour the contents. At present, their ravages are confined to James Town; but, if not checked, they may ere long spread over the whole island. The Government are greatly embarrassed to find a way of putting a stop to the destruction, which has occasioned already a loss of some thousands of pounds; and any one who could suggest a remedy would confer an essential benefit on the inhabitants of St. Helena.

The great telegraph line, which the Russians and Americans conjointly are making to connect New-York with St. Petersburg, is now so far advanced that only 850 miles more are required to complete it from the North Pacific to Pekin. From San Francisco, which has for some years been in telegraphic communication with New-York, the wires are to be carried up to Behring's Strait, and there cross to the Asiatic side. When

finally completed, it will not be difficult to establish connections with the principal cities of the East and of Europe; and in this way the keen traders of the commercial metropolis of the United States will get up an active competition with the telegraphers of this side of the Atlantic. It would perhaps be safe to predict, as one result of this competition, that before many years are over messages will be flashed all round the globe.

*Sanitary Improvement of Paris.*—In his annual report laid before the Council-General of the department of the Seine, the Prefect (M. Haussman) dwells with just satisfaction on what he has done for the city of Paris: the 3614 houses built from the 1st of October, 1865, to the 30th of September, 1866, or 263 more than last year; the 2256 houses totally or partially razed to the ground—967 by appropriation and 1289 by their owners—with a view to new and magnificent constructions and corresponding gains. He complains of the "unjust criticisms" on these constructions and demolitions, which have made Paris the finest city in the world, and have given to the department of the Seine "a harmony required by such a city," and have favorably modified the essential conditions of human life. They have caused air, light, and water to circulate, have destroyed infected quarters, narrow and tortuous streets, unhealthy and uninhabitable houses, and secured the greatest possible amount of comfort, the best preservatives against epidemic and contagious disorder, which leave their deadly impress on cities and empires. He contrasts the ravages of the cholera in 1831-32, when there were 21,670 deaths; in 1849, when there were 25,032; and in 1853-54, when there were 11,873, with the 6626 in 1865, and the 5700 in 1866; and concludes that the comparatively low rate of mortality—insignificant, if the increased population be taken into account—is owing to the improvements which he has carried out.

#### VARIETIES.

*Orissa Famine, and Neglect of Public Works in India.*—Costly and extensive embankments, and irrigation works—which Hindoo rulers, with all their deficiencies in the mechanical arts, had found ample means to construct—have been suffered to fall to ruin, so that, for lack of irrigation canals, the harvests of Orissa utterly failed last season; and through neglect of embankment constructions the miseries of inundation have now been added to the hopeless suffering from famine. The relief tardily afforded has again been indefinitely delayed, the cargo boats by which the grain was about to be landed on the coast of Orissa having been destroyed by inundation on the river, and by storm on the sea. The fact of sending all the supplies of food by sea, and its destruction in sight of the famine-stricken districts, will call public attention to the terribly condemnatory statement that there are no roads by which grain could be conveyed from Bengal into Orissa by land. Calcutta—the City of Palaces, the centre of all the great power we have wielded for more than a century—is only some 160 miles from Balasore, the scene of the most dreadful suffering; and Pooree, at the extremity of Orissa,

is less than 300 miles from the metropolis; and yet, for lack of ordinary roads, the common bullock carts of the country—simple and rude contrivances that have answered their purpose for a thousand years, perhaps—could not be sent with supplies into the famishing districts. The starving inhabitants themselves have, without roads, found their way to Calcutta, where they now crowd in alarming density, while it is feared that the southwest monsoon, as it blows over from Balasore direct towards Calcutta, may soon be freighted with deadly pestilence. Notwithstanding this direct geographical contiguity of the famine districts to the oldest and richest province of British India, they are cut off from it for lack of the simplest form of public works—common roads.—*Times, of India.*

*M. Louis Blanc* has brought an action in one of the French law courts against Count Louis de Cambacères, formerly a deputy of the Aisne, for the balance due to him on the purchase-money of his *History of the French Revolution*. The sale was effected in 1865, and M. Leprince, the publisher, was the purchaser. He undertook to give 60,000 francs for the right of publication for three years, and the Count guaranteed the payment. M. Leprince, however, is now in difficulties, and M. Louis Blanc accordingly looks to his surety. The defence was that the young count was incapable of managing his own affairs; but the court held that the contract was binding, and decreed that the elder count, father of Count Louis, must pay M. Louis Blanc 40,000 francs remaining due on the contract, and 20,000 francs damages.

*Mountains of Moab.*—We saw the range under the most advantageous circumstances. It was toward evening. The setting sun fell upon it, and upon the wild eastern shores of the Dead Sea at its base, the sea itself being hidden in its deep, hollow grave. The light was reflected from every scarp and precipice, with such a flush of purple, mingled with delicate hues of amethyst and ruby, as produced a glory not exaggerated in Holman Hunt's picture of "The Scape Goat."—*Norman Macleod's "Eastward."*

*The Glowworm* says that Mr. Tennyson is about to leave the Isle of Wight, and take up his residence in the metropolis, solely on account of the manner in which he is disturbed by the "lion hunters" of the island. The writer of "Table Talk" in the *Guardian* records that the Laureate is hard at work on a poem, longer and on a grander scale than his last, and that the house at Hampstead, near the Heath and the Militia Barracks, so long tenanted by the mother and sister of the poet, and where he himself was often a visitor, is about to be let in "apartments, furnished and unfurnished."

*A Race for the Telegraph Wires.*—Few persons have the slightest conception of the trouble and expenditure required to obtain possession of the telegraph wires when the "mail" arrives at either of the colonies. The arrival one Tuesday morning of the first Panama mail was the occasion of a *bond fide* and most exciting boat race. The appearance of the Raikain had been most eagerly looked for for some days by the boats' crews employed by the *Argus* (Melbourne), and Messrs. Greville's Telegram Company, for the

purpose of landing the first dispatches, and obtaining possession of the wives. The boats brought into requisition were small whale boats. In the *Argus's* boat were Green, the ex-champion, Mr. C. Cook (the shipping reporter of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, who is employed to land the telegrams for the *Argus*), and two others. In the service of Reuter's agents, Mr. McGregor and three able-bodied men pulled the well-known butcher's boat, *Fairplay*, the property of Mr. Fairplay, of this city. Both crews reached the mail outside the Heads, and boarded and procured their dispatches from her, and were towed up as far as Fort Denison. Here they let go, and a keen contest ensued, as might be anticipated, McGregor's crew being at a slight disadvantage as regards position. This, however, they lessened by degrees, and before passing Fort Macquarie were slightly in the lead. From this point the boats diverged, the *Argus* boat making for Campbell's wharf, and McGregor for the central steps at the Custom House. Thus the *Argus* crew had a much shorter distance to pull, yet both boats reached the shore within a few seconds of one another. At both points conveyances were waiting, and up the different streets both vehicles went at full gallop, and when they entered George-street, Greville's Telegram Company had a very considerable lead, and their telegrams, in consequence, gained precedence, and the messages, having been already prepared, were transmitted to Victoria, Queensland, and throughout this colony. The distance pulled over by the two crews is about a mile and a quarter, and was done at a terrific pace. Both crews strained every nerve, and pulled with a determination seldom witnessed in a champion aquatic contest.—*Sydney Empire*.

**Hindoo Abstinence from Animal Food.**—In the new edition of McCulloch's Geographical Dictionary (four vols., Longman & Co.), Mr. F. Martin, the editor, says: "It is a popular but erroneous notion, that the Hindoos live almost entirely on a vegetable diet; such a fact would be inconsistent with the physical nature of man, who, in reality, is omnivorous. The most fastidious of the Hindoos in point of diet are great eaters of milk and butter; fish is also extensively used near all the sea coasts, and on the shores of the principal rivers; and none of the people of India hold this description of food as abominable, except the inhabitants of the remote interior, who have no means of procuring it. Even flesh, however capricious in the selection, is occasionally eaten by the greater portion of the Hindoo people, and it is the want of means rather than religious scruples that makes them refrain from it. In cases of urgent necessity, even religion authorizes any kind of food, and in the event of a famine a Brahmin may eat the limb of a dog." [We can hardly reconcile this with statements made during the late terrible famine in Orissa, where the people were dying for want of rice, while multitudes of sleek oxen roamed about untouched.]

Hood's "*Song of the Shirt*" was begun and so far proceeded with under the title of "*Tale of a Shirt*," before the ludicrous equivocal struck the intense mind of the author! If perpetuated, it is easy to see how such a step might have

jarred with the pathos and potent effect of this admirable appeal to every human feeling.—*W. Jerdan*.

The whole of the folio MSS. of Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, which is to be reprinted verbatim by the Early English Text Society, is now, we understand, copied out, and a large part of it is in print. We read in the *Athenæum* that "Mr. W. Chappell is helping the editors with the ballad part of their work; but no news can be got of the second copy of *King Estmere* that the bishop mentions in his second edition, Vol. I., p. 59. Can any reader tell us where it is? The copy in his own folio the bishop tore out to send to the press, so that the second copy is now more wanted than ever. The subscription has reached £400, leaving still £200 to be raised to save the editors from loss in their labor of love." The work will be one of very great interest, as the bishop's volumes, though charming and admirable in their way, were misleading, owing to the alterations he made in the old ballads, and the modern additions he tacked on to them. We trust that the editors will not be allowed to suffer.

**M. Cousin** was buried on the 24th ult., in Père la Chaise Cemetery, after the performance of a religious ceremony in the church of the Sorbonne. M. Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, was present, and most of the learned bodies of Paris sent deputations. The pall-bearers were M. Patin, the senior member of the Faculty of Letters; M. Thiers; M. de Parieu, Vice-President of the Council of State; and M. Mourier, Vice-Rector of the Academy of Paris.

**Japanese Progress.**—The Japanese have a large fleet of steamships, purchased from Europeans at a liberal rate. The great Daimio princes are all more or less alive to the advantages to be derived from the adoption of European methods of warfare and commerce. They patronize our manufactures, even to boots and shoes; they purchase our books, and maps, and musical instruments. A curious fact is mentioned by a gentleman, resident in Yokohama, that he saw a Japanese enter a shop and purchase a dozen copies of Webster's English Dictionary, and carry them away with him.—*The Flying Dragon Reporter*. [A bi-monthly journal, edited in London, by Professor Summers, of University College, for circulation in China and Japan; also in Java, Sarawak, the Malay peninsula, and other places with Chinese merchants or colonists.]

**Order of St. Patrick.**—"The Order of St. Patrick, when he was obliged to wear it, hung round his neck as a thing that was in his way, and which he would gladly, if he could, have taken into a corner. On his first visit to London, he presented himself to William the Fourth's levée without it, not designedly, but simply because he had never thought of it. The king said to some one near him, 'Is the Archbishop of Dublin ashamed of his Order?' The remark was repeated, a message sent to Dublin for it, and after a long search and breaking open of some locks, it was found, and dispatched to him in time for his being duly equipped in it on his next appearance at court."—*Dr. Hinds*.

**Druidical Temples.**—Mr. Stuart, secretary of the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland, states

that the stone circles which abound in many districts, especially in the Highlands, have been proved to be places of sepulture. "The name of Druidical Temples, applied to these structures, is one of recent origin, and is simply the result of a guess of two English writers—Aubrey, who lived in the time of Charles II., and Stukeley, who wrote in the time of the first two Georges. The term used by our early chroniclers to designate such remains is simple '*lapides stantes*,' or the standing stones."

*The Gospel in Spain.*—In the *Archives du Christianisme* there is a deeply-interesting account of a Spaniard who printed the New Testament in a deep cellar. He labored alone, with a poor wooden machine and very few types. His work progressed slowly; he could print but a few pages at a time. Being shut out from his glorious Andalusian sun, and exhausted with labor, his health failed, and he raised blood. He was urged to rest for awhile, but he refused, declaring that he would not leave the cellar until he could bear from it in his own hand a Spanish New Testament printed in Spain. He kept his word, and Christian friends have seen and handled this New Testament. There is great hope for Spain when such men, worthy contemporaries of Matamoros, rise up from the surrounding darkness, and prove themselves valiant for the truth even unto death.

*The Oldest German Newspaper.*—The *Postzeitung* (Post-Office Journal), published at Frankfort, was established in 1616, and consequently had to describe the operations of the Thirty Years' War. This journal was the property of the Princes Thurn et Taxis, who, it is known, were intrusted with the general postal administration of the German Confederation. Equally devoted to the House of Hapsburg and Taxis, the *Postzeitung* has fallen with them. It was suppressed by Bismarck.

*We read in the Paris correspondence* of a daily contemporary that among the candidates for the *fauteuil* vacant at the Academy by the death of M. de Barante are the prince of *feuilletonistes*, Theophile Gautier; the critic of the *Débats*, Jules Janin; the historian Henri Martin; the author of "*La Famille Benoiton*," Victorien Sardou; and the composer of "*Martha de Saint Georges*," M. Halévy. This *fauteuil* was the one occupied by Voltaire.

*The Chair of St. Peter.*—The chair, which is incased in wood and various coverings, and supported by figures of the four evangelists, claims to be the very chair which Pudens, the senator mentioned in Scripture, gave to St. Paul to sit upon when he was lodging in his house. Now, soon after the French Revolution, and after the French army had taken possession of Rome, M. Denon, who was deputed by the French Government to take charge of objects in that city, determined, with a friend, to see what was inside that chair. Well, they took down all the covering, which had never been removed since the days of Pope Alexander VII., and which was placed on the chair by the celebrated architect Bellini; and a lady who knew Denon stated that she herself heard him tell this story, that, when he and his friend had stripped the chair of its

covering, they found, sure enough, a marble chair, which was evidently a consular one; and, after brushing off the dust, they perceived some writing in Arabic letters, which they got some learned man to read for them, the English of the words being, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." These two men, on making this discovery, said to each other, "It is not for us to interfere with the religion of the people, and let us put the chair again as it was, and say nothing about the matter, lest we should bring a scandal on the whole Church." They did so, and the chair has never been seen since. The late Cardinal Wiseman, in great indignation, wrote a pamphlet on this subject, in which he said that the person who made that statement was a calumniator. The pamphlet was published in England while I was at Rome, and I have got a copy of it, which is, I believe, almost the only copy in London. It is said to be, in fact, a great curiosity. The wonderful earnestness with which the Cardinal sets to work to prove that this chair is the very chair of Pudens would astonish you. There is a show of logic about the whole thing, and a delightful assumption of facts which would convince anybody who does not care whether history is true or false. But some people said, and I among the rest, "There is one easy mode of deciding this question: why not look at the chair? Why not strip it of all the coverings, as Denon and his friend did?" "Oh no," was the reply: "it is too sacred a thing for that." Now there you have a specimen of the system of lies by which the Church of Rome is supported.—*Mr. Prebendary Burgess.*

*The Great American Tea Company.*—In noticing the operations of this large and enterprising establishment, it may be proper for us to offer a remark in explanation of the reasons which induce us to call the attention of the community to a concern which has reached its eminence in public favor. It is our undeviating rule to exercise a scrupulous judgment in relation to business enterprises—never recommending any except such as we believe have been proved worthy and reliable, and whose system of business, uprightness of dealing with their customers, and ample capital to fulfil their engagements are fully established. Upon these principles we call attention to the advertisement of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, published in our advertising column. The Company have several very large stores, located in different parts of the city, stocked with the best and most serviceable goods, which they are content to sell at merely living profits, as they have proved by their prices for the past five or six years. They have but one price. By these rules alone the Company propose in the future to conduct their vast and rapidly augmenting trade. Believing that the ability and disposition of the Company are ample to perform all they promise, warrants us in calling special attention to them in our columns. It is a trite saying "that the honest strivings of honest men are sure to be commended, their business efforts encouraged, and ultimately adequately compensated."—*From the Methodist, New-York City.*







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